THE CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL.

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The Church School Hymnal

With Tunes.

Edited by

W. RIX ATTWOOD

and

FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD,

Mus. Doc.

The River of Song makes glad the City of God.

IMPRESSION A.

CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.
THE CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL PUBLISHING CO.
1903.

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INTRODUCTION.

The origin of anything useful or beautiful is, as a rule, of interest to mankind, and so it is, perhaps, worth mentioning: that this book was born of the failure of one of the Editors to find a suitable hymnal for the Sunday-school of his Parish, and also of the request from a prominent clergyman, for some assistance in choosing hymns fitted for a Children's Easter festival. The difficulty of satisfying either of these demands, finally suggested the present production.

The literary and musical departments have been under the direction, respectively, of the Rev. W. Rix Attwood, and the Rev. Frederic E. J. Lloyd, Mus. Doc., to both of whom it has been a labour of love, and an offering of devotion.

The publishers are aware that the sending forth of this book may not be acceptable to those disposed to view with disfavour any contribution to the hymnology of the Church, not invested with the imprimatur of official authority; but they believe that the spirit in which it has been prepared, the character of its contents, the propriety of its title, and the merit of its technical details will yet create for it a permanent place in the appreciation of all competent judges.

The conviction is strong in some minds that children should be taught *only* the hymns of the book authorized by the General Convention to be used in the services of the Sanctuary. It must, however, be admitted that many of these hymns are in advance of child life and thought, and the tunes often too intricate for a child's experience, or appreciation.

Some of the more suitable and popular have been retained and only occasionally a new tune assigned to the old hymn, so that the advantage of familiarity with some of the best standards, may be carried from the School to the Church. It would, though, be manifestly unwise to restrict the attainments of children, for all time, to the contents of a book prepared chiefly for mature minds, and in which so little provision has been made for the young. New material is constantly being produced, which is as worthy of adoption as anything which the past has yielded, and as the testimony is widespread that song is one of the most effective means of imparting religious ideas and instruction to children, the school is surely a fit place in which to test the value of new work—especially when such work is adapted and designed for the child's needs and imagination.

Moreover: The large quantity of occasional hymns and music, often trivial and transient, published for special seasons and festivals of the Church year, and taken up temporarily by the schools, is ample evidence both of the deficiency of the authorized hymnal of the Church, and of the certainty of the introduction and adoption of new material in the face of all objection. If then the process is inevitable, the publishers and compilers of the present book feel justified in offering a selection of what seems to them to be, at once, durable and precious, and calculated to enrich the thought and song of the children of the Church, and satisfy a want apparent to all but the hopelessly prejudiced. On the principles above enunciated it cannot be supposed that the book will be final; but it is believed that, for its professed purpose, it will be found to be in advance of any thing else extant.

Attention may be appropriately invited to some of the features of the work. Such as: only one tune to a hymn, and only one hymn to a page. Where the words or the music exceed the capacity of a page, the folio plan, to obviate the turning of a leaf, is always adopted. In such instances the music is distributed at the top of the two pages, to save the travelling of the eye to different levels of light. All metronomic and dynamic signs have been omitted as annoying to the ordinary singer, and superfluous for the intelligent musician. This, with the omission of other distracting details, leaves a cleanness of page unusual in such productions. Further, the multiplicity of musical arrangements common to the present day, has made it nearly impossible to remember tunes by their names, and so, after due consideration, it was decided to abandon the now nearly obsolete practice of naming them, especially as only a few names could be furnished at the most. Then, too, the type being newly cast, and of the latest kind, secures a clearness of print often lacking, and the stems of the notes being turned in opposed directions, should satisfy the taste of exacting musicians. The quality of the ink and paper, the flexibility of the binding, and the lightness of the book are all points never before attained and comprised in one school hymnal.

A table is appended giving the names of those to whom the publishers are under obligation for permission to use copyright hymns, or tunes. Some, are common to several collections, and are non-copyright. Many of the tunes and arrangements have been composed and purchased expressly for this work, and are the personal property of the publishers. In some cases it has not been possible to find out to whom application should be made for permission to reproduce. No pains, however, have been spared to ascer-

tain the authors of words, or owners of music, and if from oversight or ignorance, any copyright has been infringed, or any obligation unrecognized, the editors proffer herewith a frank and humble apology, and record their readiness to rectify any omision that may be brought to their notice. Plainly it would not be practicable to mention everyone from whom the editors have received encouragement and assistance during the progress of their arduous task; but neither would it be generous or just to go to press without some specific acknowledgment of the efficient aid rendered by the Rev. J. D. Herron and the Rev. Henry E. Cooke. These gentlemen placed at the disposal of the company a vast amount of valuable material, and a wealth of technical information, and practical experience which appreciably lightened the labours of the editors. The worth of their contributions and services cannot be exaggerated. Nothing could possibly be more magnanimous than the friendly spirit in which they treated the whole undertaking. Their names must ever be honourably associated with any success which may attend it.

The limitations of children's voices have been carefully kept in mind, and hence it will be found that in only a very few instances does the soprano rise above E natural. No merely trivial tunes, however "taking," have secured insertion; the light, or lyrical, has been sanctioned in many cases, not with the expectation that it will always satisfy the fastidious; but because the experience of mankind justifies the introduction of music quickly caught by the popular ear. Strength and swing have often been favoured rather than delicacy and finish. A tune may not seem meritorious to the judgment of a virtuoso, and yet its value may be vindicated by its success with a volume of voices, and by its effect upon the soul, and the imagination of those engaged in Divine worship.

It is not necessary that a tune should be familiar; but, providing the proprieties are not invaded, it is a philosophical principle of selection to enquire if it is calculated to become a "favourite." Is a tune reverent, singable, stirring are the three chief questions which should be considered, and these are the points which have prevailed with the compilers.

Passing to the character of the libretto, it may be remarked that hymns of action rather than of introspection have been given the preference. The objective appeals quicker to the youthful mind than the subjective or psychological, and although it must be admitted that several of the hymns are odes for the heart as well as songs for the voice, yet it had to be remembered, that the souls even of children are sometimes athirst in the desert of life's pilgrimage, and so it was deemed well to show them the brook of which they might drink on the journey, and go refreshed and rejoicing on their way to the City. There is sunlight and shadow in their little lives!

It is not always true, however. that a good poem is a good hymn, and hence some beautiful spiritual compositions had to be rejected on that ground. To this distinction the editors venture to invite the notice of several friends whose admirable work has failed to find a place in the compilation.

Martin Luther thought the tune of a hymn of more importance than the words; but the eminent composer Gounod said: "Pure diction is the first law of song." It will be found that fewer than a dozen hymns have been admitted in which the diction is not perfectly pure, and even these have been allowed to "pass muster" because they possess other merits. For finished expression attention is directed to the beautiful studies by that gifted and saintly spirit,

the late Thomas T. Lynch, and also to the six Easter carols by the celebrated English authoress, Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. These latter were greatly admired by the late Dr. Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, and were occasionally sung, to Dr. Lloyd's settings, by his Grace's express request.

It will be observed that not only has the Christian year been the ruling principle in the choice of contents, but that the high festivals of Christmas and Easter have been liberally provided for. Respect for the Ecclesiastical year brings the leading facts of our Lord's life into proper prominence, and any arrangement which accentuates the chief verities of the Catholic faith, should find favour with all trained Churchmen and intelligent Christians. The hymns, in their general character, are thoroughly true to Church teaching without being partisan. All tastes and temperaments have been shown reasonable consideration, and should any extremists take exception to the presence of No. 157, "Hail, bright Star of ocean," they may be reminded, as in substance some have believed and said, that if the spirit of a prayer or hymn is instinct with devotional love, there are resources in the Chancery of Heaven for re-addressing petitions that may have been misdirected. True catholicity is comprehensive; it is both liberal and conservative, and is not readily scandalized by that which may edify some genuine Christian. Sometimes the Communion of Saints can be adequately expressed only by singing with and *for* another, and certainly only by that sanctified sympathy which can exercise the spiritual imagination. At least it should be amply apparent that, as far as humanly possible, all sectarian technicalities have been avoided, and that the editors have aimed honestly to embody in the libretto the historic faith of the centuries. It

is hoped, therefore, that friends and foes will alike feel that, at last, there has been produced a Catholic hymnal, and one which can be used by Christians of every symbol and Communion. It is not, of course, expected that the book will satisfy every mind or command universal acceptance; but perhaps the editors may reasonably solace themselves by the thought that their critics will answer one another.

The several Litanies at the end of the book are inserted with the hope that their occasional use may be encouraged in the Church schools. It is an axiom that children delight in what is jubilant, and while they may not be much interested in what is mournful, yet it is often overlooked that they have a keen appreciation of what is really reverent and solemn. A litany sung softly, in the attitude of prayer, makes an impression upon their religious instincts which is not readily effaced, and this fact naturally leads to some notice of the relation of sacred music to the spiritual life of the child. There is abundant evidence that not only are the deepest religious ideas of children implanted in their minds by the hymns which they learn and sing, but that their earliest devotional thoughts are excited by the power of music and song. Hence several hymns for Home use have been inserted with the hope that they may find a place in domestic devotion.

Every one has noticed how quickly a quarrelling or querulous child is calmed by a few simple notes from a nursery lilt. As a harp responds to the subtleties of every mood of the player, so the heart of a child answers instantly to any skilled appeal, in rhythm, or melody, to its deeper emotions, and higher nature. This prompt pleasure of children in what is metrical has been somewhat overlooked of later years, and the editors will

feel satisfied that their labour of love is not wholly lost if this publication should do something to reveal anew the potency of serious song in the lives of the little ones of the Church, and their devout prayer is that the book may prove to all who use it, a helpful message to the child's soul, because charged with the joy of lofty aspiration; with the strength of pious sympathy, and glowing with the cleansing fire of divine truth.

Dear book "go forth and face the years,"
"Tremble no more with modest fears,—
"With love thou shalt be blest:
"If any greet thee with disdain,
"Suffer, but not parade thy pain,
"And meekly do thy best."

Then too, "If any show thee slight,
"Thou knowest with pain and with delight
"Thou of the heart wast born;
"Hast in thee life of shade and shower,
"Of sunny and of starry hour,
"Of evening and of dawn."

"If any call thee beautiful,
"O, haste and of the glories tell
"That in the temple wait;
"For thou, if golden light divine
"Upon thee from love's altar shine,
"Art but a temple-gate."

So! "if the thanks of simple hearts
"Be thine, because thy song imparts
"To them the power to sing;
"Offer with theirs thy thanks to Him
"To whom the saintliest seraphim
"The lowliest homage bring."

October, A. D., 1903. W. R. A.

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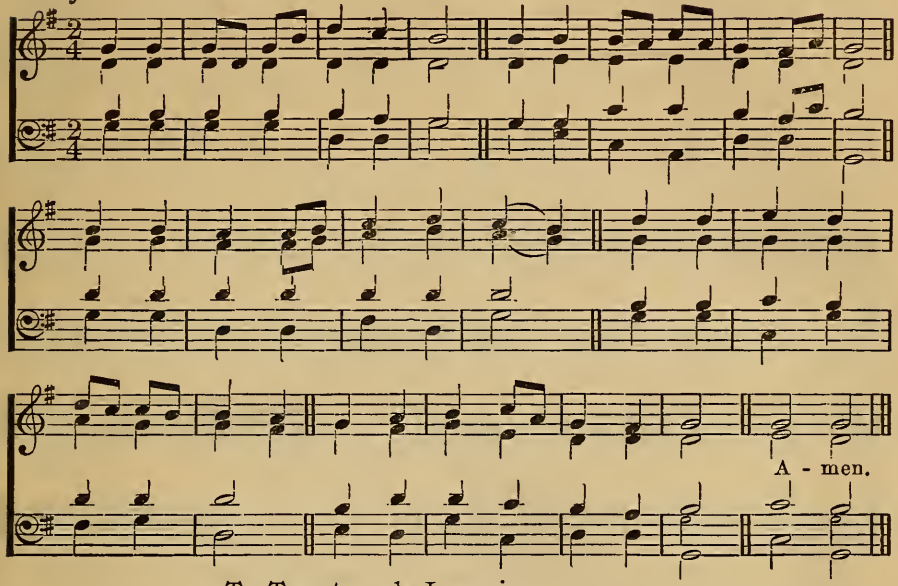
THE CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL.

WITH TUNES.

1

J. MONTGOMERY.



1 To THY temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

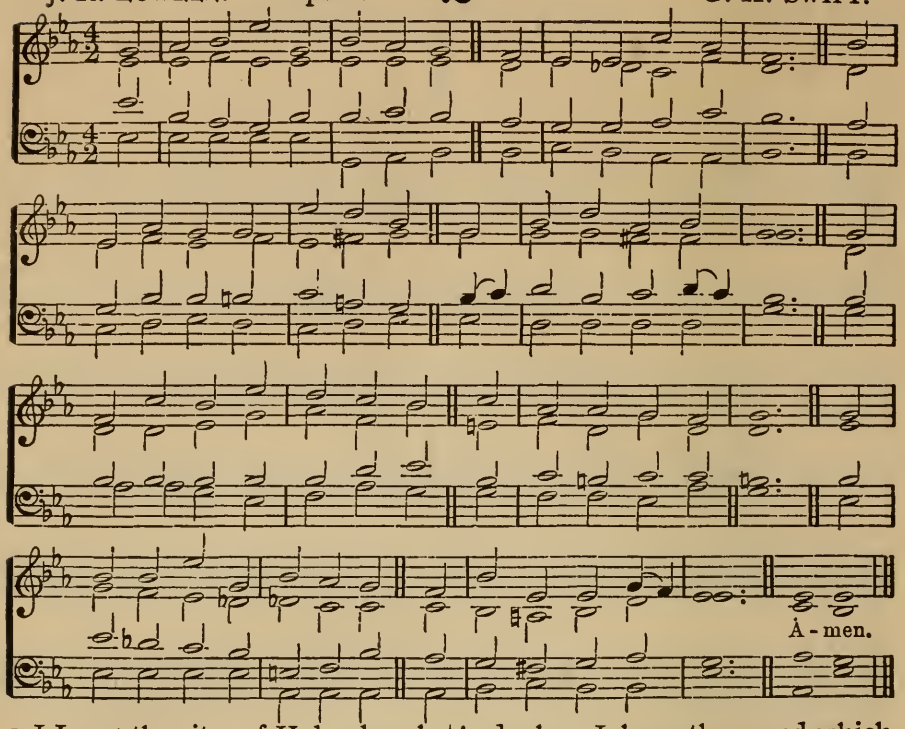
2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

J. R. LOWELL. Adapted. **2** G. H. SWIFT.



1 I LOVE the rites of Holy church;
I love to hear and see
The priest and people reading slow
The solemn Litany;
I love to hear the glorious swell
Of chanted psalm and prayer,
And the deep organ's bursting heart,
Throb through the shivering air.

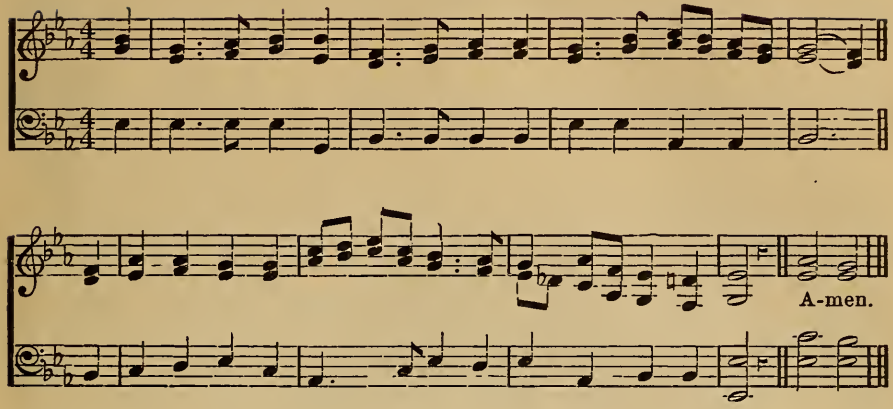
2 Chants, that a thousand years have heard,
I love to hear again,
For visions of the olden time
Are wakened by the strain;
With gorgeous hues the window-glass
Seems suddenly to glow,
And rich and red the streams of light
Down through the chancel flow.

3 And then I murmur, "Surely God
Delighteth here to dwell;
This is the temple of his Son
Whom He doth love so well."
And when I hear the creed which saith,
This church *alone* is His,
I feel within my soul that the
Most blessed truth is this.

4 His Church is universal Love,
And whoso dwells therein
Shall need no other Sacrifice
To wash away his sin;
And music in its aisles shall swell,
Of lives upright and true,
Sweet as dreamed sounds of angel-harps
Down-quivering through the blue.

5 They shall not ask a litany,
The souls that worship there,
But every look shall be a hymn,
And every word a prayer;
Their Service shall be written bright
In calm and holy eyes,
And every day from fragrant hearts
Fit incense shall arise.

3



1 I LOVE the Church, the Holy Church,
The Saviour's spotless Bride;
And O, I love her palaces,
Through all the world so wide.

2 The cross-topped spire amid the trees,
The holy bell of prayer,
The music of our Mother's voice,
Our Mother's home is there.

3 Unbroken is her lineage,
Her warrants clear as when
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high,
And give good gifts to men.

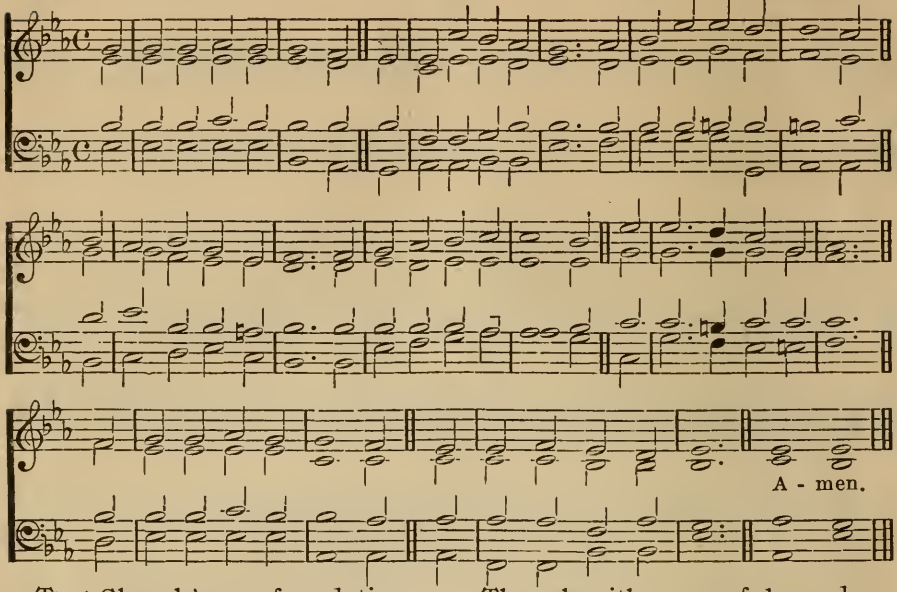
4 Here clothed in innocence they stand,
Thine holy orders three,
To rule and feed Thy flock, O Christ,
And ever watch for Thee.

5 I love the Church—the holy Church—
That o'er our life presides—
The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
And many an hour besides.

6 Be mine through life to live in her,
And when the Lord shall call,
To die in her, the Spouse of Christ,
The Mother of us all.

4

S. J. STONE. S. S. WESLEY.



1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

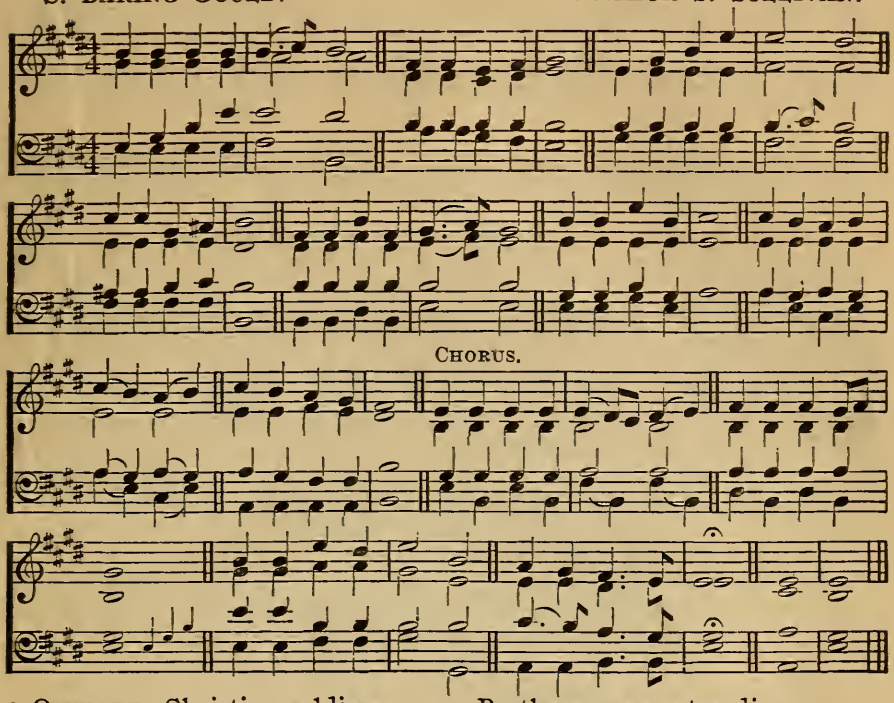
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

5

S. BARING GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

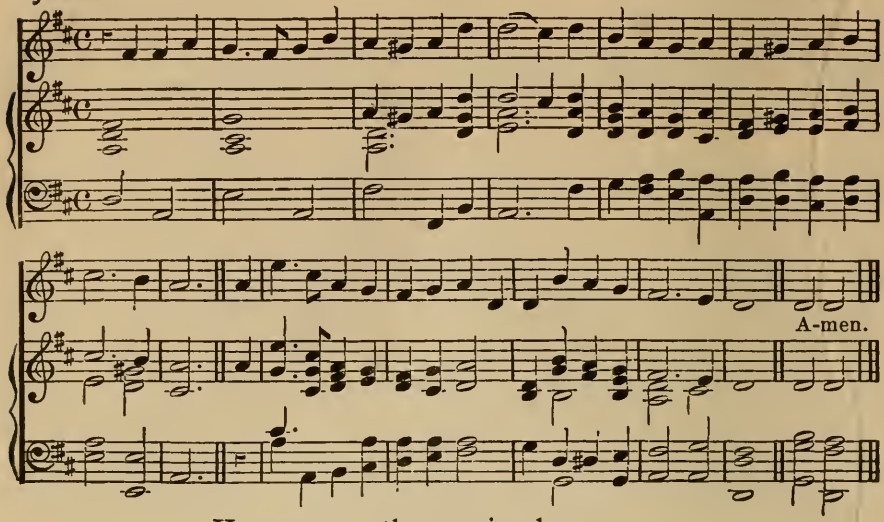
3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

6

JAMES D. BURNS. A. S. SULLIVAN.



1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim,
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

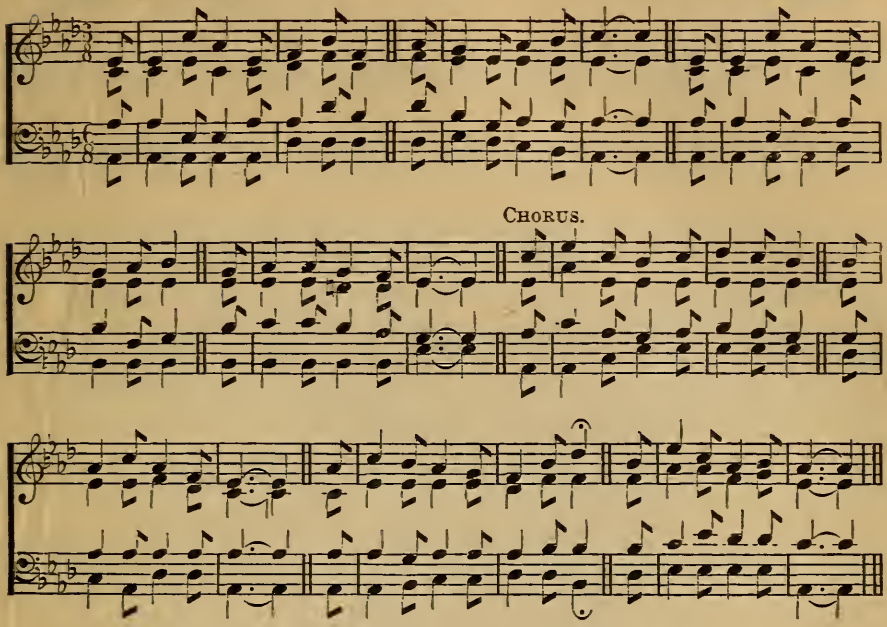
3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word!
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

7

FANNY J. CROSBY. VICTOR H. BENKE.



1 OUR Sunday-School, our Sunday-School
Is like a garden fair,
Where buds of promise grow and thrive
Beneath our Saviour's care.

CHO.—And while within these happy walls
We gather now to pray,
Be this the burden of our pray'r :
God bless our School to-day,

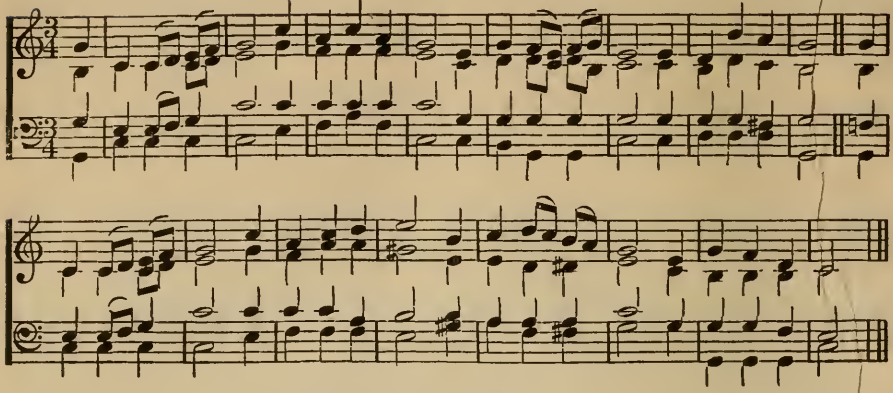
2 To Jesus let us give our hearts,
In childhood's early Spring,
And then, with true believing faith,
We all His love may sing.

3 To Jesus let us give our lives,
And serve Him with delight,
Before the Summer days are gone,
And Autumn takes its flight.

4 God bless our School from year to year,
And crown it with His love,
Till, one by one, He calls us home,
To dwell with Him above.

8

T. T. LYNCH. J. CHRISTOPHER MARKS.



1 O MORNING so bright,
So sunny, so sweet,
Thou comest from God
Our Spirit to greet;
The weary heart rises,
It cannot be still;
Strange vigour surprises
The care-fettered will.

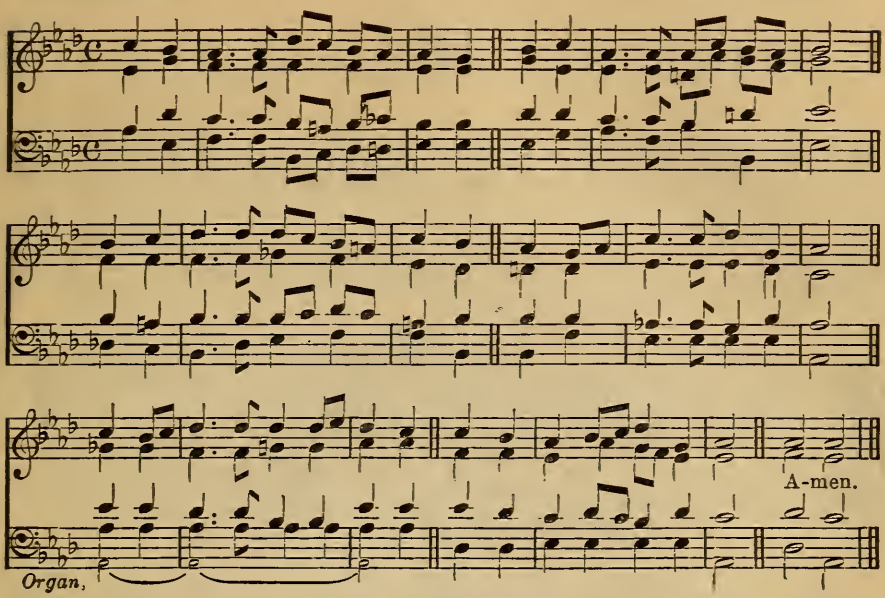
2 How can we despair,
Or brood on our wrong?
How can we be weak,
When all things are strong?
The morning has smiled,
And our hopes in the Sun
Like the feet of a child,
Cannot move but they run.

3 O, be Thou our sun.
Thou source of his flame,
Then joyful we run
Who were tired and lame:
If love, in thy word,
Like the morning arise,
Complaints are unheard,
Incredulity dies.

4 No heart that desponds
Desponding need stay;
Thou breakest our bonds
At break of the day:
Our liberty won,
And our heart full of praise,
This day of the sun
Has the light of seven days.

9

H. BATEMAN. W. A. F. SCHULTZ.



1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Children all are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

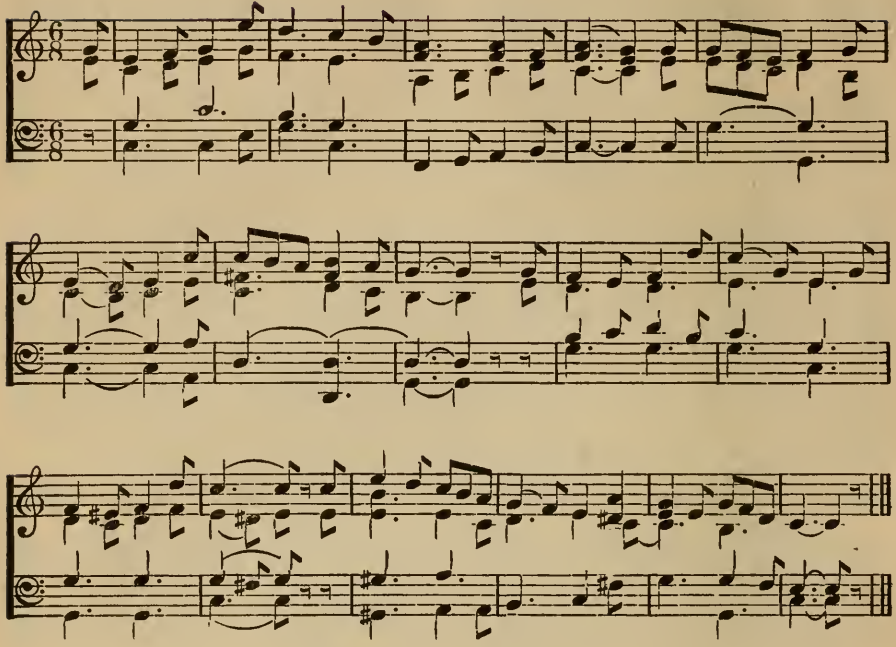
3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream Thy love supplied;
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thy own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

10

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



1 O kind and gentle Saviour,
Who art the Children's Friend,
We pray Thee now receive us,
Thy blessings on us send.
Our joys and all our sorrows,
Thou willest we should bring,
And lay them all before Thee,
Our good and gracious King.

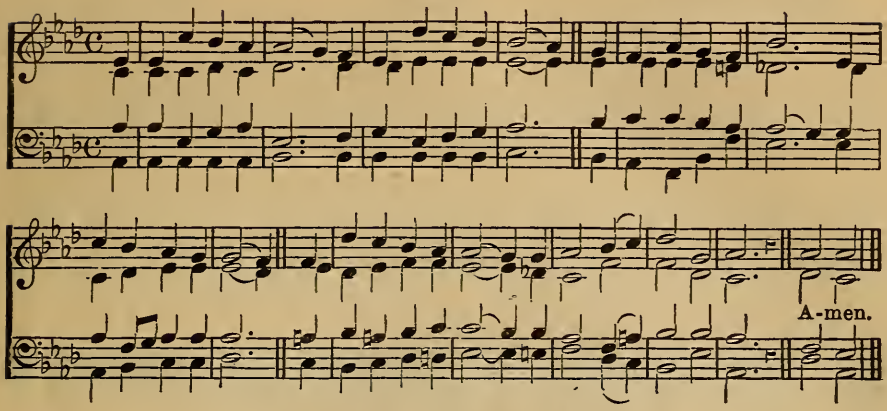
2 The weary aud sin-laden
In Thee do find their rest;
And when in Thee rejoicing
Our joys are doubly blest.
Thou didst vouchsafe Thy presence
On Cana's marriage day,
Now at our feast be present,
Accept our festal lay.

3 To Thee of old their children
The people came and brought;
From Thee Thy grace and favour
For little ones they sought;
And thou didst not forbid them,
For Thou art good and kind;
In Thee a loving Saviour
May we, Thy children, find.

4 Let not our ways and doings
Dishonour Thy dear Name,
Nor words, nor deeds of evil
Our Christian calling shame,
Grant us Thy grace, that boldly
We may our Lord confess;
While for all gifts Thou givest
Thy Holy Name we bless.

11

L. Mc Leod. D. B. Mc Leod.



1 With gladsome hearts we come
Within our holy home,
Our Saviour's Name to sing.
Oh, well His House we love!
Oh, joy all joys above,
To praise the children's King!

2 The angels sing on high
Thy glory through the sky,
And then to earth they wing;
To guard us while we sleep,
And, as their watch they keep,
To praise the children's King.

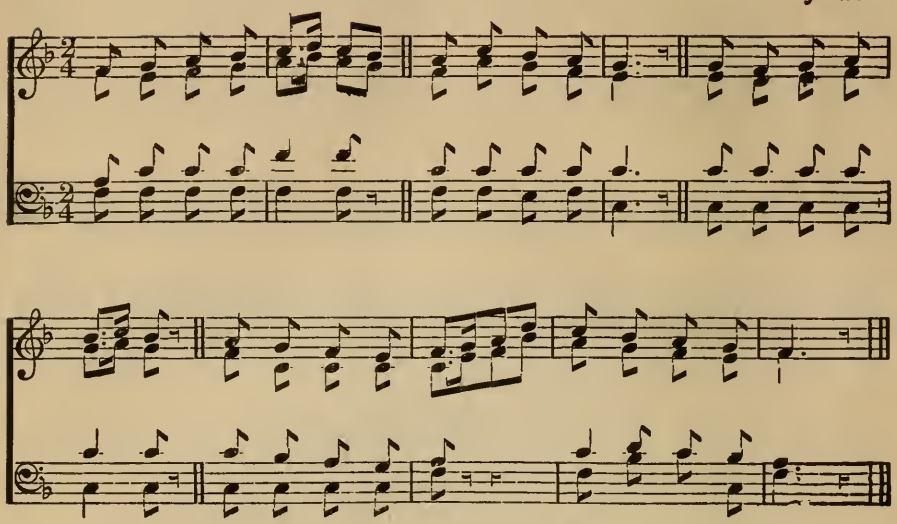
3 O may we, while we live,
Such willing service give,
A holy offering!
And still Thy glory show
By deeds of love below,
To praise the children's King.

4 And may our hearts aspire
To join the heavenly choir,
Whose strains for ever ring;
And learn on earth their hymn,
The song of seraphim,
To praise the children's King.

5 O Light of Light, to Thee
Let earth and sky and sea
Eternal homage bring;
And grant us through Thy love,
Before Thy throne above,
To praise the children's King.

12

J. S.



1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear,

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.

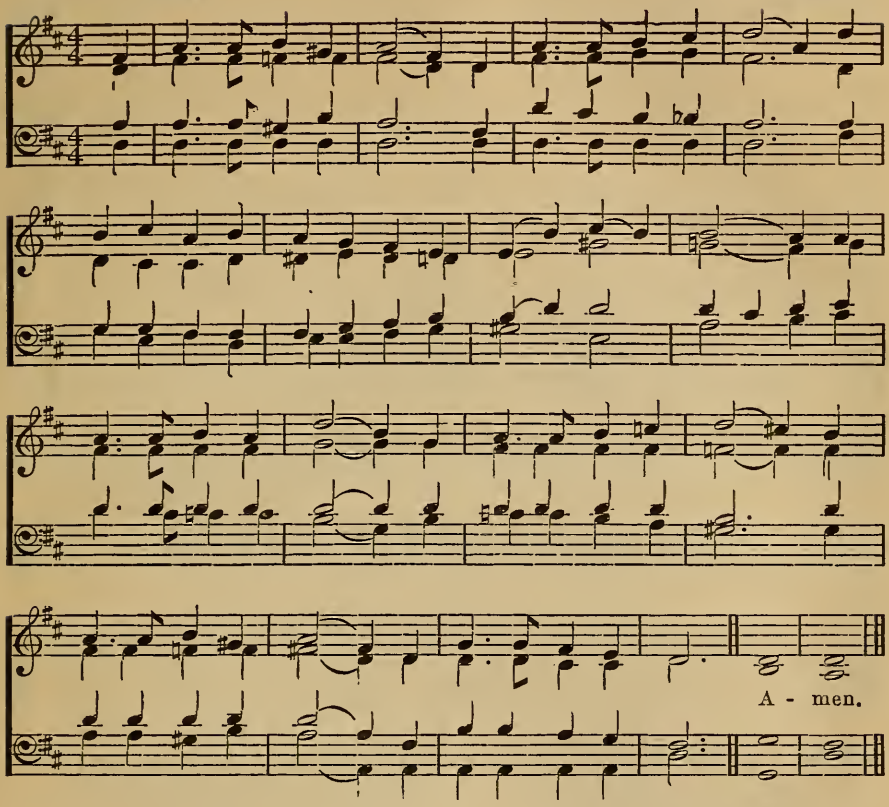
3 We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 Thou when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come!

13

T. T. LYNCH. H. E. COOKE.



1 LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Nor breathes a softer air,
Nor shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

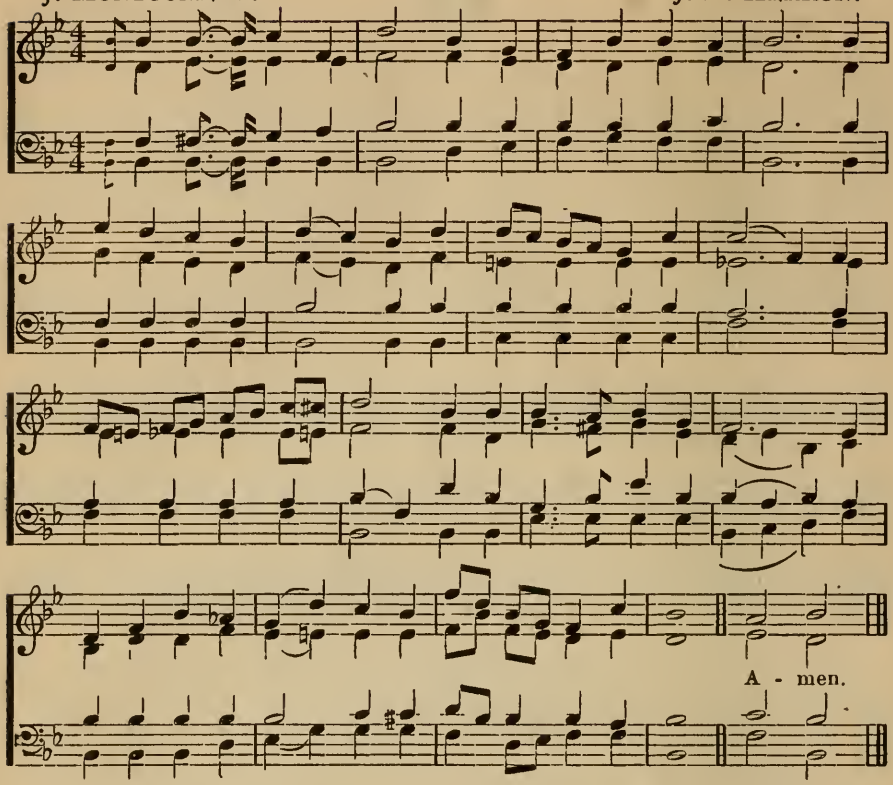
2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To Succour and to Smite.

4 He comes the wide world's king,
He comes the true heart's friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes to fill with light
The weary, waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

14

J. MONTGOMERY. J. D. HERRON.



1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

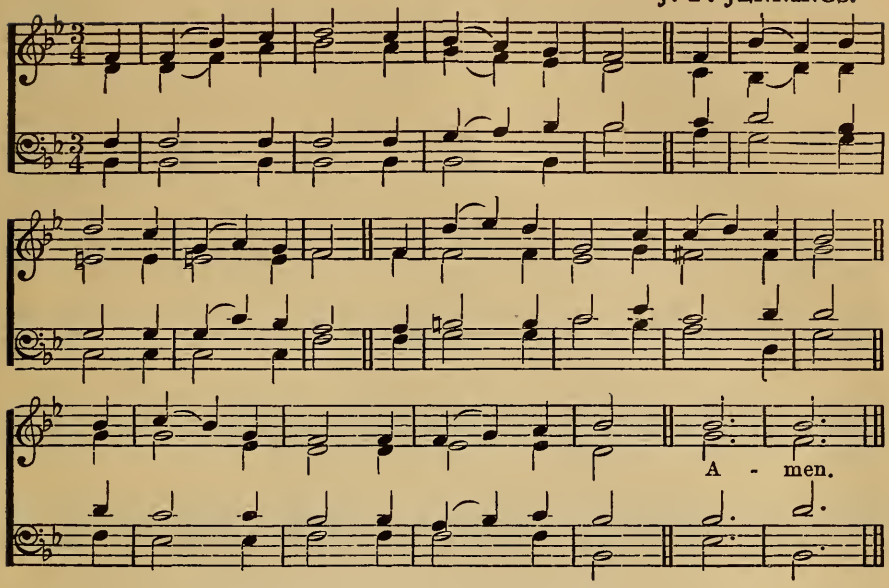
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever.
His changeless Name of Love.

15

J. F. JENNINGS.



1 OH spread the joyful news around,
That Christ the Lord will come again;
That He for whom no home was found,
Is worthy over all to reign.

2 And lo! the time is drawing near
When He will exercise His power:
When on this earth He will appear,
And blessings all around Him shower.

3 Although a scoffing crowd may say:—
"Where is the promise of your Lord?"
And e'en the Church forget to pray
For the fulfilment of His word.

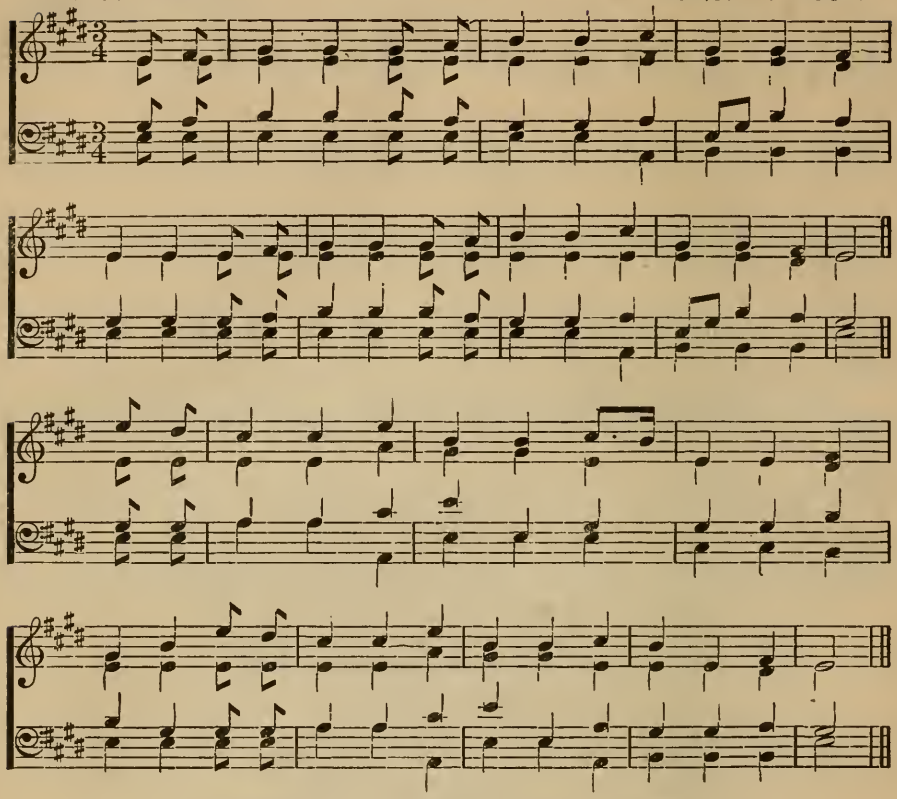
4 Yet shall we doubt His power or love?
Or think the angels said in vain—
"This Jesus, whom ye see above,
Shall so return to you again?"

5 No! rather would we seek to learn,
And trust the promises bestowed,
That so the hope of His return
May cheer us on life's rugged road.

6 Filled with this comfort from on high,
Oh, let us labour, watch and pray:
And "Lo! the Bridegroom cometh," cry,
And witness to the coming day.

16

W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.



1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and His own.

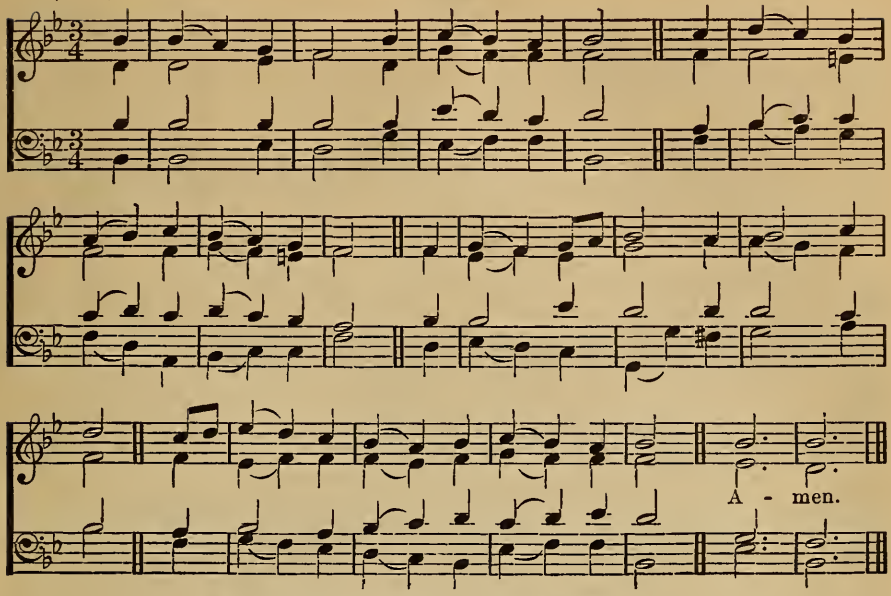
CHORUS.—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His Kingdom :
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His lov'd and His own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and His own.

17

E. R. VINING. W. KNAPP.



1 O Heavenly Father, as we greet
This blessed season of the year,
And with believing joy repeat
The story ever new and dear;

2 The story of a Saviour's birth
In Bethlehem's manger long ago,
And all the blessings to this earth,
Which from His coming richly flow;

3 Our hearts grow very tender, Lord,
Towards that fair land where He was born,
And towards His brethren, spread abroad,
In exile, suffering, and forlorn.

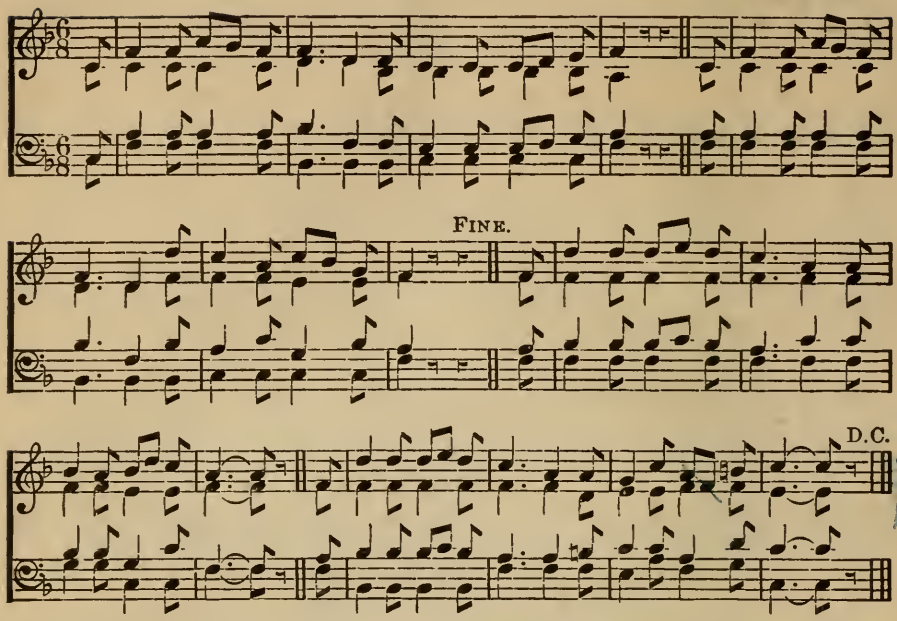
4 Oh hasten, Lord, that blessed day,
When Palestine her King shall own,
And from the manger where He lay,
Exalt Him to His rightful throne.

5 When Israel, too, shall recognise
Their Saviour, Brother, Prince, and Lord,
With grief repent, with joy arise,
To crown Him King with one accord.

6 We praise Thee for the Christmas chime;
Glory to God and peace on earth,
To Jew and Gentile for all time,
First sounded at Messiah's birth.

18

German Air.



1 A star, a star is burning,
The brightest in the sky,
Is shining o'er a stable,
O tell me shepherds, why?
We bow before the Infant,
To Him our homage bring;
Our God in flesh appeareth;
Of men and angels King.

CHORUS.
We bow before the Infant,
To Him our homage bring;
Our God in flesh appeareth;
Of men and angels King.

2 Then where is haughty Herod,
With court magnifical?
O where the priests, the Levites?
O where the princes all?
What! Lord, art Thou rejected
From lowly village inn?
Are hearts so hard and blinded,
By unbelief and sin?

3 Lo! Lo! a sudden glory!
The Angel hosts appear;
Ten thousand times ten thousand,
Their Monarch to revere.
The homage earth refuses,
The honour men withold,
The angels give, attending
In multitudes untold.

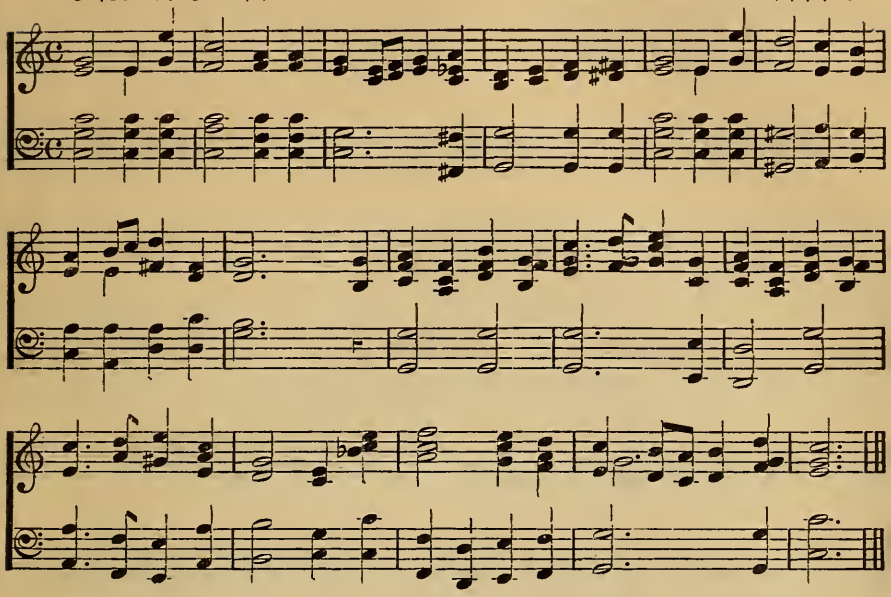
4 The lamps of heaven are lighted,
The Stable is ablaze,
And harp and lute and cymbal
Resound the Infant's praise.
A stable now a palace,
The like was never seen!
Such splendor of attendance!
Such songs, such golden sheen!

5 O Solomon! thy mansion
Might not with this be told,
Thy servants and thy soldiers,
Thy throne o'erlaid with gold!
O blind the eyes of mortals
To such a glorious sight!
O slumbering fools that know not
The wonders of this night!

19

Words and Melody by
GEO. W. CABLE.

Harmonized by
HARRY ROW SHELLEY.



1 Children of Jesus, come lift the chant, resound the chord;
Once more is confirmed all the prophet's wondrous word.
For gold and myrrh bring purity,
For frankincense bring charity,
The gifts of the soul for the birthday of the Lord!

2 Children of Jesus, while bells unnumbered swing and ring,
With anthem and carol your supplications bring,
That God all hearts may fashion,
For every holy passion,
And guide all his children to Christ the children's King.

3 Tell of the wise men who Mary with the young Child found,
And shepherds upstartled from off the frosty ground.
Sing all the angels sang to them,
And show the Star of Bethlehem,
Ye children of Jesus, the waking world around.

4 Children of Jesus, again this morn let plain and hill
Ring, Glory to God, peace on earth, to men good will!
Hosanna in the highest!
Let Christmas bring Christ nighest!
Hosanna! Hosanna! Christ Jesus cometh still!

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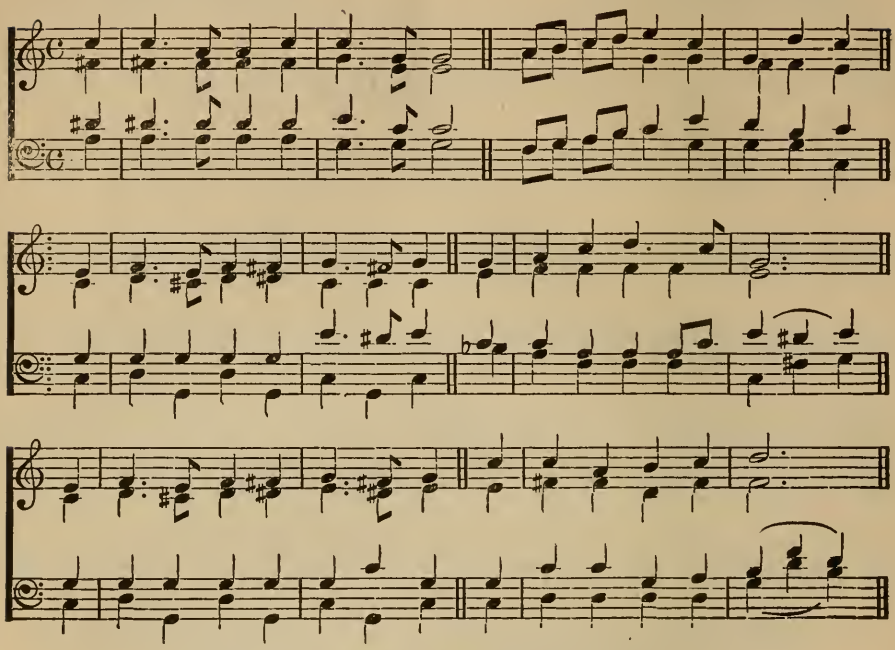
20

I. M. MERLINJONES. IDA WENDEL STOUT.



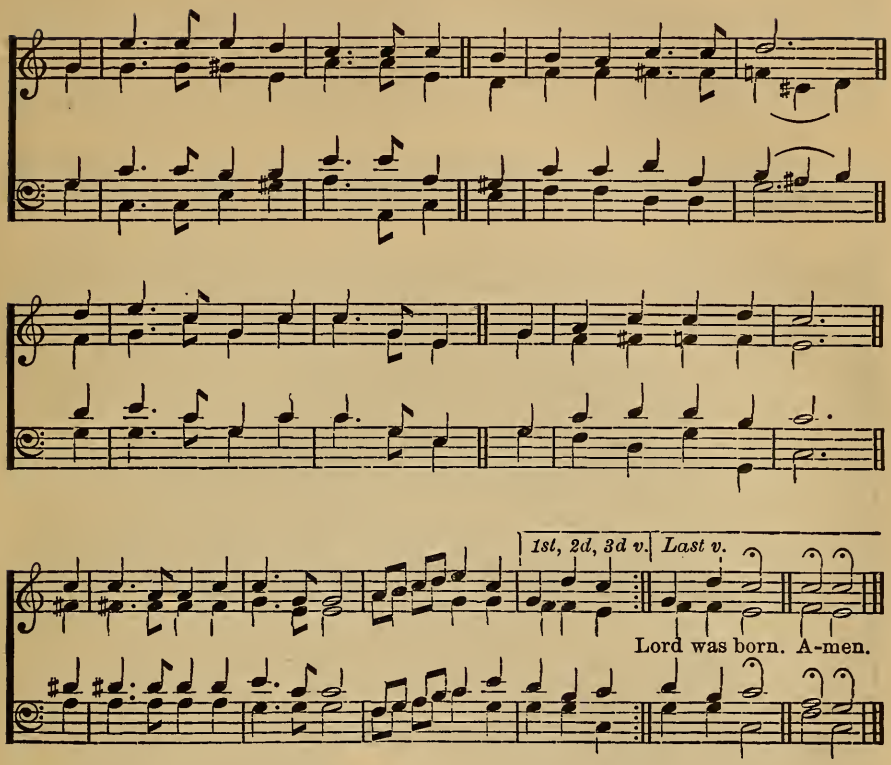
1 REJOICE, rejoice this Christmas morn,
For our sakes the Lord was born.
We march, we march to Judah's plains,
To hear the angels sing :—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the new-born King ;
Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men,
Glad tidings full of glee ;
A babe is born in Bethlehem,—
The very God is He."

CHORUS.

Rejoice, rejoice this Christmas morn,
For our sakes the Lord was born.

2 We march, we march to Bethlehem,
To find the cattle-shed ;
For in the inn there was no room,
A manger is His bed ;
In swaddling clothes the Babe is wrapp'd,
And watch'd by Mary mild ;
And Joseph of King David's line,
Guards tenderly the Child.

20

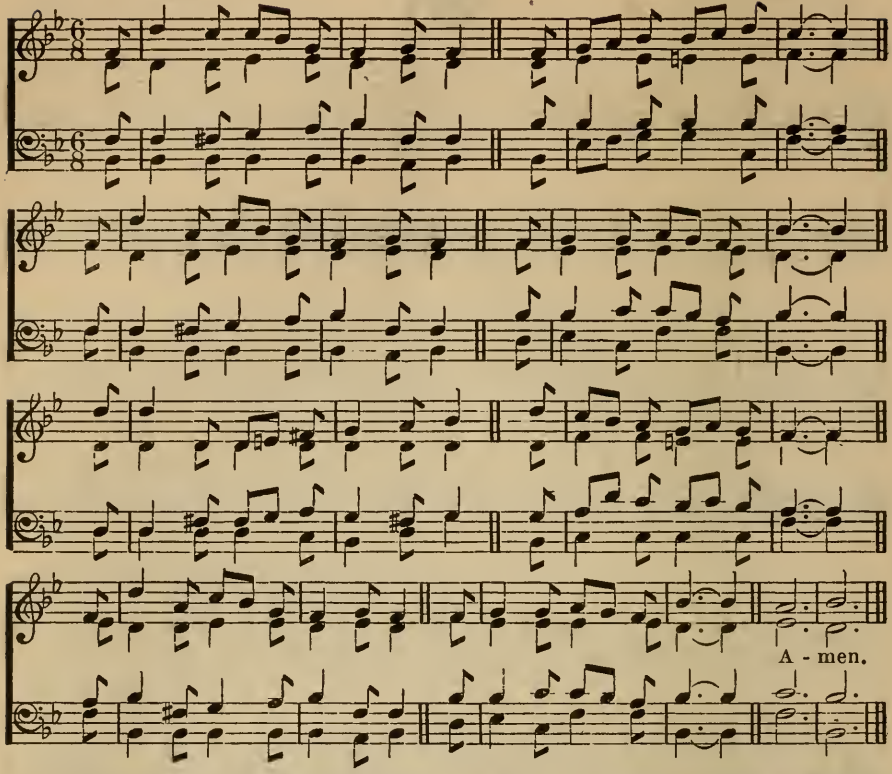


3 We march, we march from Bethlehem,
The Babe indeed we found;
Oh, let us sing His praise abroad,
His glory all around;
The Lord appears now in the flesh,
What mystery unsolved!
This Babe the very God is He,
What mighty love involved!

4 We march, we march, throughout the world,
The angels' song is heard:
The humblest cot is lighted with
The glory of the Lord:
Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men,
Glad tidings full of glee:
The Babe is born this Christmas morn,—
The very God is He.

21

E. H. SEARS. R. S. WILLIS.



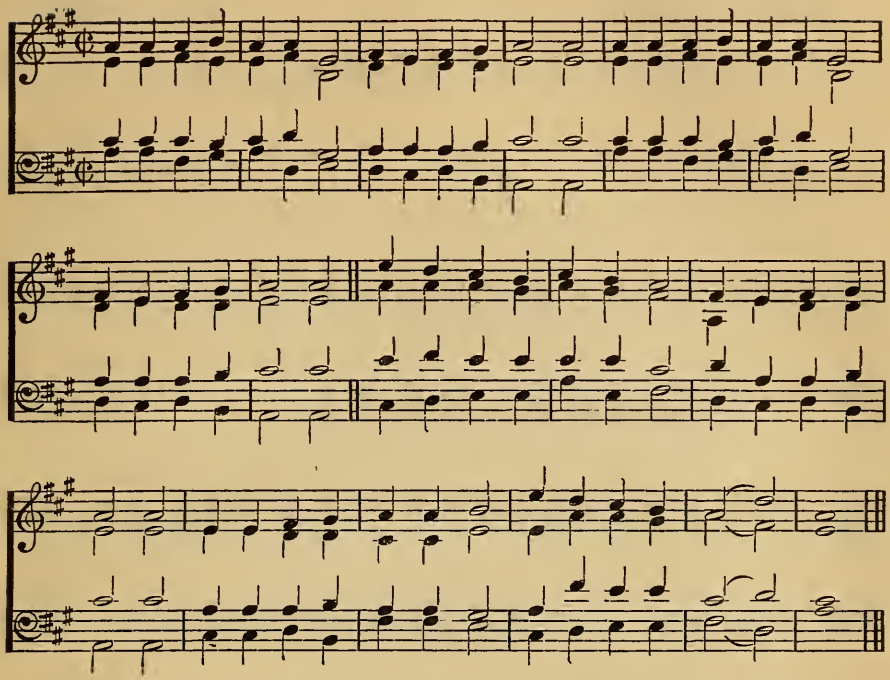
1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening
By prophets seen of old, [on,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

22



1 Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the Snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

2 "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

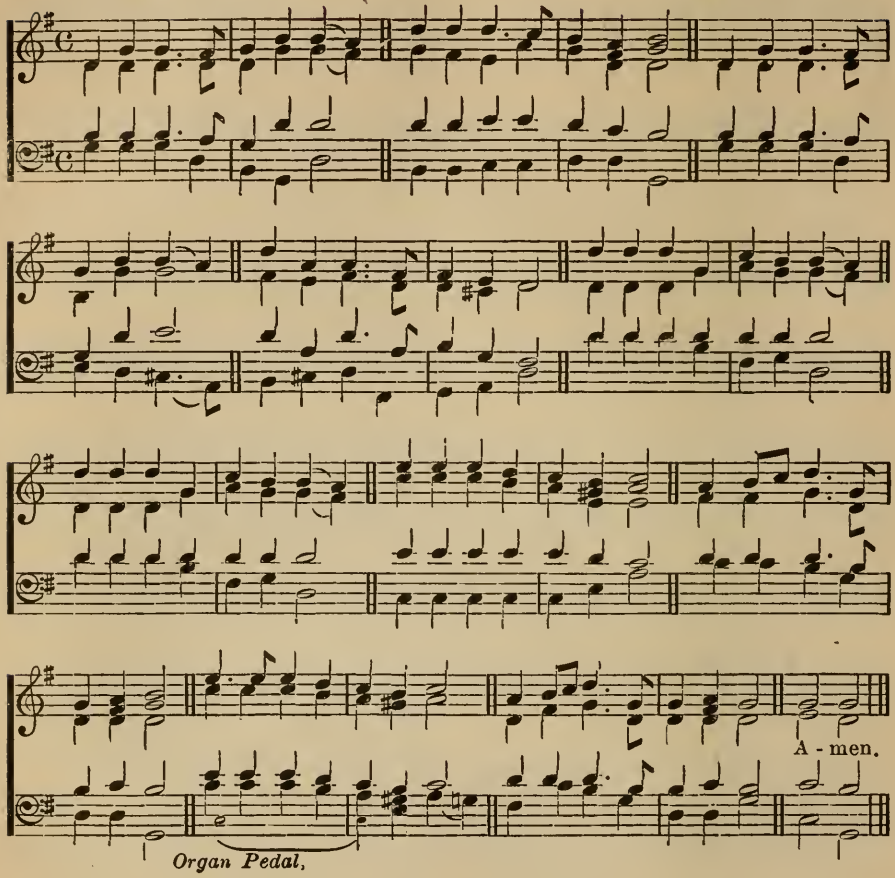
3 "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Thro' the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4 "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5 In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

23

CHARLES WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.



1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

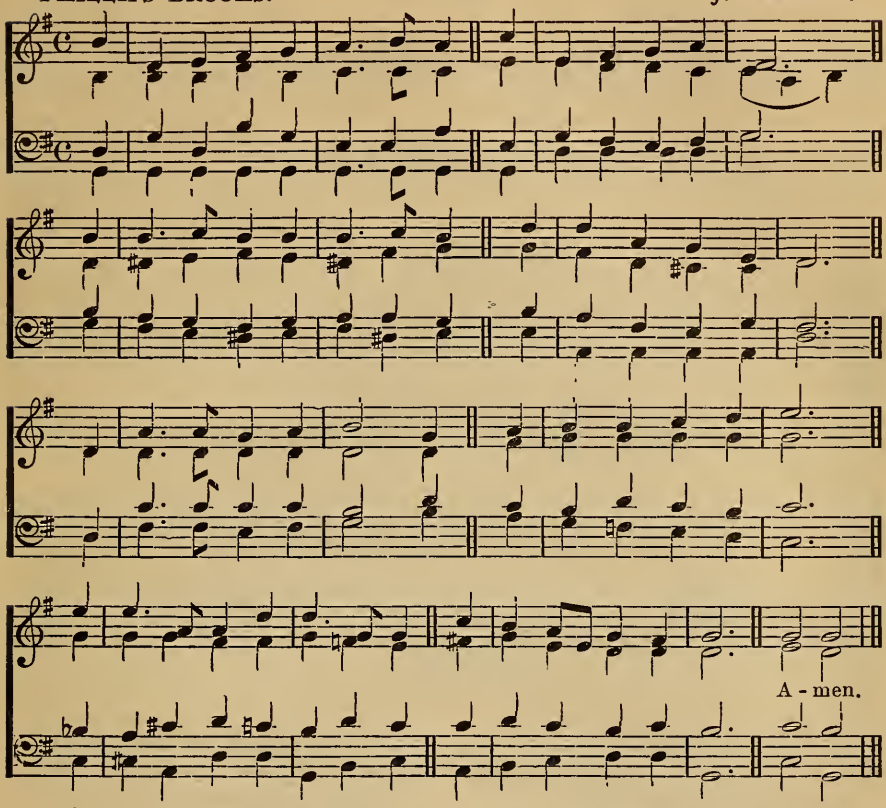
4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

24

PHILLIPS BROOKS. J. BARNBY.



1 O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent star go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

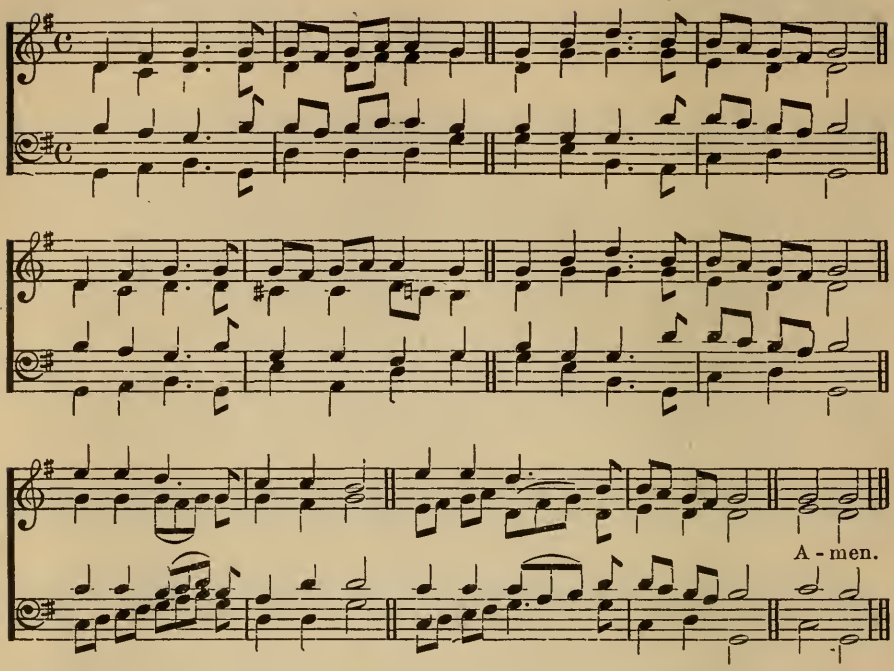
2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming.
But in this world of sin.
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

25

C. F. ALEXANDER. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where her mother laid her baby,
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

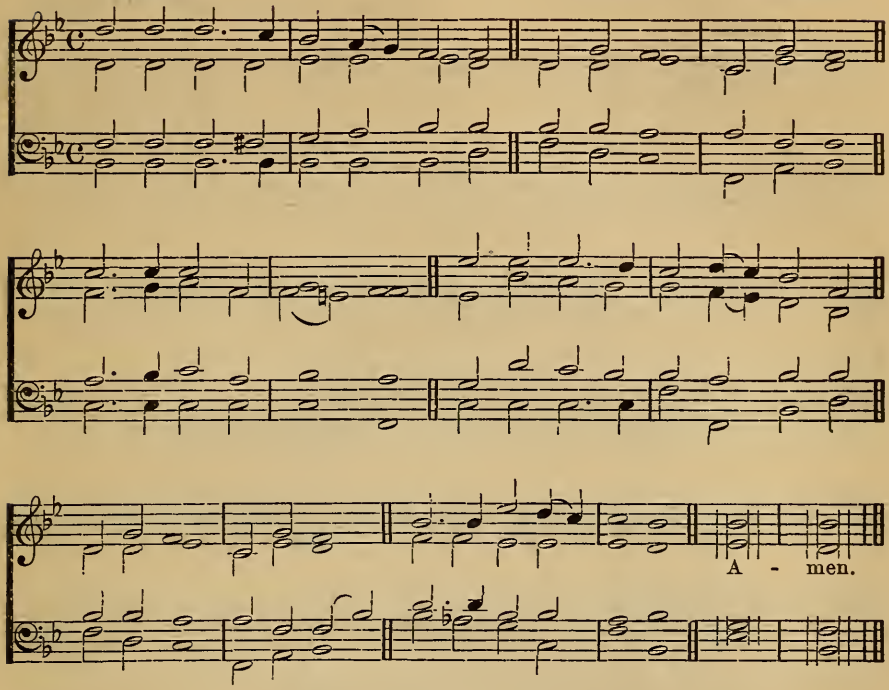
4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Thro' His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crown'd,
All in white shall wait around.

26

P. GERHARDT. HORATIO W. PARKER.



1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

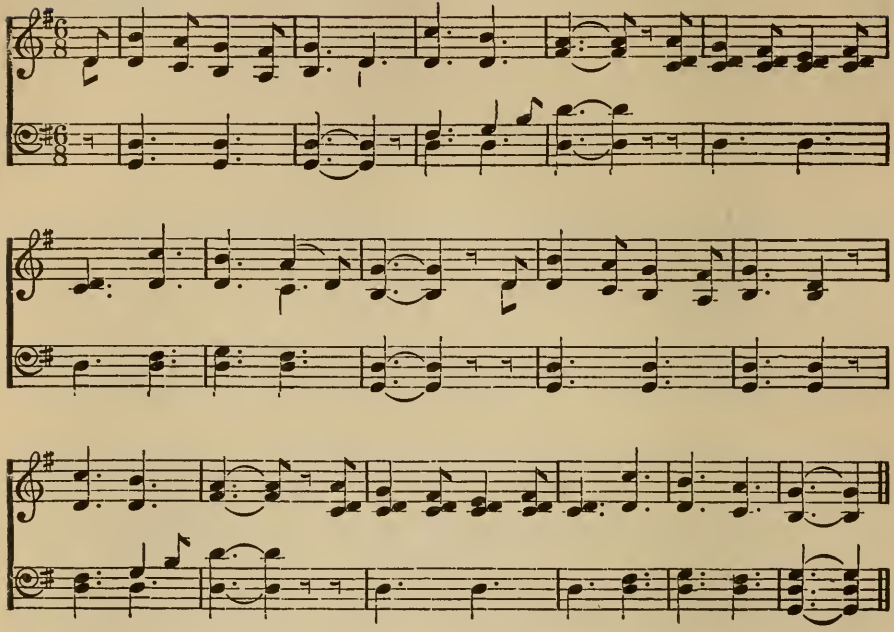
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

27

Arranged by GEO. WM. WARREN.

In unison.



1 THE Snow lay on the ground,
The Stars shone bright
When Christ our Lord was born
On Christmas night,
Venite adoremus Dominum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

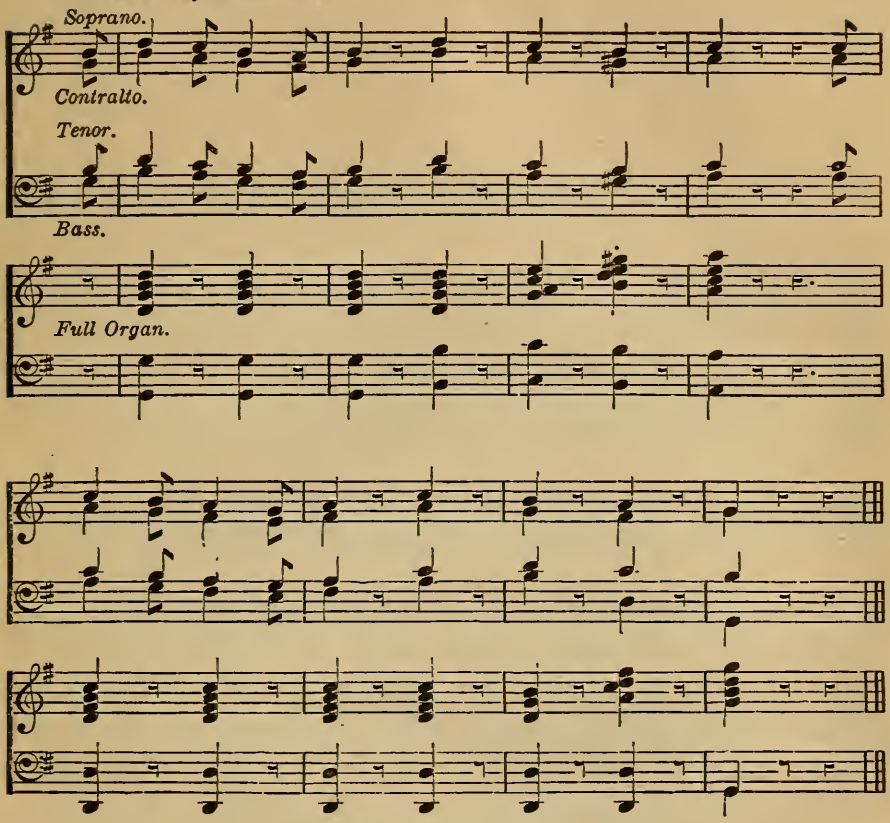
CHORUS.

Venite adoremus Dominum,
Venite adoremus Dominum,

2 'T was Mary, Virgin pure,
Of holy life,
That brought into this world
The God-made man.
She laid Him in a stall
At Bethlehem ;
The ass and oxen shared
The roof with them.

27

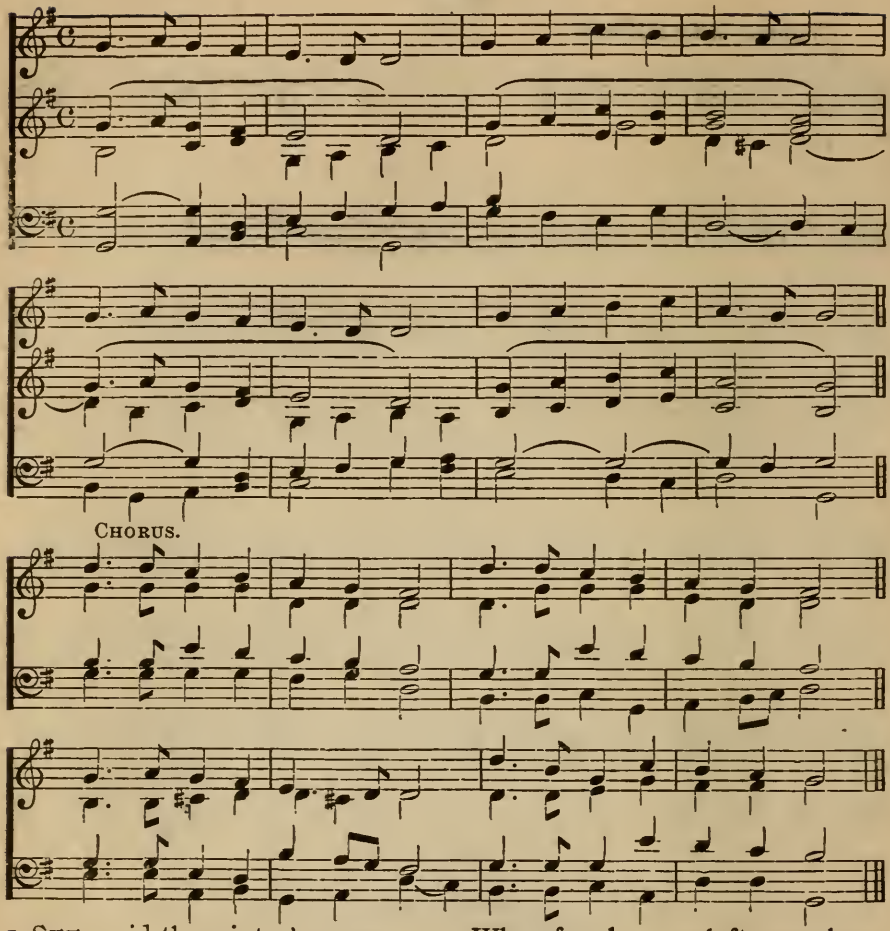
CHORUS.—*After each verse.*



3 Saint Joseph, too, was by
To tend the Child ;
To guard Him, and protect
His mother, mild.
The angels hover'd round,
And sung this song,
Venite adoremus
Dominum !

4 And then that manger, poor,
Became a throne,
For He whom Mary bore
Was God, the Son.
O come then, let us join
Then Heavenly Host,
To praise the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost.

28



1 SEE amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

CHORUS:
Hail! Thou ever blessed morn!
Hail! Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He who throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep,

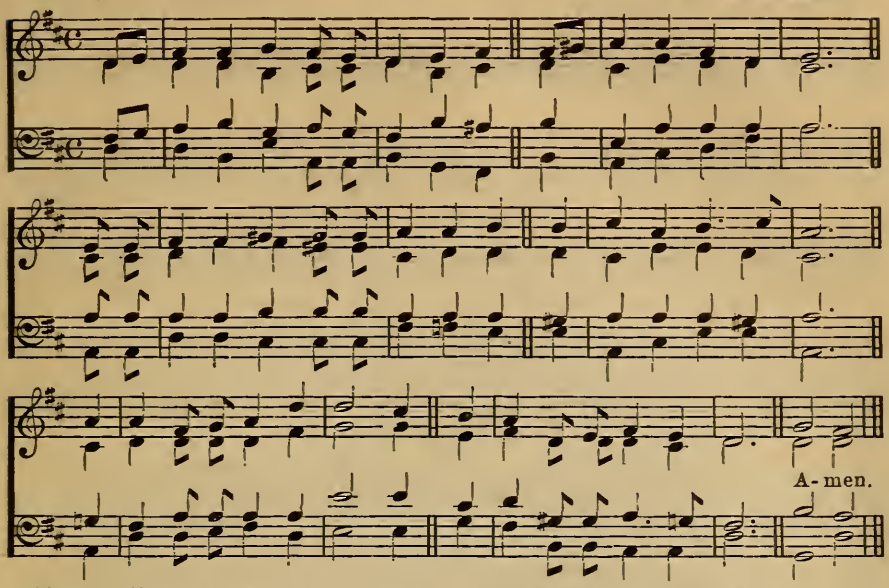
4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine!
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!

29

E. E. S. Elliott. T. R. Matthews.



1 Thou didst leave Thy throne
and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for
me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there
found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord
Jesus!
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the
angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou
come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord
Jesus!
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

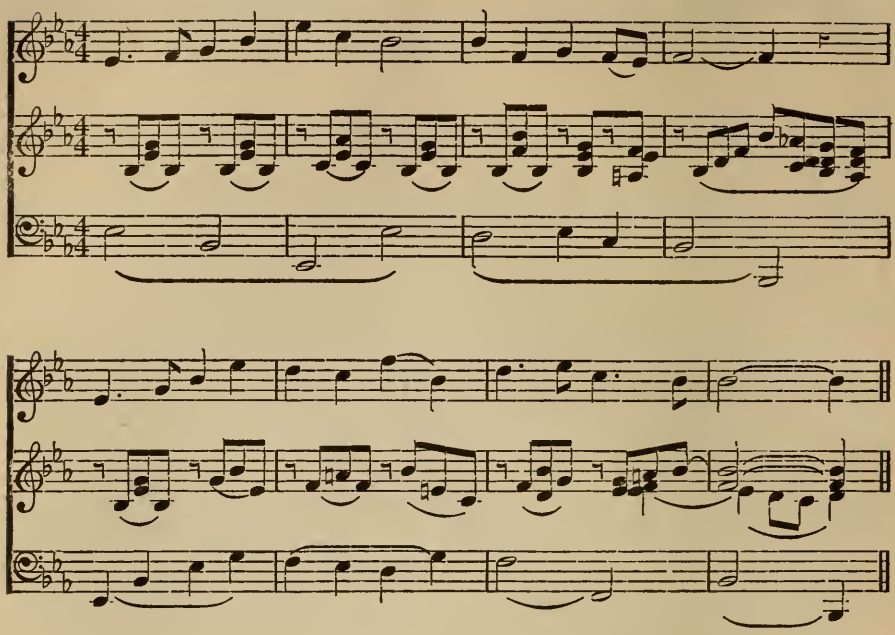
3 The foxes found rest, and the
birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O
Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord
Jesus!
There is room in my heart for
Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the
living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with
crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord
Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and
the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, say-
ing, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for
Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice,
Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest
for me.

30

MARY ANN THOMSON. B. CECIL KLEIN.



1 LO! amid the shades of night,
In a manger laid,
He is found Who dwelt in light,
Ere the world was made:

CHORUS.—Babe Divine,
Cradled thus,
God-with-us,
Praise be Thine.

2 Virgin pure, the Mother mild,
Watching by Him there;
Hope of all mankind, her Child,
David's Lord and Heir:

3 Joseph, whose protecting arm
Guarded Mary's way,
Bends to shield from cold and harm
Him Whom worlds obey:

4 Angels, who in realms above
Stand before the throne,
Now to earth on wings of love
Speed to make Him known:

5 Lowly shepherds first are told
Of the Saviour's birth,
They the World made Flesh behold
Ere the Kings of earth:

6 Royal Sages, by a star
To His Presence led,
Gifts they bring from lands afar,
At His Feet shall spread:

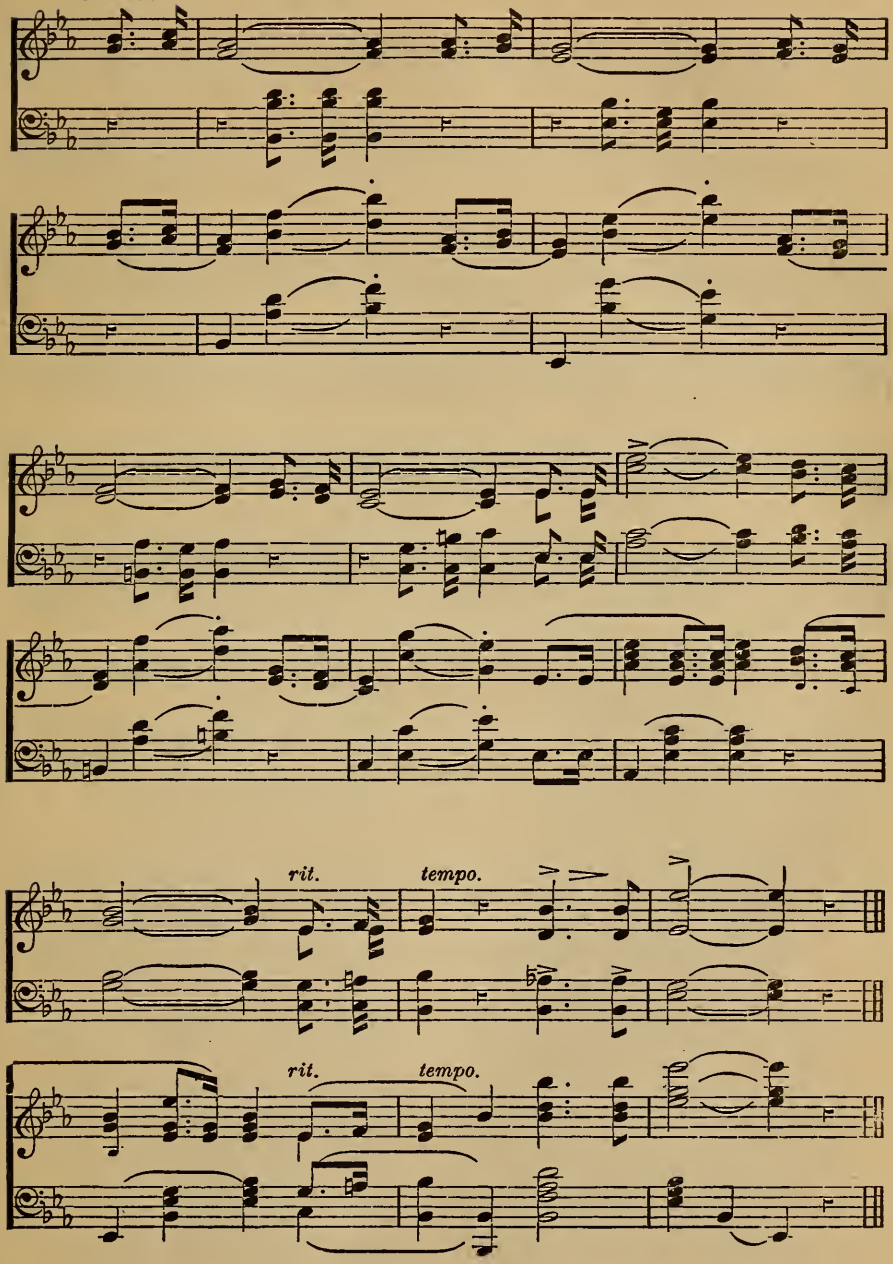
7 Only in a cattle-shed
Earth has room for Him;
But around His manger-bed
Wait the Seraphim:

8 Never since the world begun
Such a morning broke:
Never in a home of man
Child like This awoke:

9 Lift we heart and voice to praise
Him Who stooped so low,
Us to light and bliss to raise
From our sin and woe:

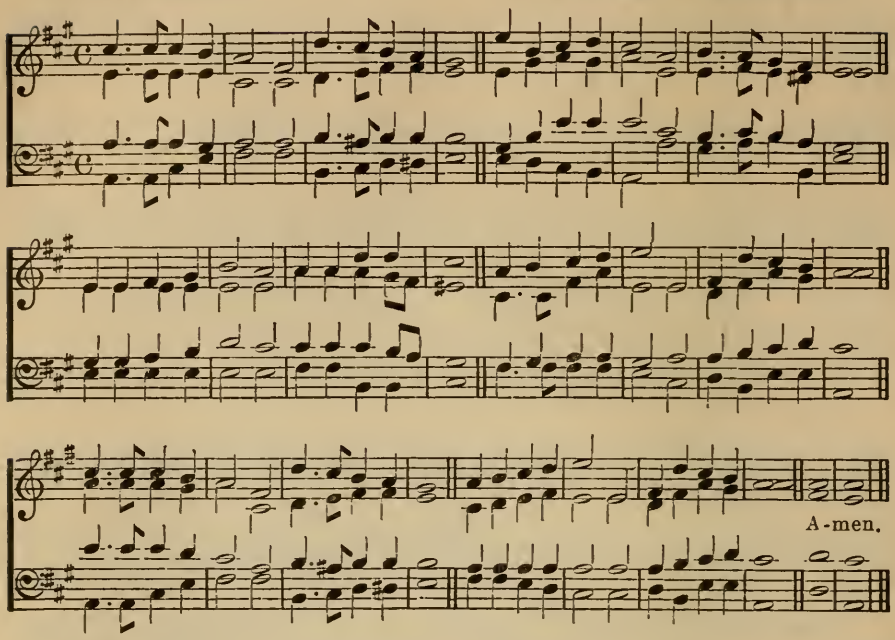
30

CHORUS.



31

E. C. DOUGLAS. FRANCES. R. HAVERGAL.



1 GATHER, children, gather
Round the Christmas tree,
Let us sing our carols
All so merrily.
Let us sing of Wise men,
Traveling from afar,
Led to their dear Saviour
By a guiding star.

CHO.—Shine bright star upon us,
Telling Christ is born,
Bringing in the dawning,
Of a joyful morn.

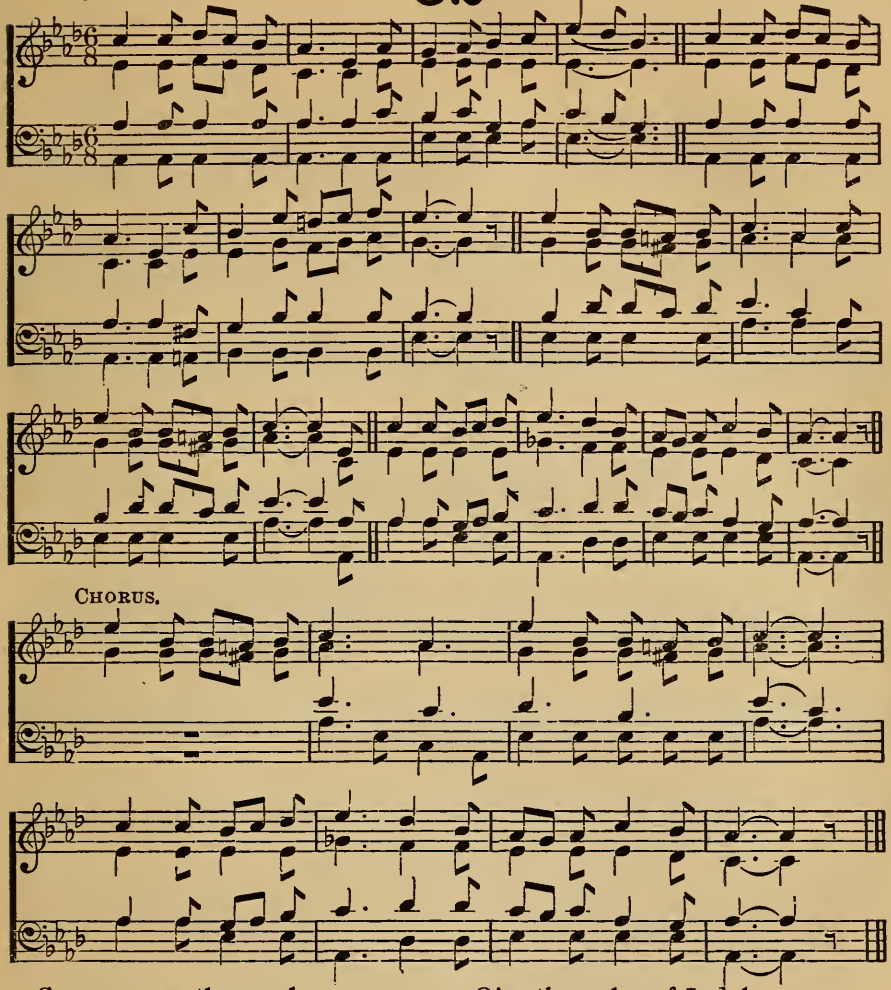
2 Let us sing of angels,
Who came down to earth,
Telling the glad tidings
Of a Saviour's birth.
Let us sing of Jesus,
Who was born this night,
For the little children
A bright shining light.

3 Oh, bright star, still leading,
All the children dear,
Let them find that Saviour,
Ever, ever near.
Shine o'er all this wide world,
Oh, bright Christmas Star,
Telling the glad message
Where all nations are.

4 May all, sad and weary,
Careworn, homeless ones,
By that Star, still shining,
Know that Christ is come.
May their hearts find gladness
On this Christmas night,
And forever follow
That bright "Shining Light"

5 Then, may every household,
Father, mother dear,
All the littte children
Find glad Christmas cheer.
Singing praise and glory,
To the Lord of Love,
Like the holy angels,
Round His throne above.

F. J. Crosby. **32** T. E. Perkins.



1 Carol, sweetly carol,
A Saviour's born to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus.
And echo back the sound.

Cho.—Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away.

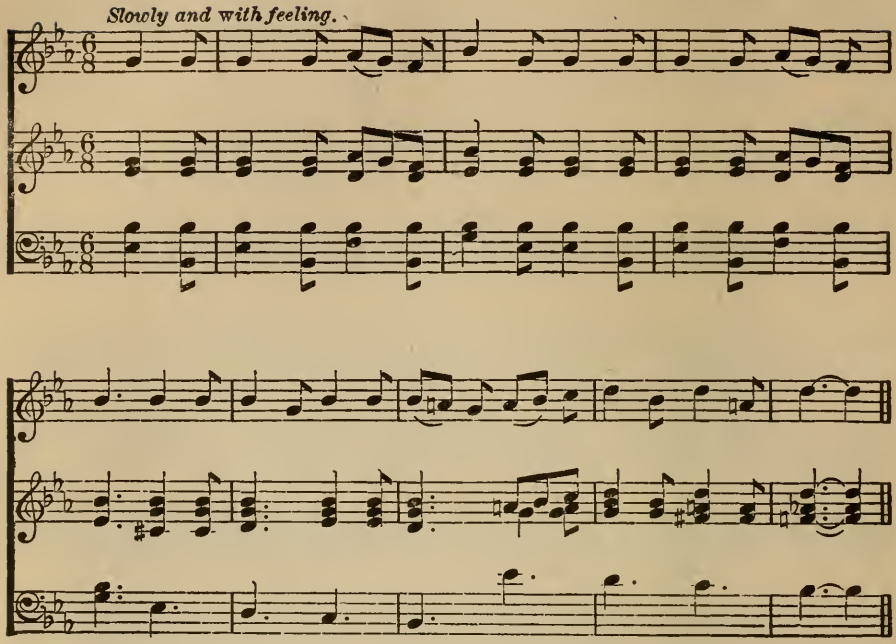
2 Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the Angel throng
O'er the vales of Judah
Awoke the heavenly song.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good will, with peace and love,
Glory in the highest
To God who reigns above.

3 Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christian time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love.

33

J. H. MAUNDER.

Slowly and with feeling.



1 ONCE in Bethlehem of Judah,
Far away across the sea,
There was laid a little Baby
On a Virgin Mother's knee.

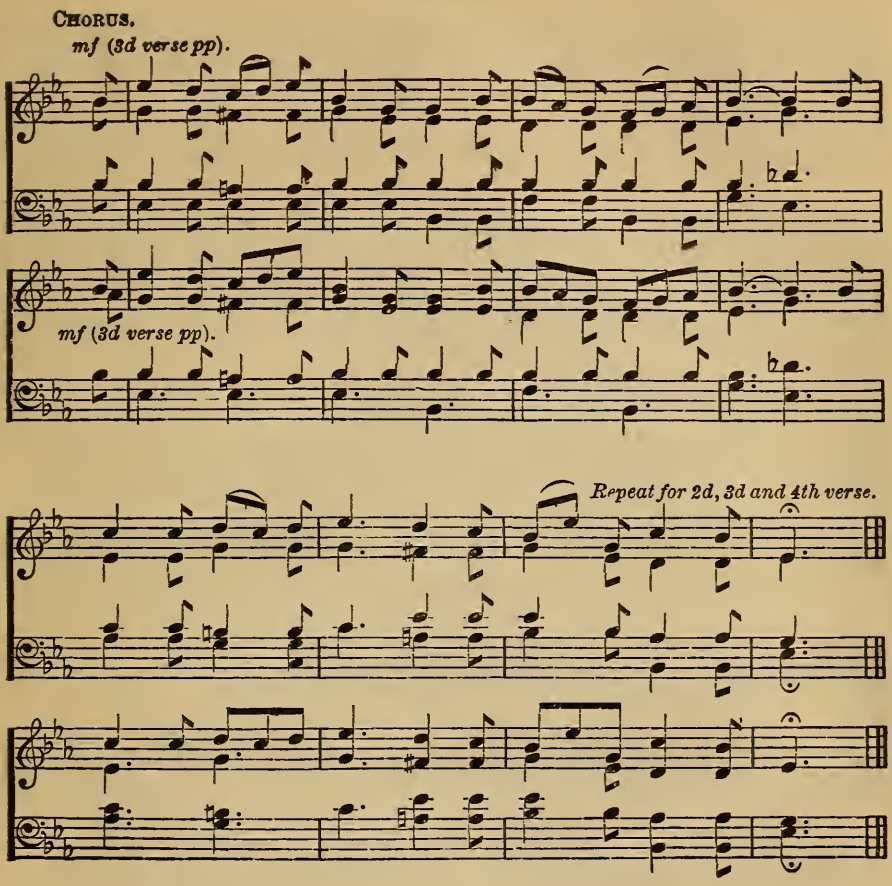
CHORUS.—

O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Hear Thy little children sing,
(*joyful people*)
The God of our Salvation,
The Child that is our King.

2 It was not a stately palace
Where that little Baby lay,
With His servants to attend Him,
And with guards to keep the way.

3 But the oxen stood around Him,
In a stable low and dim,
In the world He had created,
There was not a room for Him.

33

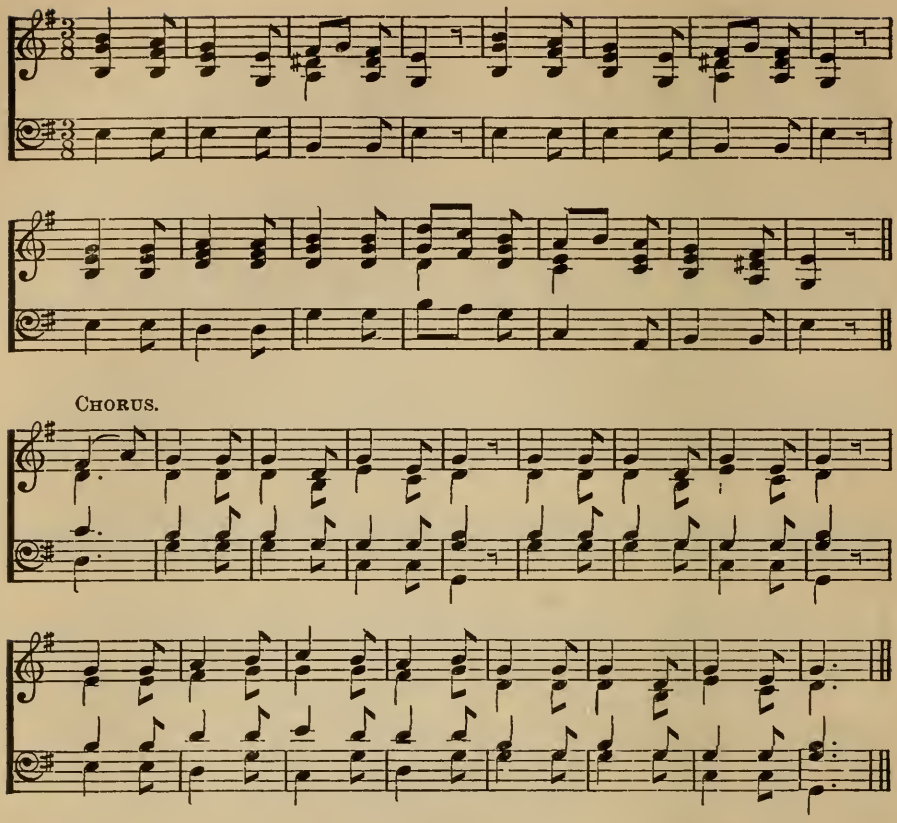


4 For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature,
In the greatness of His love.

5 Of His infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe,
For He suffered, He was buried,
When He lived our life below.

6 Still He stands and pleads in Heaven
For us weak and sin-defiled.
God who is a man for ever,
Jesus who was once a child.

34



1 WE three Kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain
Following yonder Star.

CHORUS.—
O Star of Wonder, Star of Night,
Star with Royal Beauty bright,
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King for ever
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

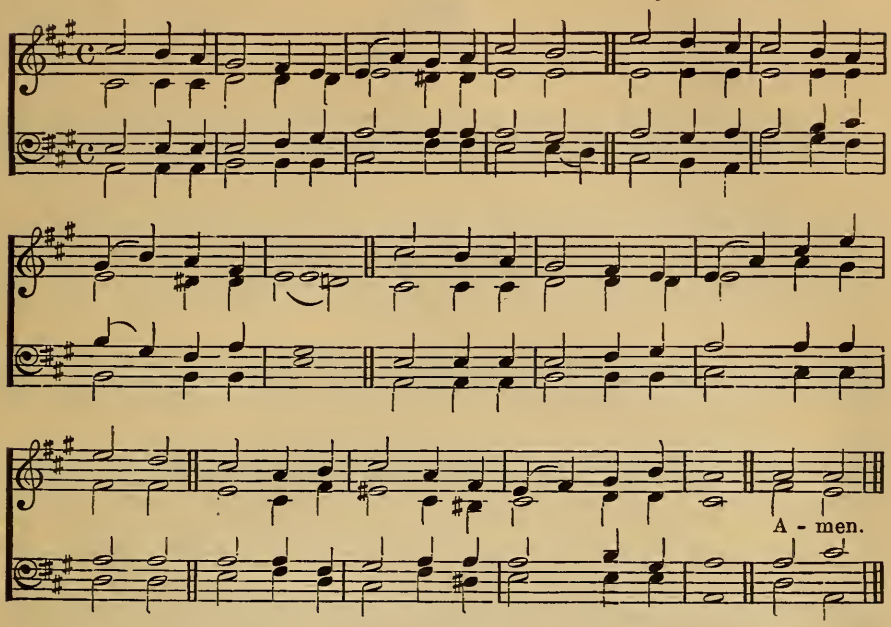
3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;--
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Heaven sings
Alleluia:
Allelulia the earth replies.

35

R. HEBER. J. P. HARDING.



1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

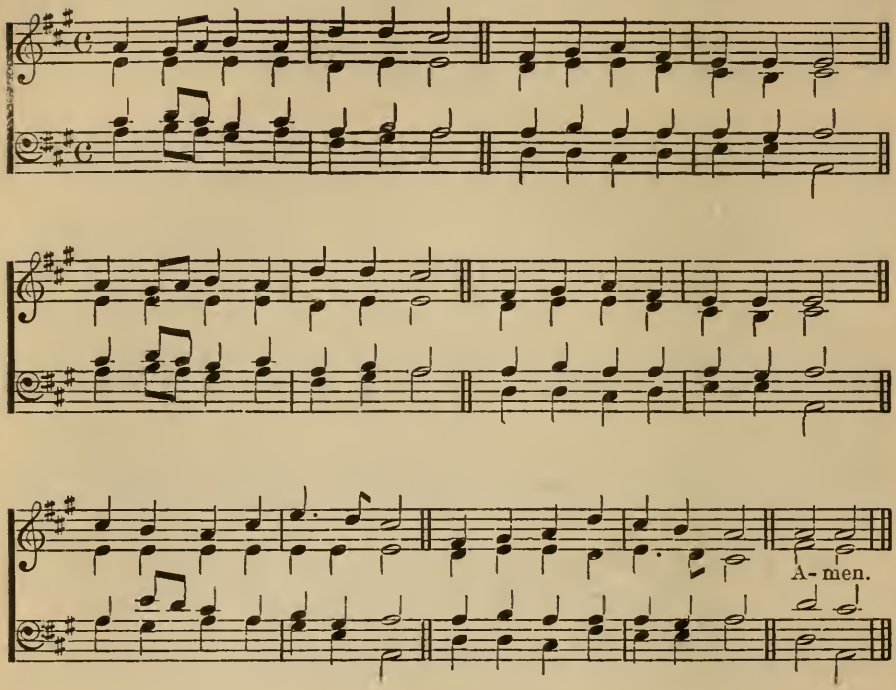
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

36

W. C. Dix. C. Kocher.



1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

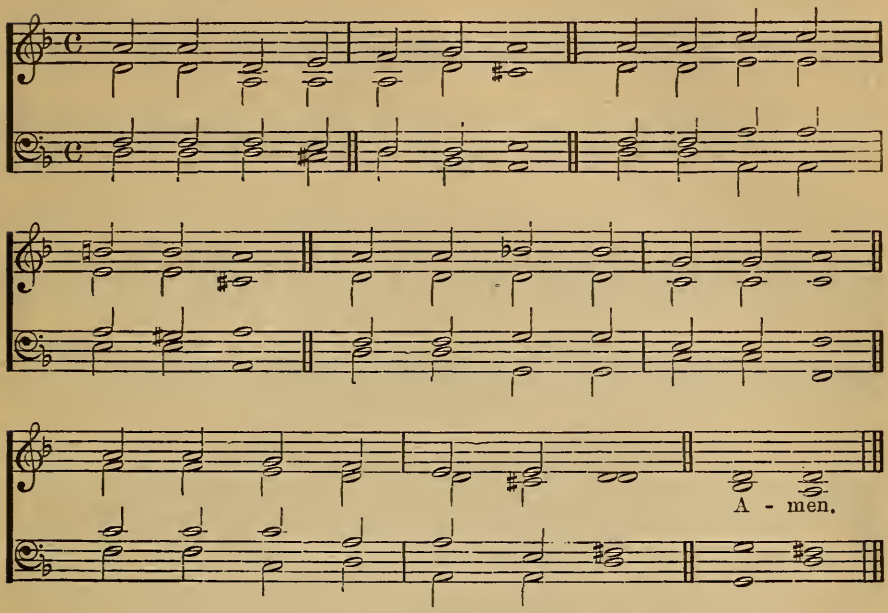
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where the need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, Its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

37

G. H. Smyttan. M. Hernlein.



1 Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

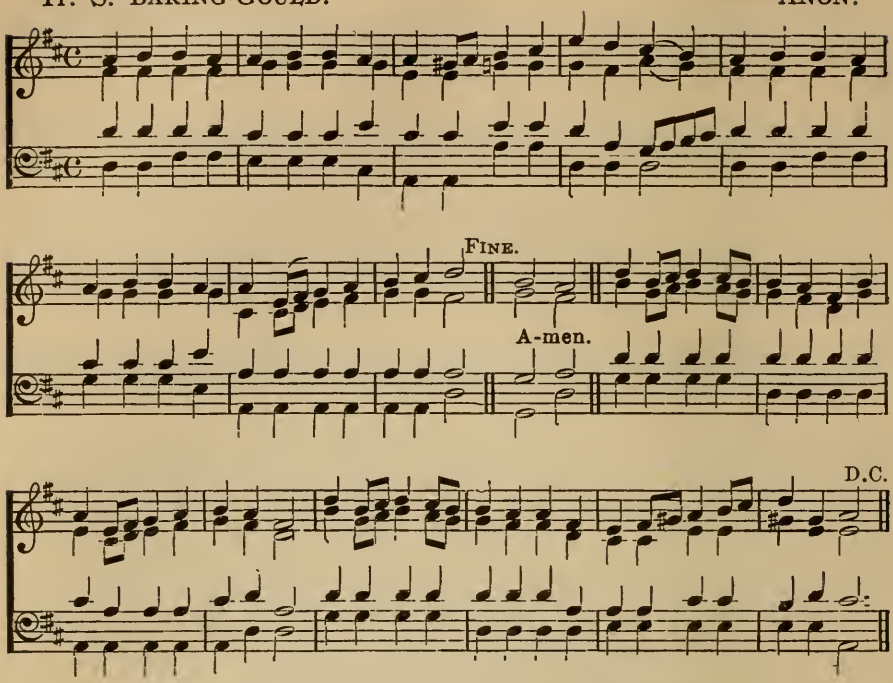
3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide.

38

Tr. S. BARING-GOULD. ANON.



1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother
Stepping fearless through the night.

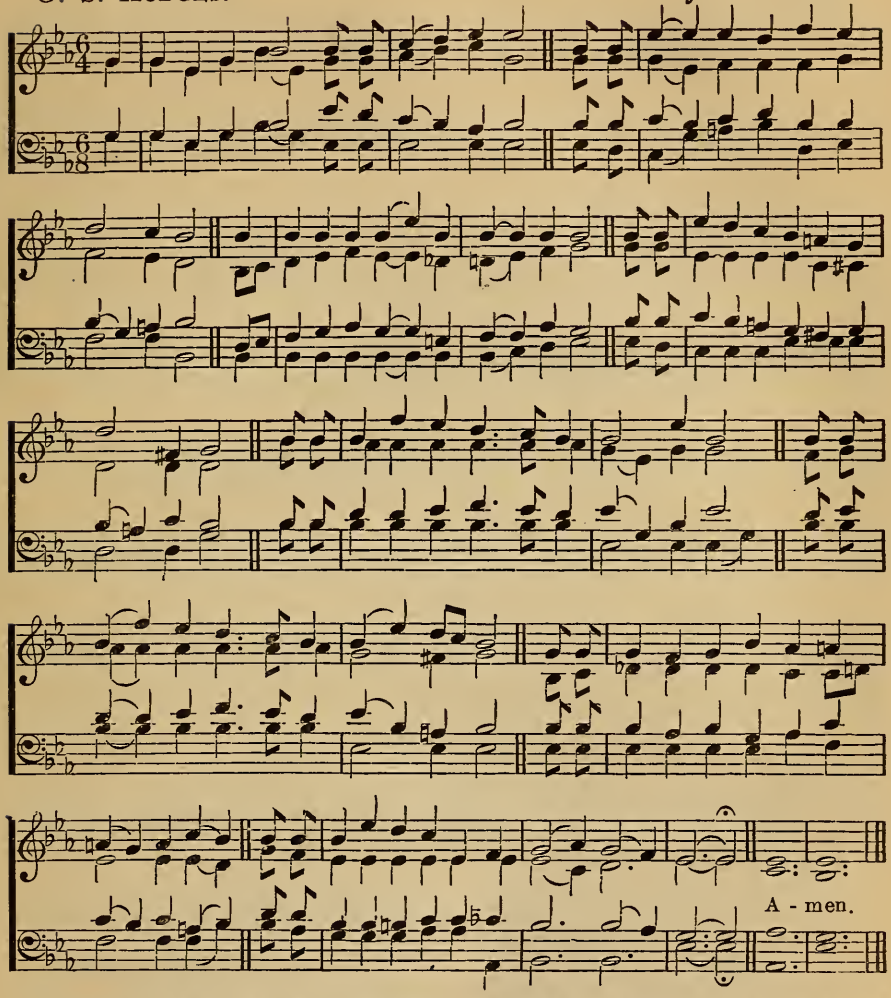
2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil ang gloom!

39

G. S. HODGES. J. B. DYKES.



1 HOSANNA we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the Lord lived here;
He blessed little children, and smiled on them,
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.

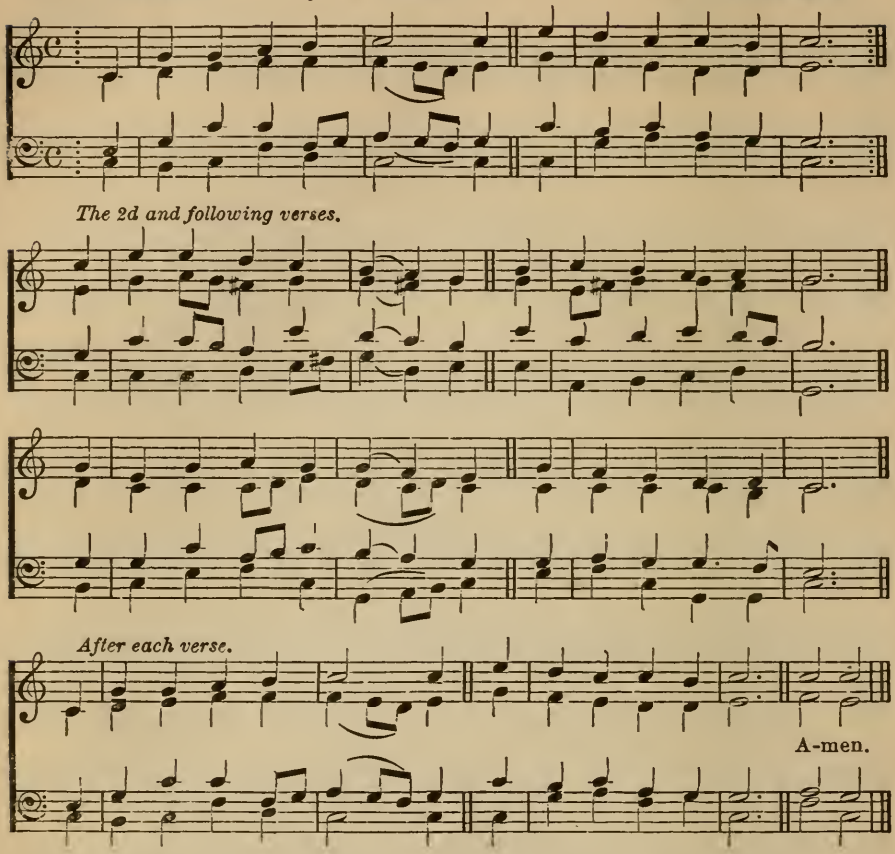
2 Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow their Shepherd, with loving eyes,
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise,

3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

4 Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

40

ST. THEODULPH. Tr. J. M. Neale. M. TESCHNER.



1 ALL glory, land, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

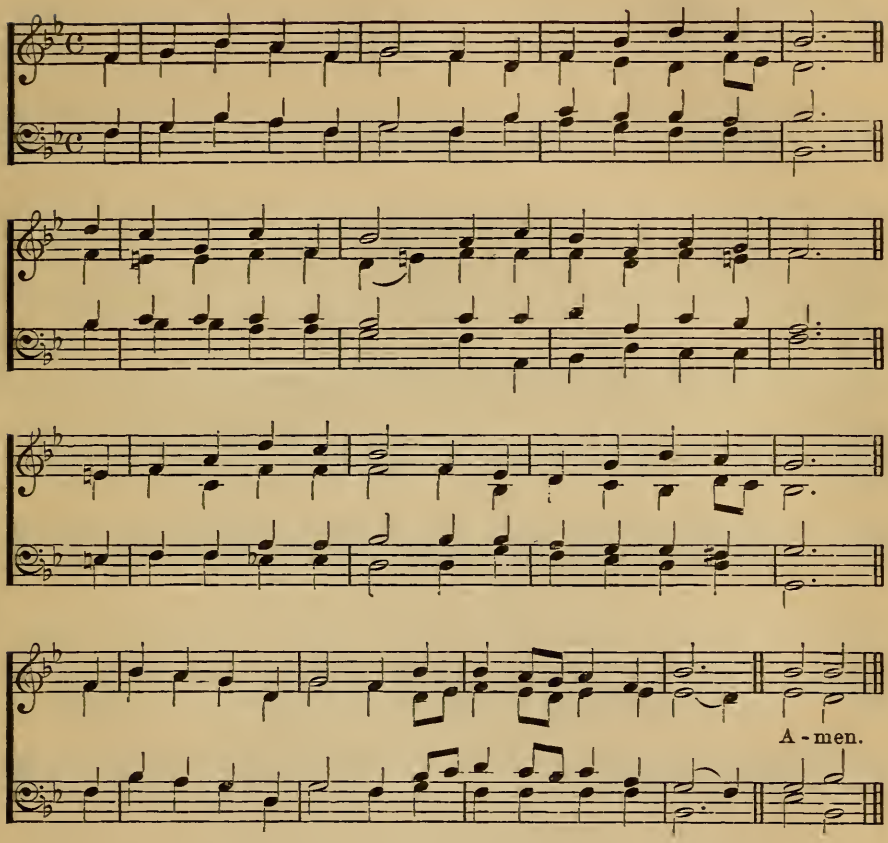
4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

41

C. L. WILLIAMS.



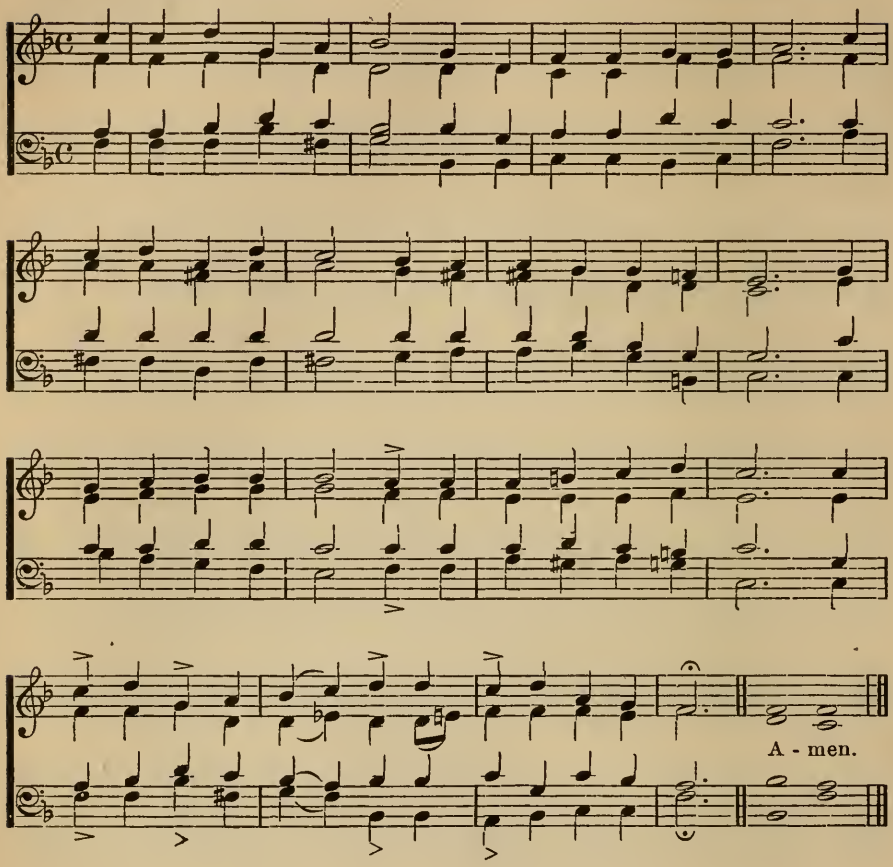
1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Sion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as king He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the Throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No: while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lords's.

42

W. J. Knox Little. Art. Stanley-Moore.



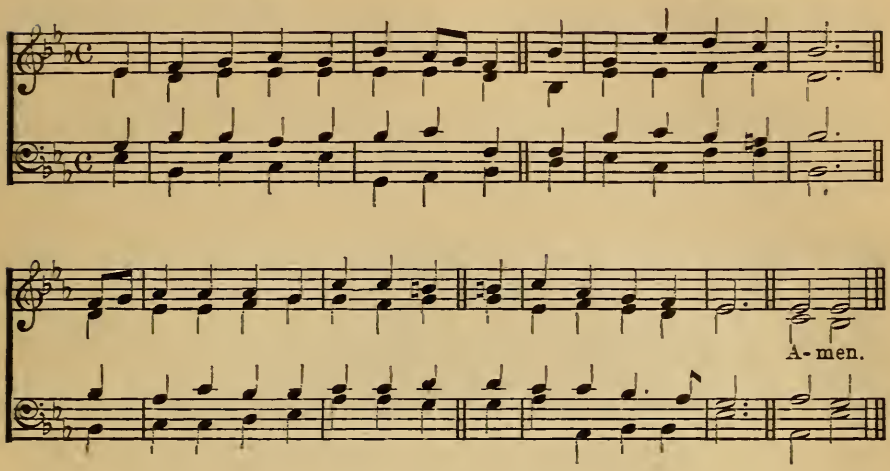
1 O Sacred Head of Jesus,
Encircled with the thorn!
O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By sharpest anguish torn!
The shades of death came o'er Thee,
Thy body writhed in pain;
Yet heaven and Earth adore Thee,
A King, for aye to reign.

2 My Lord, shall not I love Thee,
Who gave Thy life for me?
The world may tower above Thee,
But Thou art all to me.
As in Thy bitter Passion
I read my hopes above,
I'll pay Thee in like fashion
And give Thee Love for Love.

3 O Sufferer, in Thy suffering
I see my ransom paid;
O Jesus, that great offering
For love of *me* was made.
My Lord, my Life, my Treasure,
Thou Conqu'ror in the strife,
I'll pay Thee in like measure,
And give Thee Life for Life.

43

C. F. ALEXANDER. W. HORSLEY.



1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

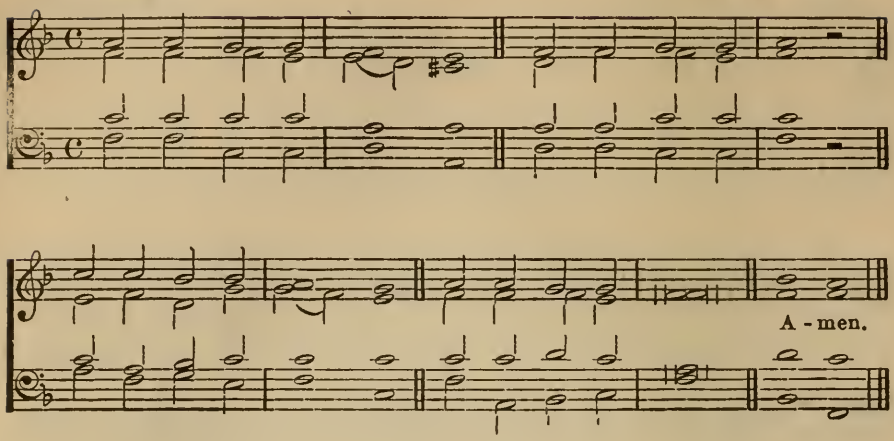
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

44

Tr. German. F. FILITZ.



1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind!

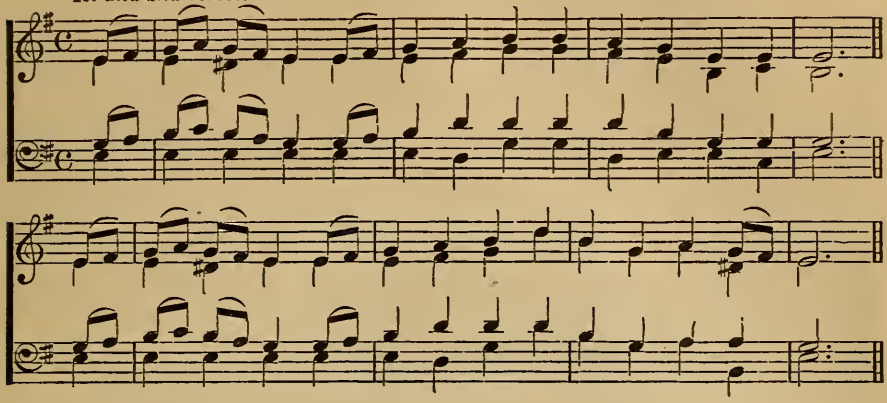
2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Does the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exalting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious Blood.

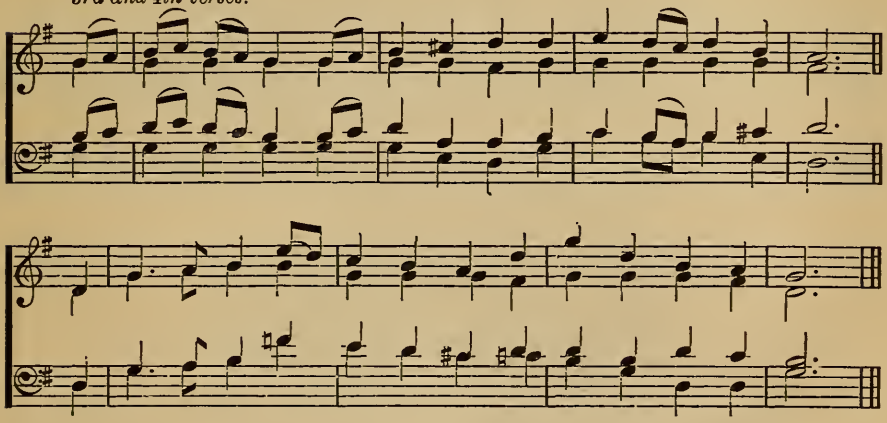
45

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.

1st and 2nd verses.



3rd and 4th verses.



1 I passed the Hill— I shut mine eyes
I could not bear to see
The brown bare cross where Jesus hung
Those dreadful hours for me.

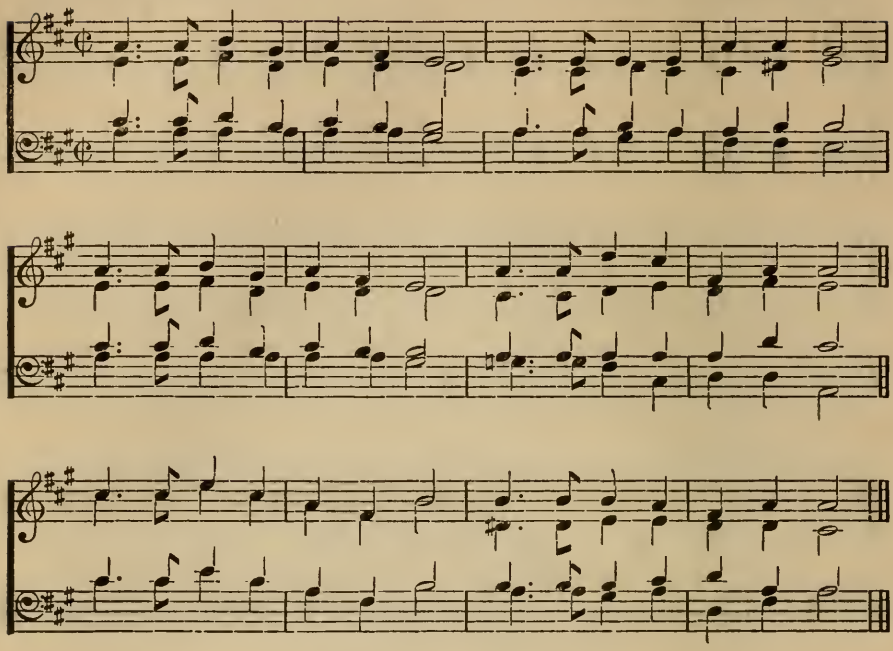
2 He lay with piercèd hands and feet
In garden— grave close by—
The empty cross with great gaunt arms
Stood out against the sky

3 I passed again, but some one said
"Lift up thine eyes and see
The brown bare cross where Jesus hung
Hath blossomed like a tree!"

4 I looked— I saw the leaves so green
I kissed the wood so bright—
And lo! my Lord was standing by
In glorious Easter light.

46

E. H. MITCHELL. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



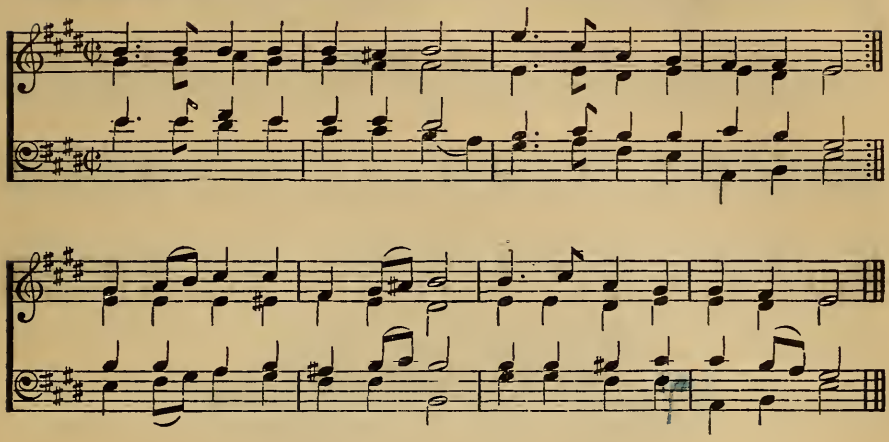
1 MOURNERS! wherefore come to weep
In the morning cold and grey?
No more slumber, no more sleep
O the Joy of Easter Day!
He, your Saviour is not here
Hark, He calls His children dear!

2 Wherefore bring the ointment sweet
In the morning cold and grey?
Go and kiss His living Feet
O the Joy of Easter Day."
Shall we find Him? Come and see
By the Lake of Galilee.

3 Morning breaks with warmest light
Life no more is cold and grey,
Every day is rosy bright
With the Joy of Easter Day!
We will never, never part
From His own most loving Heart.

47

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



1 Two bright angels came this morn
Bringing Joy to souls forlorn
Jesus Christ has burst the tomb
Where He lay all night in gloom—
For the stone is rolled away
And to-day is Easter Day.

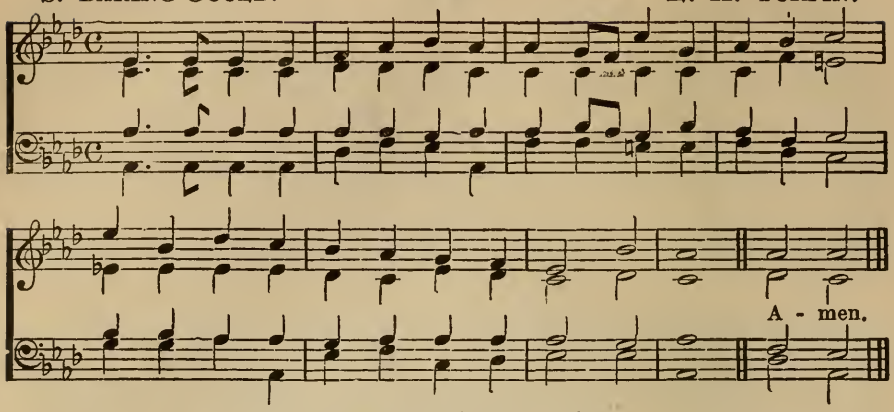
2 Is it true? Can we be glad?
Oh the Maries looked so sad
When they left that garden gate
Where they loved to watch and wait!
Yes, the stone is rolled away
And to-day is Easter Day.

3 In the morning back they came
Loud they called upon His Name,
Who shall roll away the stone?
Jesus! leave us not alone!
Come, the stone is rolled away
For to-day is Easter Day.

4 When the King shall cry "Awake!"
Everywhere the graves shall shake—
Everywhere the dead shall rise
Whilst the chorus sends the kies
All the stones are rolled away
Hail! our glorious Easter Day!

48

S. BARING-GOULD. E. H. TURPIN.



1 ON the resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn;

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

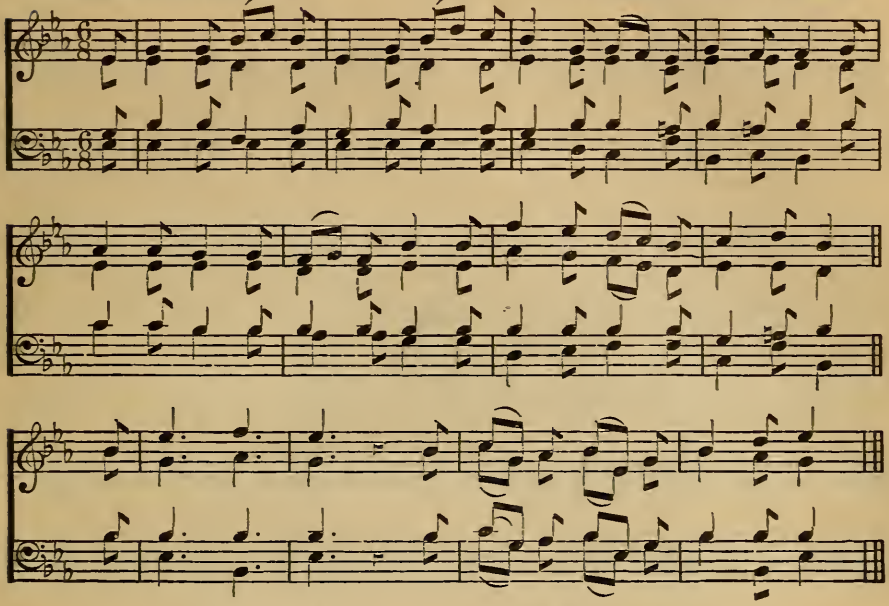
6 Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away.

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To Thy Cross, thro' death and judgment
Holding fast.

49

E. H. MITCHELL. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



1 WE laid Him down with sighs and tears
We had no words to tell our fears—
In grief and darkness went our way
To come again at break of day!
O Joy! Joy! Joy!
A night of sorrow! a morn of Joy!

2 Our eyes, our hearts were weeping sore;
We watched till we could watch no more;
But angels watched for us all night
To see Him rise 'ere morning light!
O Joy! Joy! Joy!
A night of sorrow! a morn of Joy!

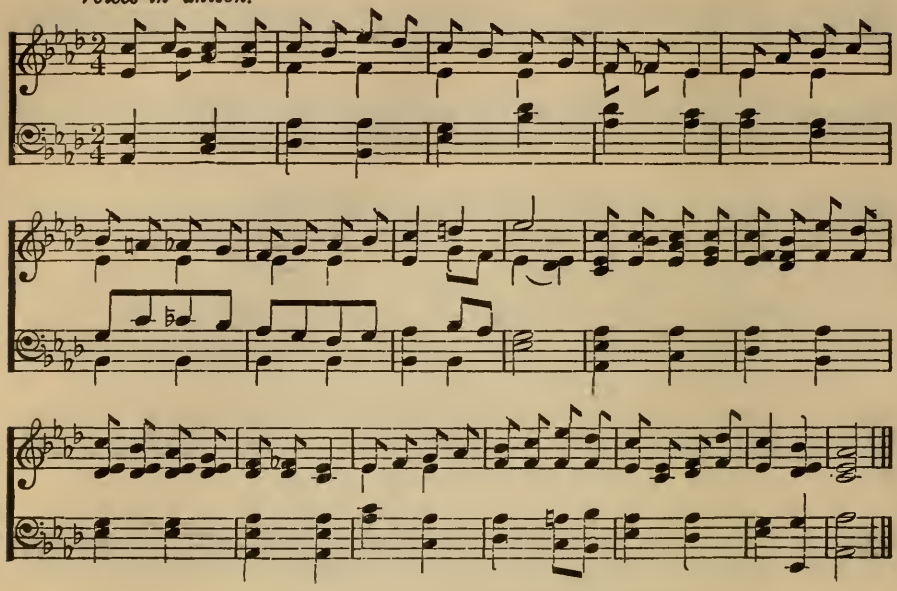
3 We came at morn with spice and myrrh;
But found an empty sepulchre—
Two angels sat at foot and head
"Why seek the living among the dead?"
O Joy! Joy! Joy!
A night of sorrow! a morn of Joy!

4 Go now and tell his brethren dear
The Lord is risen! He is not hear!
Our hearts o'er flowing with holy mirth—
We go to tell it to all the earth!
O Joy! Joy! Joy!
A night of sorrow! a morn of Joy!

50

THOS. J. GARLAND. EDWARD J. NAPIER.

Voices in unison.



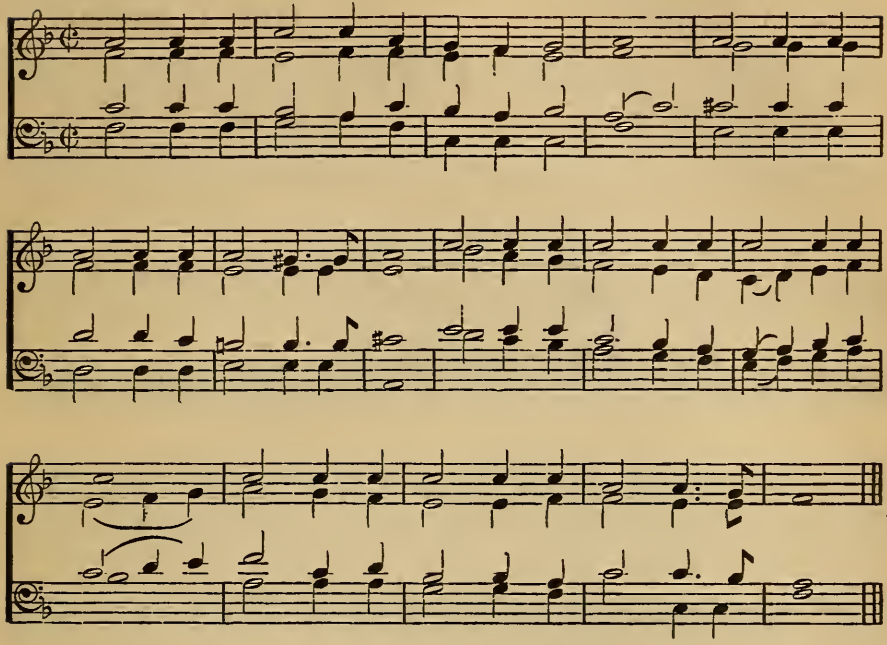
1 HEARKEN to us, heavenly Father,
As we sing the Saviour's praise,
For to-day hath Christ arisen
And made this our day of days.
He who blessed the little children
Is for evermore our King;
On this day of joy and gladness
He will hear His infants sing.

2 We all love the tender Shepherd,
Who doth every blessing send;
And the Church of Christ hath given,
All His little lambs to tend.
Thou wilt hear our Easter greeting
Which we bring, O Lord, to Thee;
For Thou saidst to Thy Disciples:
"Let the children come to Me."

3 Day by day we pray to Jesus,
Bless our dearest ones with love;
And He ever leads us onward,
To our home in heaven above.
So we sing our Allelulia,
Jesus Christ arose to-day;
If we love Him, God shall raise us,
On that last great Easter-day.

51

ELIZABETH. H. MITCHELL. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



1 "SAW ye my Lord where the violets bloom?"
"No, I was seeking His Face in the tomb—"
"Seek ye no more in the sepulchre sad
Pass through the garden, behold, and be glad."

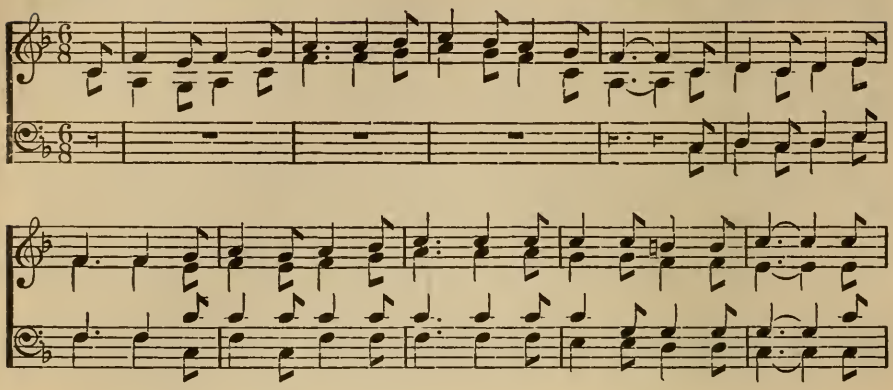
2 "Saw yé my Lord where the wood-lilies grow?"
"No, I was watching the grave dark and low—"
"Watch ye no more for the morning was grey
As the wind made the blossoms to bow in His way."

3 "Saw ye my Lord in the garden alone?"
"No, I was watching beside the grey stone—"
"Brown rugged branches are bursting to leaf,
Wake to your happiness, die to your grief!"—

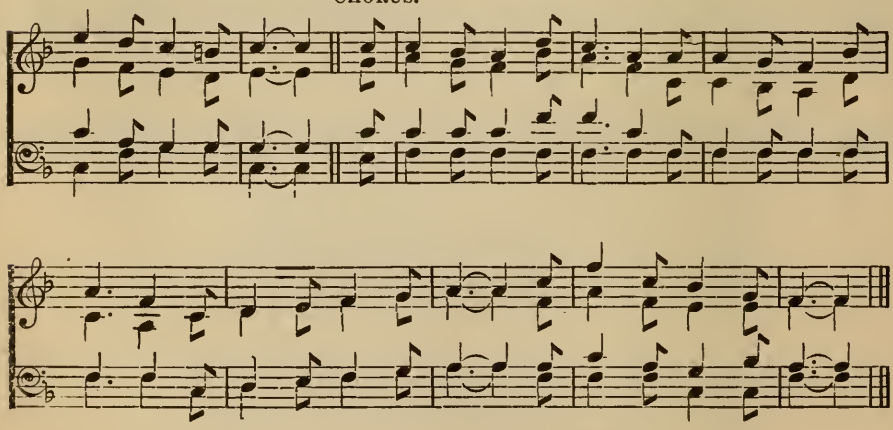
4 "Look for Him, watch for Him, not in the grave—
Call to Him, wait for Him, mighty to save—
Near to Him, close to Him, lovingly press,
Live for Him, die for Him, longing to bless!"

52

MARY A. LATHBURY. MARY C. SEWARD.



CHORUS.



1 LIFT up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
‖: And worship at His feet ! :‖

CHORUS.

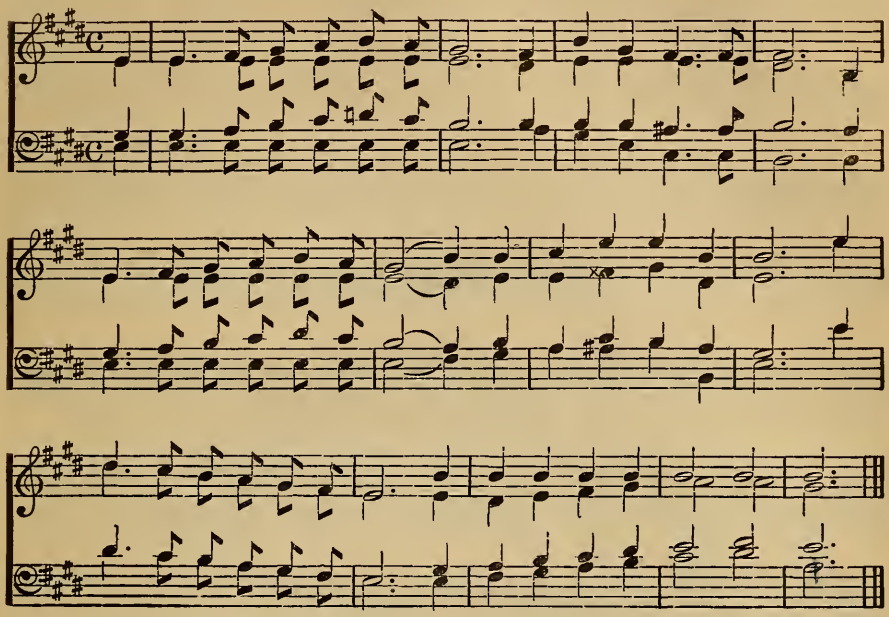
Oh, sing the blessed story !
The Lord of life and glory
‖: Is risen as He said :‖

2 Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun ;
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ Himself hath risen,
‖: The life of every one. :‖

3 Ring, all ye bells, in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again !
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
‖: For death no more shall reign. :‖

53

ELIZABETH H. MITCHELL. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



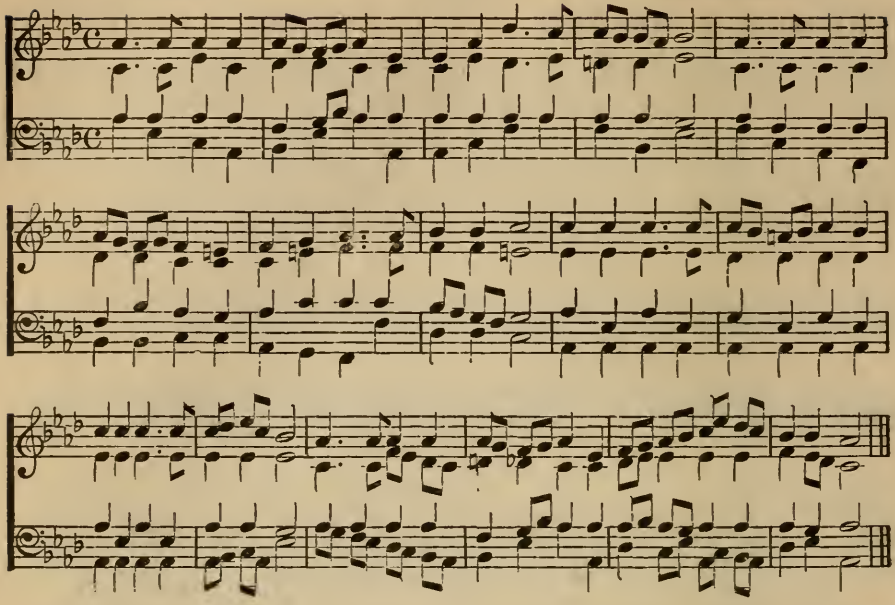
1 RING out, delightful Easter Bells
And praise Him while ye may,
For every bird and blossom tells
That Christ is risen to-day
Awake! Awake! For His dear sake
A glorious holyday we'll make.

2 Across the happy hills and vales
The golden sunbeams steal
And over wak'ning woods and dales
The distant church bells peal.
Awake! Awake! For His dear sake
A glorious holyday we'll make.

3 O grave sad hearts, be sad no more;
Send all your griefs away—
What priceless joys ye have in store
For Christ is risen to-day.
Awake! Awake! For His dear sake
A glorious holyday we'll make.

54

W. J. IRONS. K. MACKENZIE, Jr.



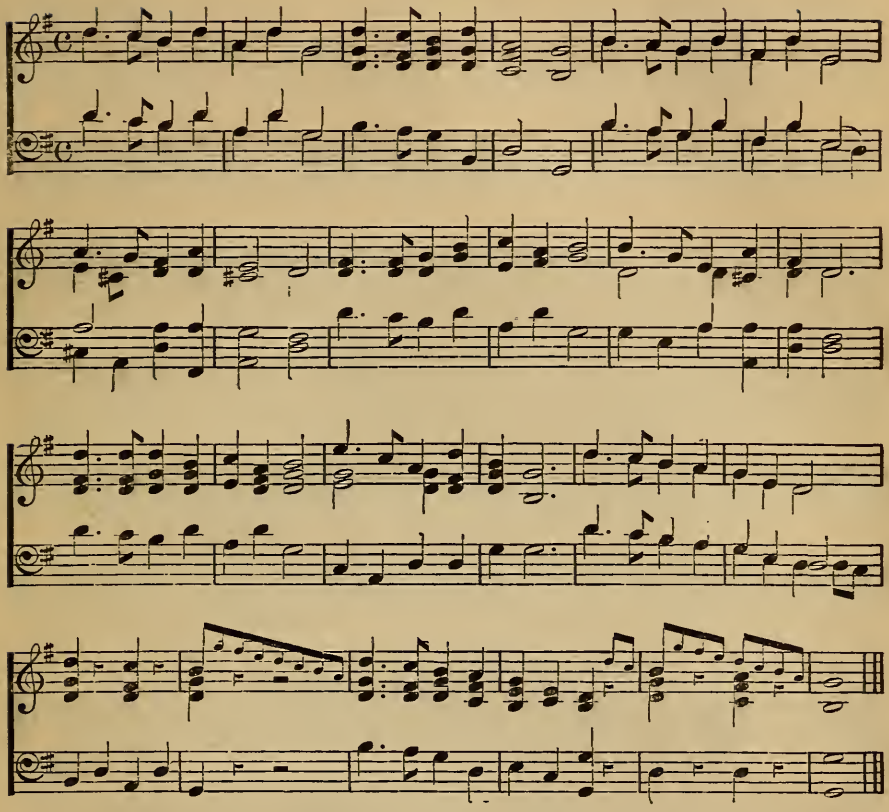
1 SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the "former days" belong.
Even now the dawn is breaking,
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And, in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 "Life eternal!" heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 "Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh! to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou has sent!"

55



1 LET the merry church bells ring!
Hence with tears and sighing!
Frost and cold have fled from spring,
Life hath conquered dying.
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather;
With our rising Lord to-day,
All things rise together.

CHORUS.

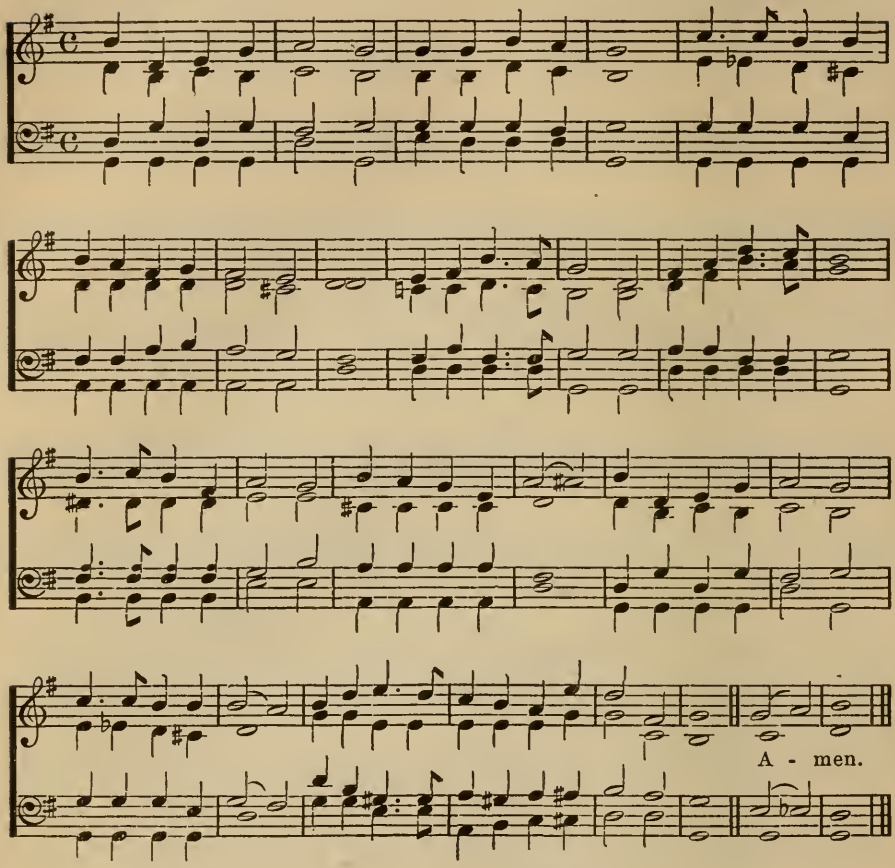
Let the merry church bells ring!
Ring! Ring! Ring!
Let the merry church bells ring!
Ring! Ring! Ring!

2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit.

56

E. C. DOUGLAS. J. D. HERRON.



1 WE are little children,
For us Jesus came.
We are marching onward
In His holy Name.
T'was for us He suffered,
For us Jesus died.
We are boldly marching
Closely by his side,

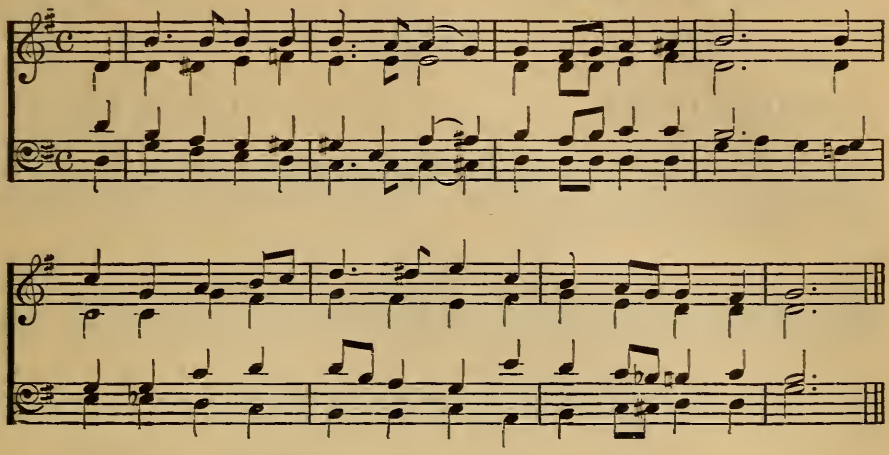
CHO.—Singing, Hallelujah :
Marching by Thy side,
Jesus let Thy children
In Thy love abide.

2 On our way direct us ;
Thou, our Leader be,
May we never wander
Far, dear Lord, from Thee.
Like Thee, gentle Saviour,
May we rise above
Every little trial,
Live in peace and love

3 May our buds and flowers
A sweet offering be.
Let our Easter carols
Rise, dear Lord, to Thee,
With our glad Hosannas
Ever rising higher,
May we join the music
Of that angel choir.

57

T. KELLY. EDWIN ARTHUR KRAFT.



1 THE Head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

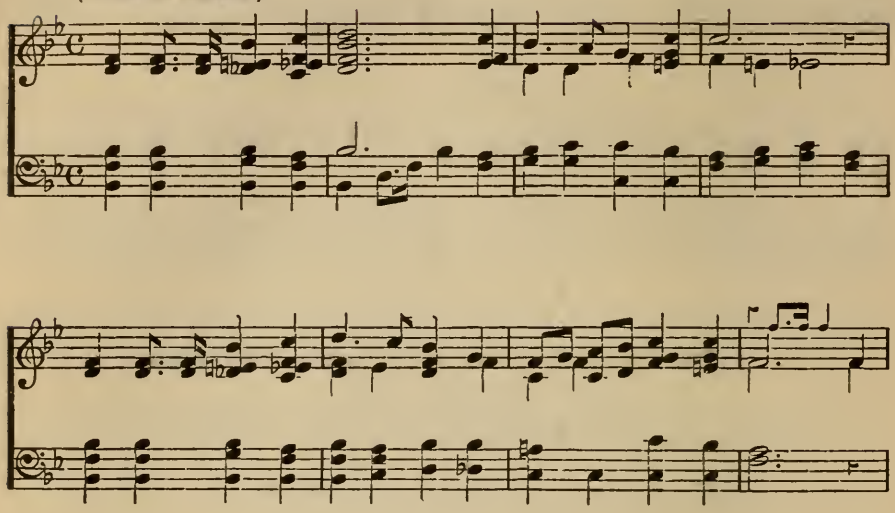
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

58

MATTHEW BRIDGES. GEO. B. NEVIN.

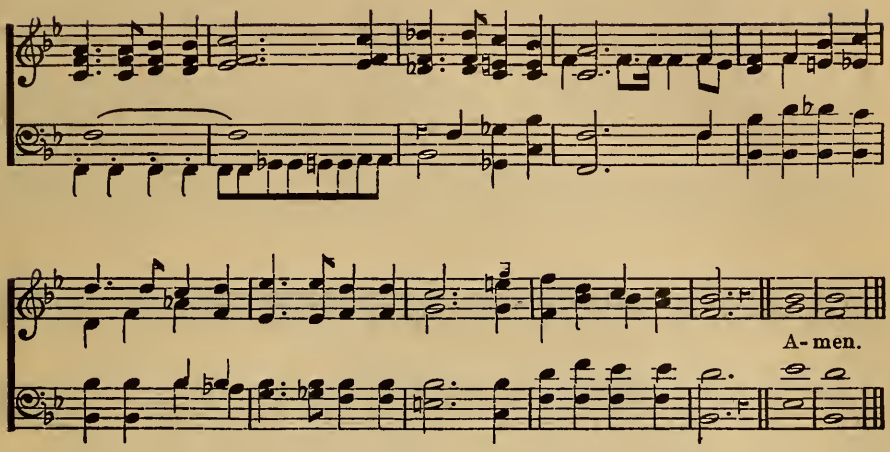
(*Voices in unison.*)



1 CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

58



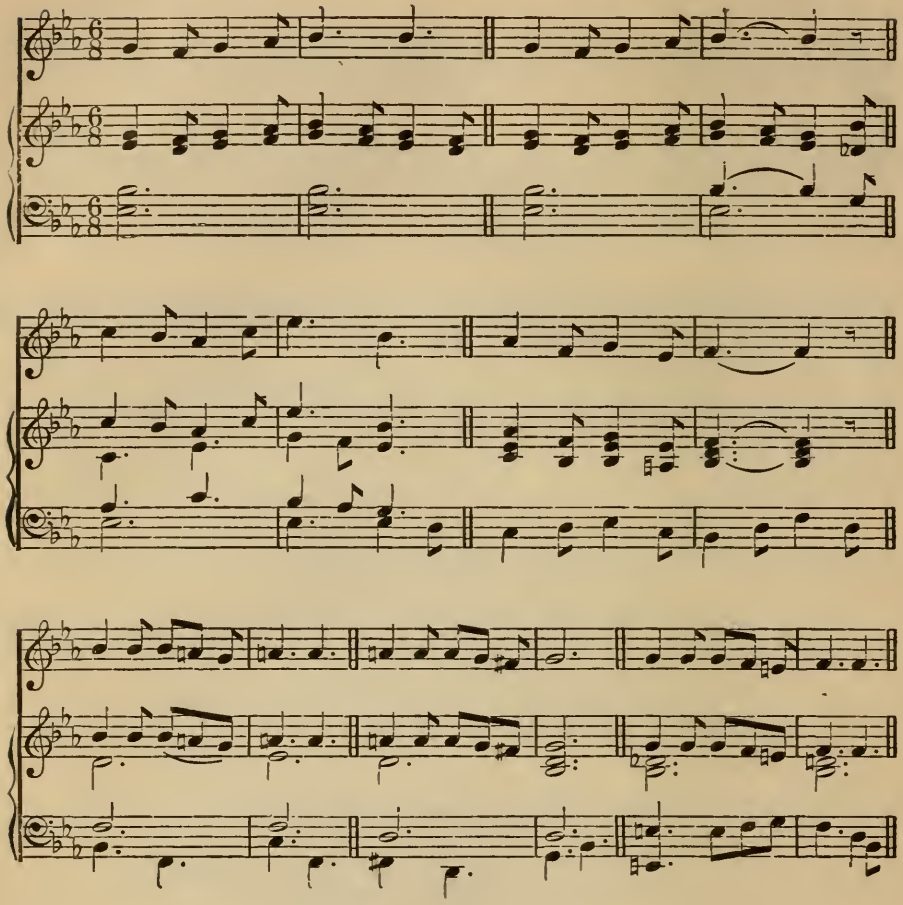
3 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round his pierceèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

59

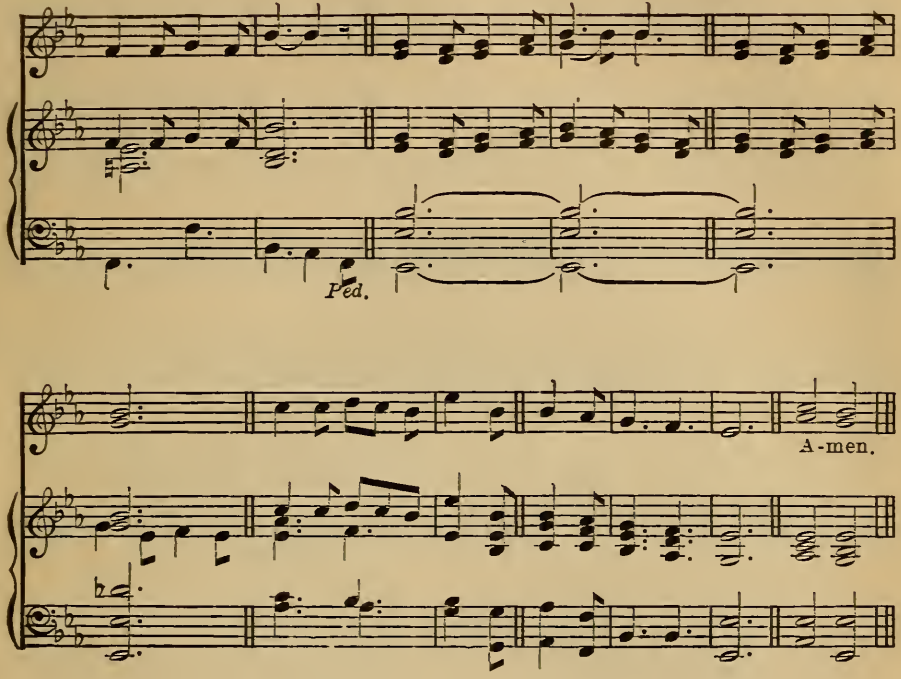
F. R. HAVERGAL. A. S. SULLIVAN.



1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
Jesus, King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

CHORUS.—All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

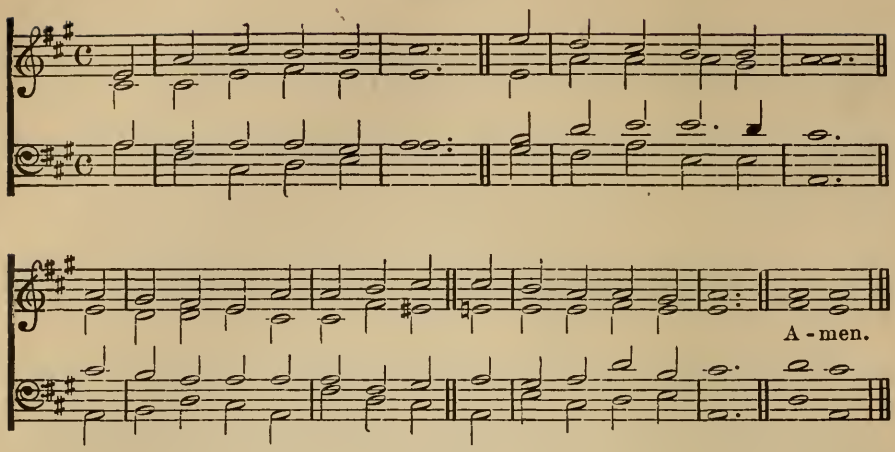
59



2 He who came to save us,
  He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
  At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
  Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
  Is gone up on high!

3 Pleading for His children
  In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
  Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
  Faithful ones, for you
Jesus ever liveth,
  Ever loveth too.

60



1 ABOVE the starry spheres,
To where He was before,
Christ had gone up, the Father's gift
Upon the Church to pour.

2 At length had fully come,
On mystic circle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn :

3 When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaimed
That God Himself was there.

4 Forthwith a tongue of fire
Is seen on every brow,
Each heart receives the Father's light,
The Word's enkindling glow ;

5 The holy Ghost on all
Is mightily outpoured,
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the Lord.

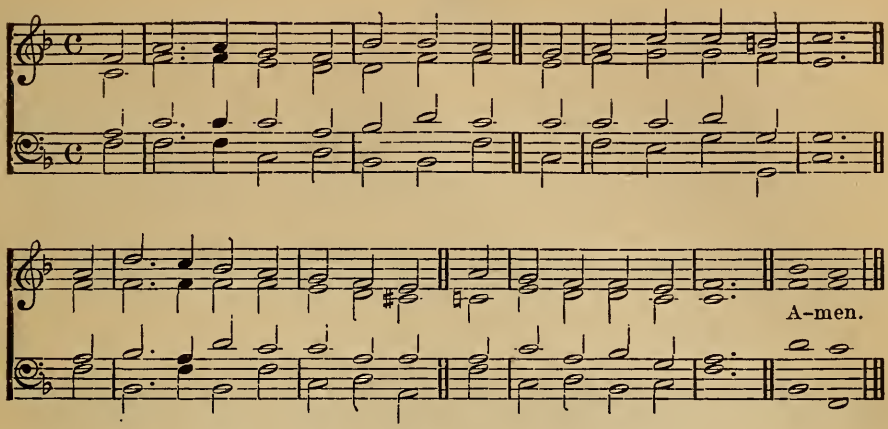
6 While strangers of all climes
Flock round from far and near,
And their own tongue, wherever born,
All with amazement hear.

7 But Judah, faithless still,
Denies the hand Divine ;
And mocking, jeers the saints of Christ
As full of new-made wine.

8 Till Peter, in the midst,
By Joel's ancient word
Rebukes their unbelief, and wins
Three thousand to the Lord.

9 The Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore ;
O may the Spirit's gifts be poured
On us for evermore.

61



1 WHEN God of old came down from heav'n,
In pow'r and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;

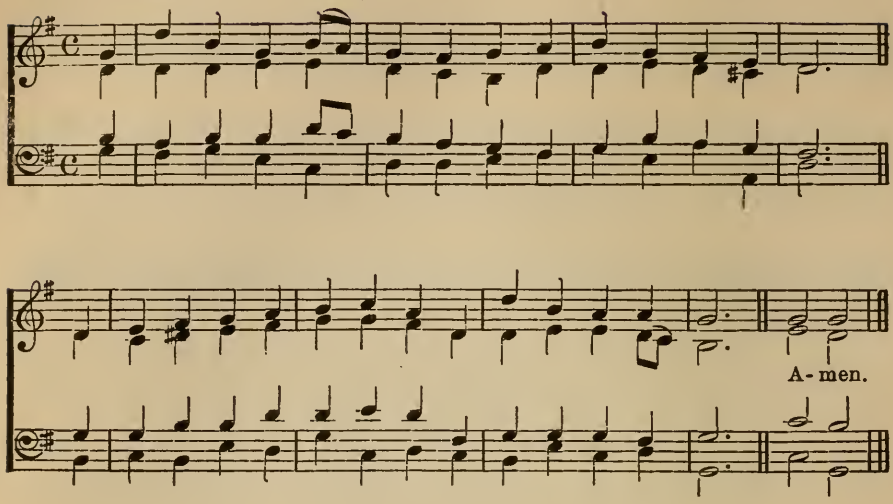
5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad.
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God: it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

62

H. BONAR. F. E. J. L.



1 COME mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine.
And my whole being, with Thy grace,
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

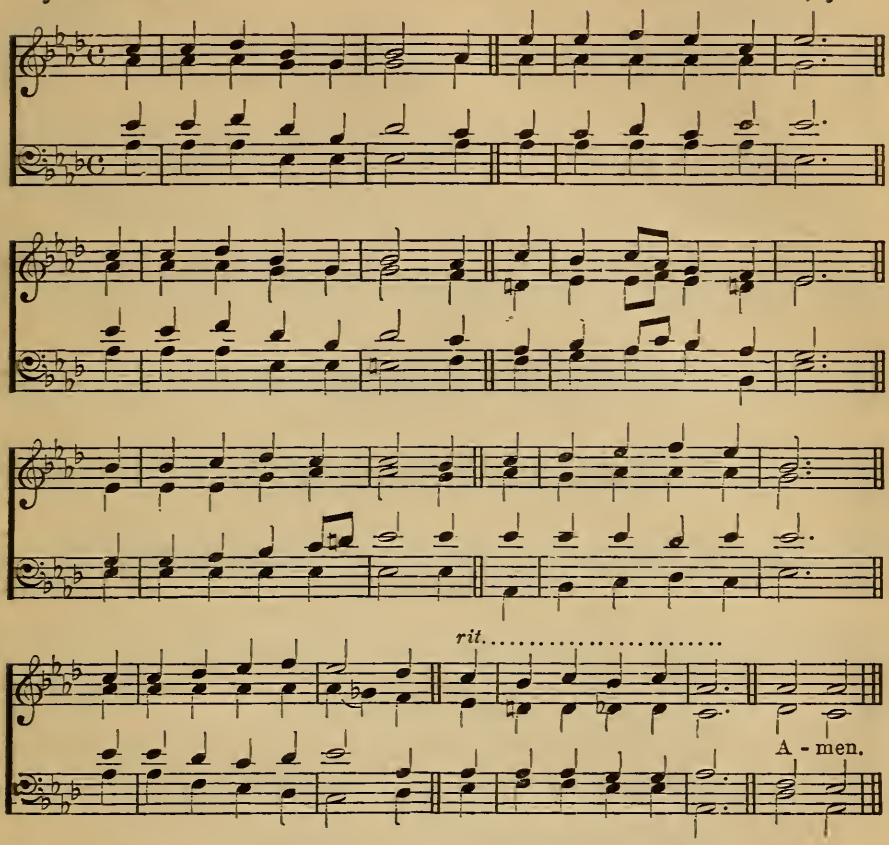
3 As from these clouds, drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So, from Thyself, pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 As these fair flowers exhale their scent
In gladness at our feet,
So, from Thyself, let fragrance breathe
More heav'nly and more sweet.

5 Let Life within our Lifeless hearts
Thus make its glad abode;
So shall we shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

63

JOHN POWER. HORACE HILLS, Jr.



1 O Father great and holy,
Lord of the earth and sky,
With reverent heart and lowly,
To Thee we now draw nigh;
Our sinfulness confessing
We bow before Thy face;
O grant us, Lord, Thy blessing,
Enrich us with Thy grace.

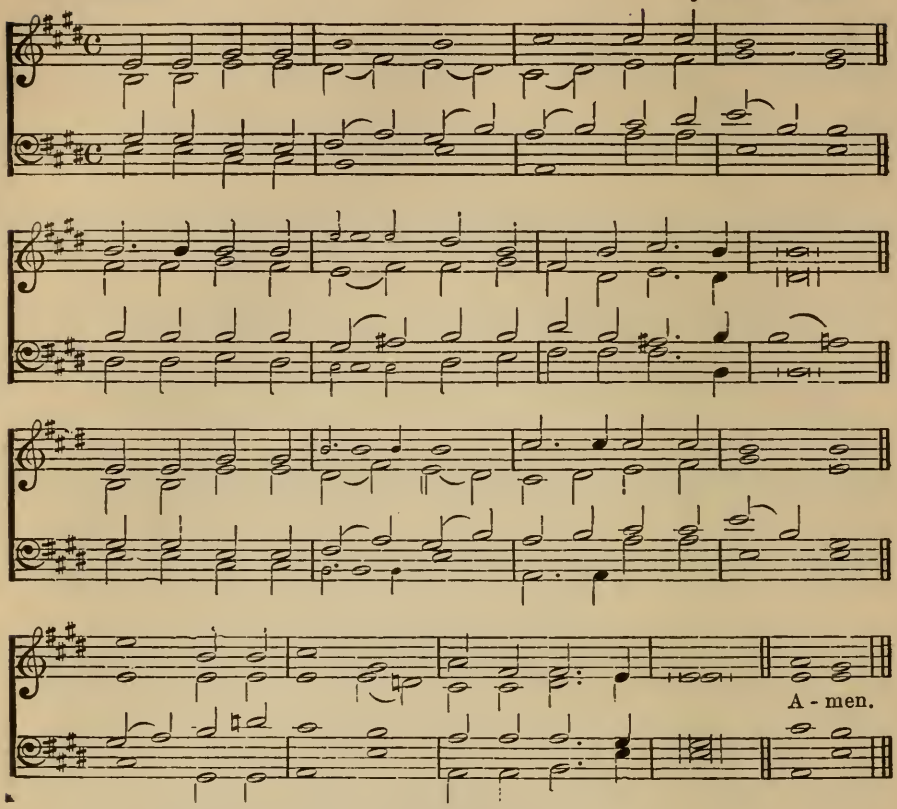
2 O Christ, in exaltation
Thou reignest now on high,
Who once for our salvation
Didst come to earth and die;
We pray that we may never
Forget or wound Thy love;
We pray that we forever
May dwell with Thee above.

3 Blest Spirit, we adore Thee,
Our Comforter and Guide,
Come to us we implore Thee
And in our hearts abide;
Cleanse us from things unholy,
From anger, pride and greed,
And make us pure and lowly,
Like Christ, in word and deed.

4 O God, the great Creator,
Thy praises we proclaim;
O Christ, the Mediator,
We love and laud Thy Name;
O'er ill in us victorious,
Thee, Spirit, we confess;
O Trinity all glorious,
Thy majesty we bless.

64

R. HEBER. J. B. DYKES.



1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

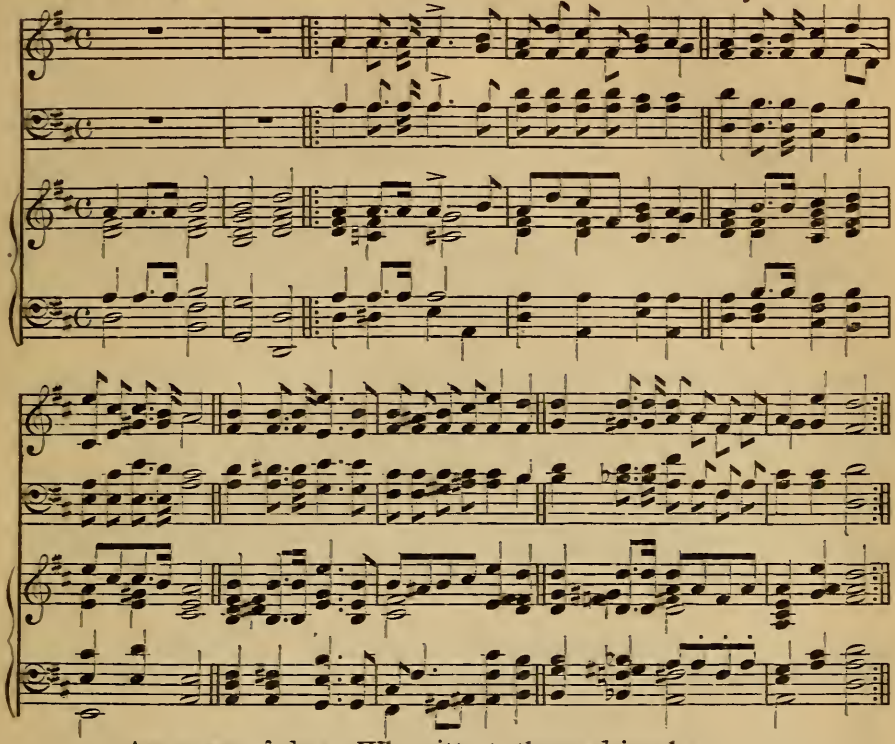
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee.
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Nāme, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and might!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

65

W. C. DOANE. T. A. JEFFERY.



1 ANCIENT of days, Who sittest, throned in glory;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

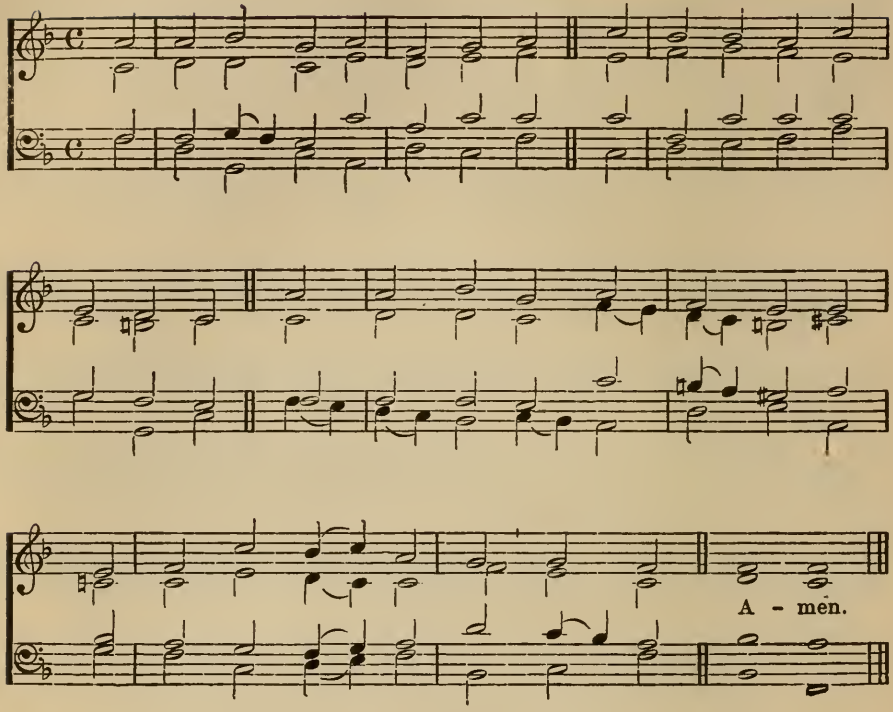
3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always.

66

FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



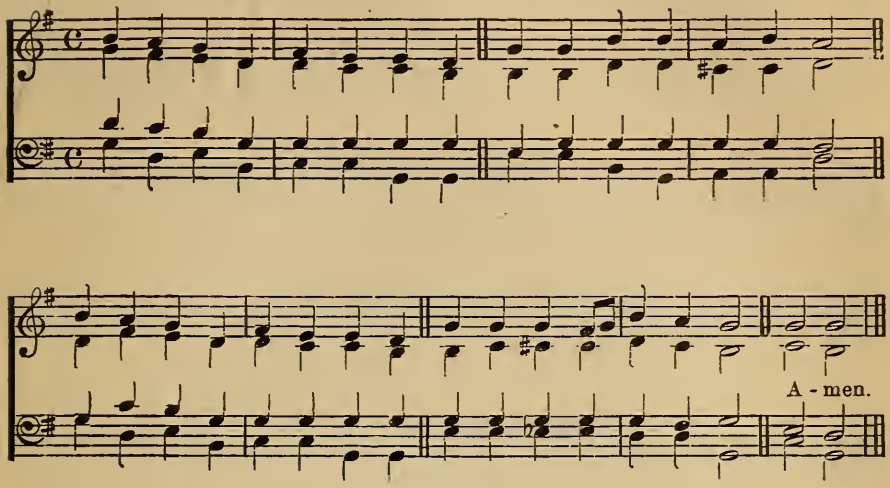
1 LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
Oh, put Thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be!

2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.

3 A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around;
A little spot of hallowed ground.

67

W. A. MUHLENBURG. CLARIBEL.



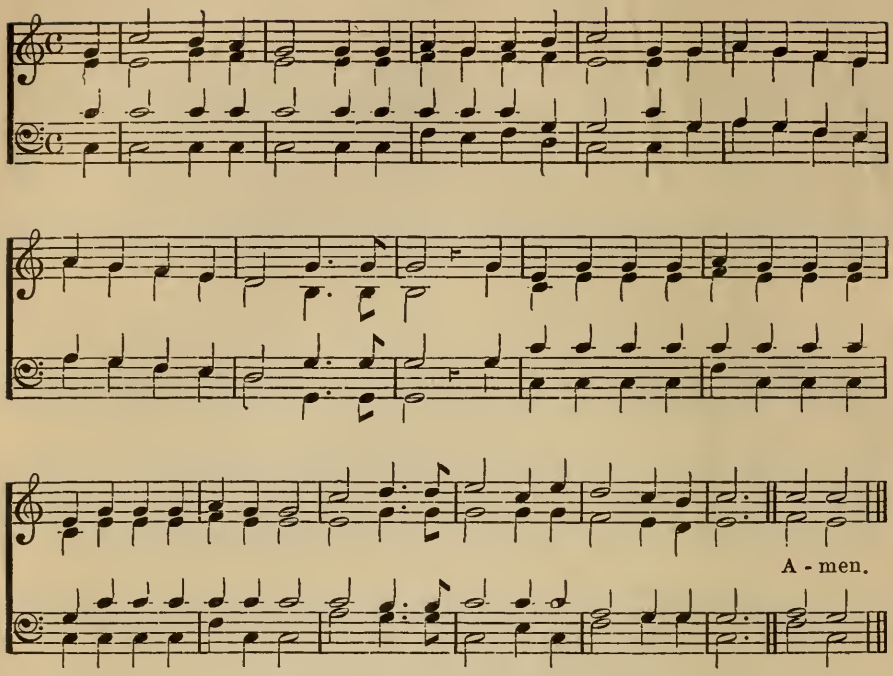
1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There we know, Thy word believing
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

68



1 WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them depart:
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

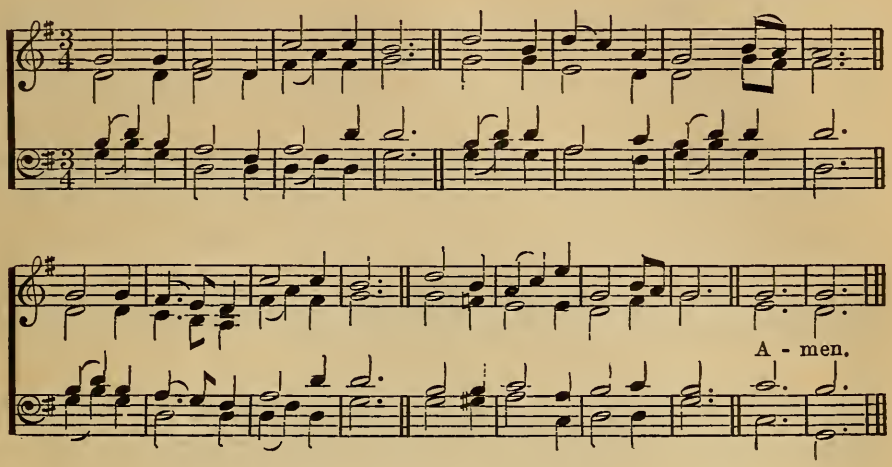
2 "For I will receive them, and fold them to my bosom,
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give, they shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children to come unto Me."

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray, that they may hear Thee to them say,
"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

4 And soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast their idols all away;
Oh shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the children to come unto Thee.

69

T. T. LYNCH. From MOZART.



1 PRAYING by the river-side,
From the heaven serenely wide,
To Thee, Saviour, came the dove,
Fullest life of peace and love.

2 And he came not as a guest,
Thou art his eternal rest,
O, Thou holiest abode
Of the inmost life of God.

3 Saviour, now this infant bless
As with a divine caress;
Make this little heart thy home,
To it with thy spirit come.

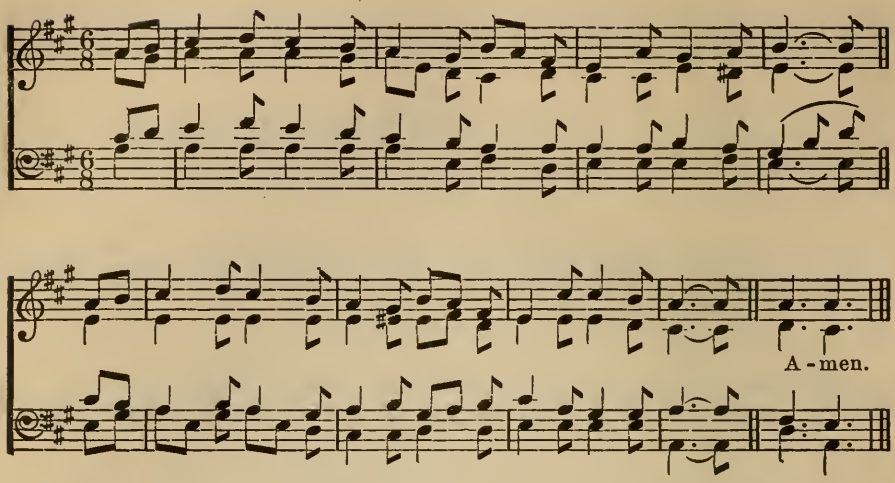
4 Soft as water on the brow,
Softly, gently, comest Thou;
But hast gifts for every hour,
Purity and peace and power.

5 On the dark, tempestuous day,
Lord, Thou hastenedst not away;
But didst face the roughest wind,
Carrying forth thy message kind.

6 Faith and hope and holy love,
Wings and spirit of the dove,
Father, on this babe bestow;
Like the Saviour may he grow.

70

HORACE HILLS, Jr.



1 SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the Seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.

2 He at a mother's breast was fed.
Though God's own Son was He;
He learnt the first small words He said
At a meek mother's knee.

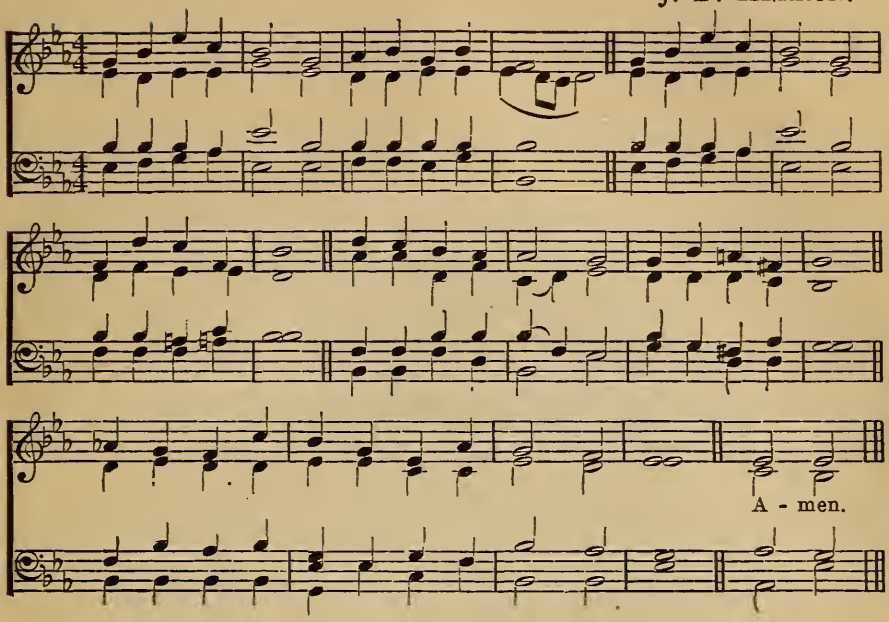
3 Close to His loving Heart He press'd
The children of the earth;
He lifted up His hands and bless'd
The babes of human birth.

4 Lo! from the stars His Face will turn
On us with glances mild;
The Angels of His Presence yearn
To bless the little child.

5 Keep us, O Jesus, Lord, for Thee,
That so, by Thy dear grace,
We children of the Font, may see
Our heavenly Father's face.

71

J. D. HERRON.



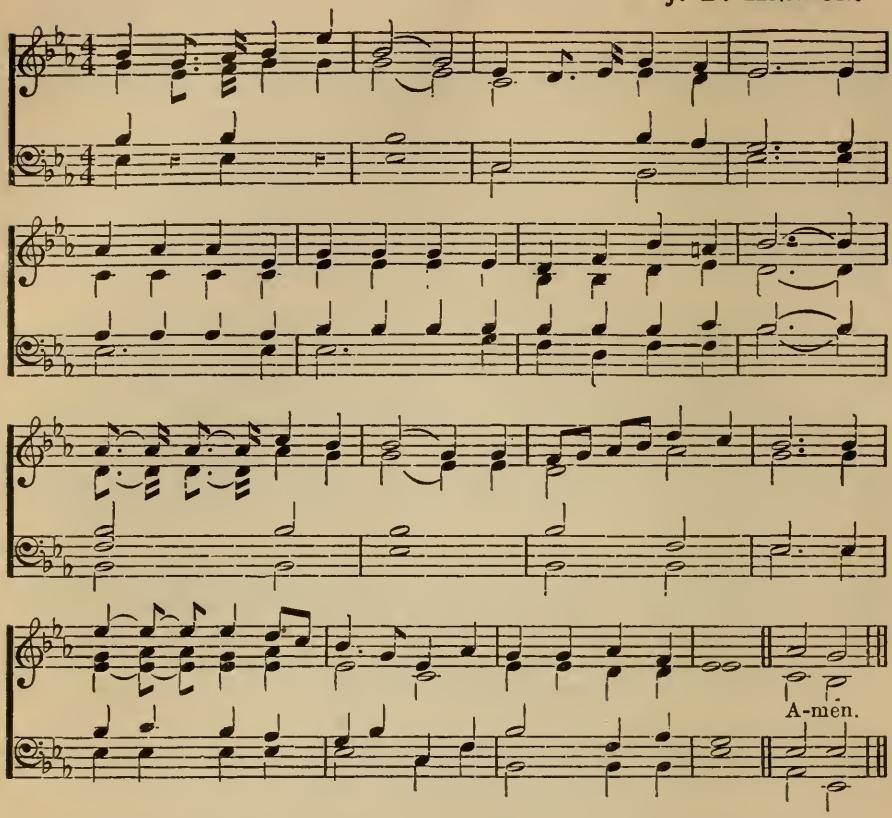
1 I was made a Christian
When my name was given,
One of God's dear children,
And an heir of Heaven.
In the name of Christian
I will glory now,
Evermore remember
My baptismal vow.

2 I must like a Christian,
Shun all evil ways.
Keep the faith of Jesus,
Serve Him all my days.
Called to be a Christian,
I will praise the Lord,
Seek for His assistance
So to keep my word.

3 All a Christian's blessings
I will claim for mine :
Holy work and worship,
Fellowship Divine.
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Give me grace, that I
Still may live a Christian,
And a Christian die.

72

J. D. HERRON.



1 MEMBERS of Christ are we;
He is our living Head,
That henceforth we should ever be
By His good Spirit led,
In the same narrow path
Our Lord and Saviour trod—
The path that leadeth by the cross
To glory and to God.

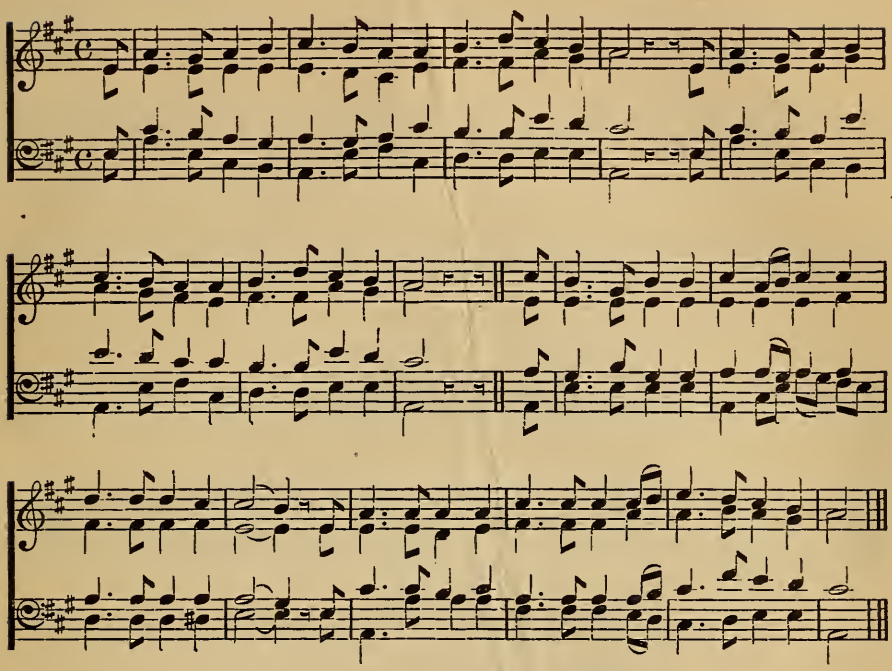
2 Children of God are we:
Such grace to us is given,
To kneel and pray in Christ's own words,
"Father, Who art in Heaven;"
Seeking to do His Will
As angels do above,
And walking in obedient ways
Of holy truth and love.

3 Of Heaven's kingdom we
Inheritors were made;
Each at the font in Christ's own robe
Of spotless white arrayed.
Upon our forehead now
Is traced the suffering sign,
That one day on each saintly brow
A glorious crown may shine.

4 Christ's little ones are we,
And unto us are given
Angelic guards, who ever see
Our Father's Face in Heaven.
To walk in folly now
We may not, must not, dare,
Mindful Whose seal is on our brow,
Whose holy Name we bear

73

T. T. LYNCH.



1 HELP, holy Lord, against the league
Made by the wicked three,
The world, the devil, and the flesh,
Those foes of sanctity:
O, help, for bitter is the feud,
And cruel is the hate,
With which they have our souls pursued
Far forth from Eden's gate.

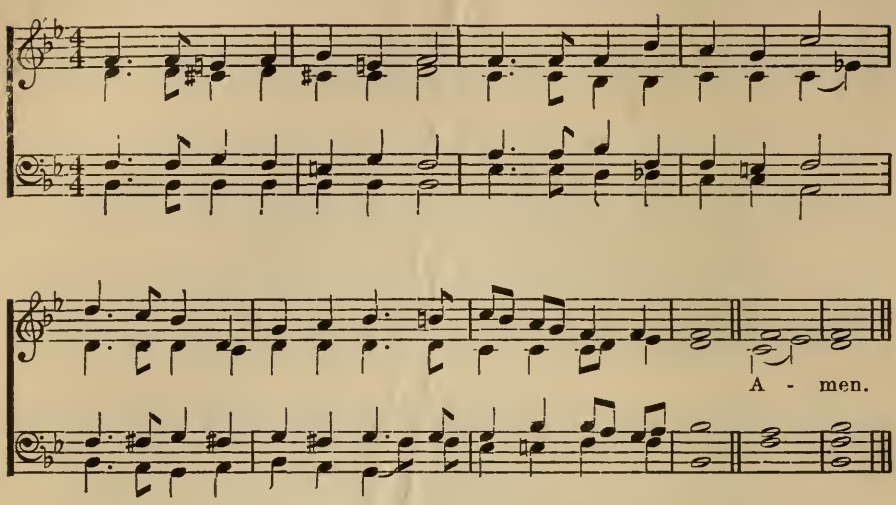
2 A while the world is bright and fair,
The devil smiling stands,
And offering it to tempt the flesh,
He holds it in his hands;
And then the word is full of woe,
The flesh of pain and shame,
And evil lurks with flickering tongue,
Or glares with blinding flame.

3 Help, holy Wisdom, holy Power,
O, help, Thou holy Love,
The good against the evil three,
Who coming frome above,
In Christ have fought a rescuing fight,
The stronger with the strong;
O, help, for still the evil league
Their vain attempt prolong.

4 O Spirit, make the flesh of man
Like flesh of little child,
And from a world by which we may
Be pleased, but not beguiled;
Kindle the tongues that burn to bless,
But quench the fires that grieve,
And let the tongue of falsehood cease
To flicker and deceive.

74

T. T. LYNCH. H. E. COOKE.



1 WISDOM coming from above
Fills for us the cup of love;
Drinking, let us upward move
Toward the seats of power.

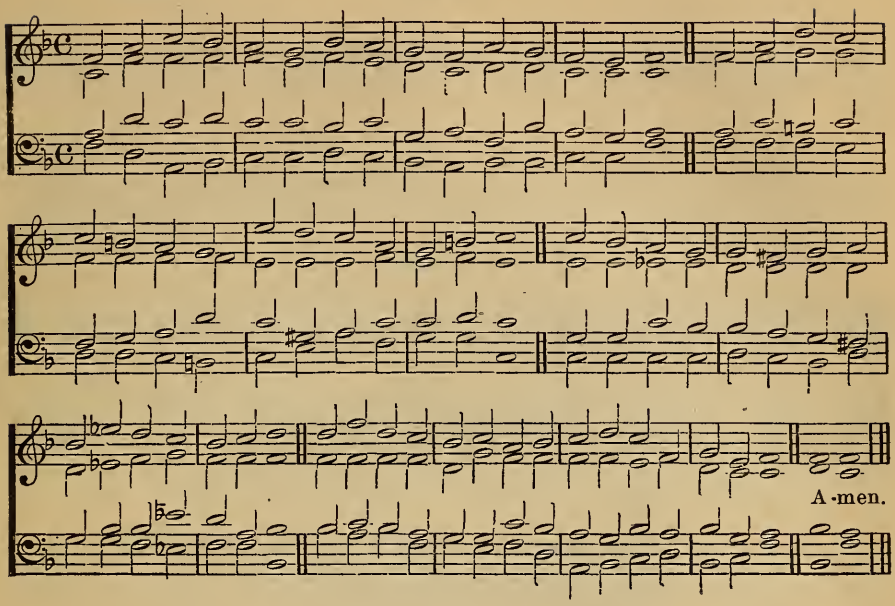
2 Father, thine the royal throne;
All that hath thy power shown
Thou in love's design hast done,
Done in wisdom's hour.

3 Let us through our Saviour wise,
By his loving Spirit rise
To our Father in the skies;
He is good and great.

4 O, were this but understood,—
To be great we must be good;
Learning then of Christ, we should
Humbly serve and wait.

75

C. WORDSWORTH.

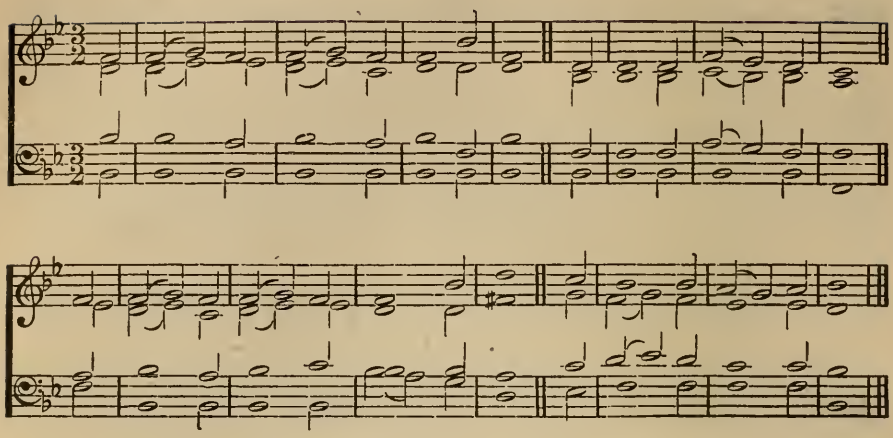


1 HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May then all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear;
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

76



1 LORD, teach a little child to pray;
Thy Grace betimes impart;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without Thy mercy's aid.

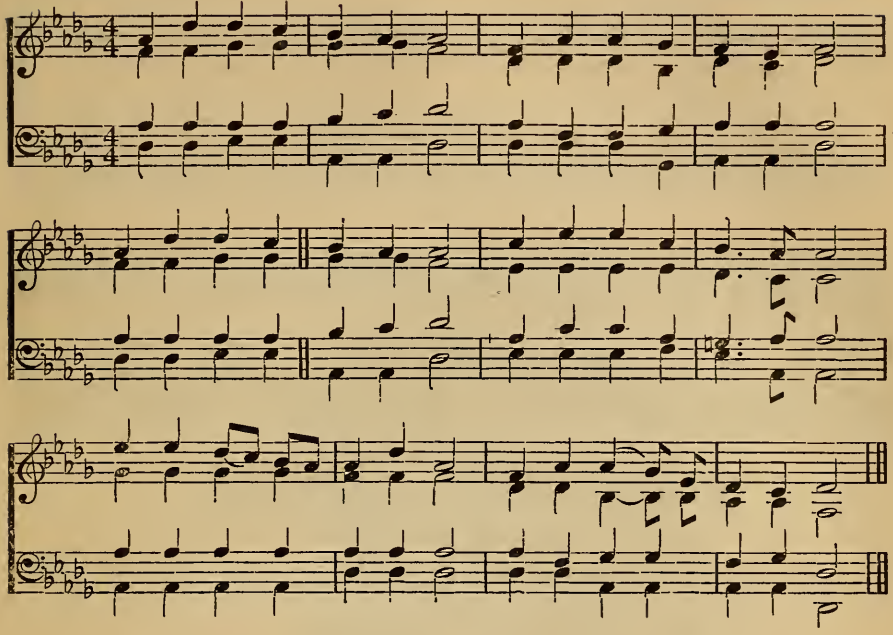
3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their strain;
Can fit me thus with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek His face,
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

77

T. T. LYNCH. ANNIE E. SNYDER.



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

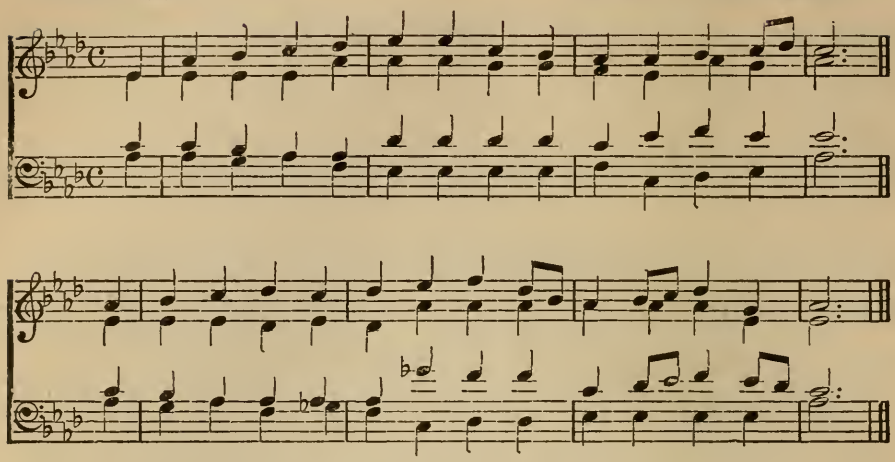
4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight,

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

78

MARK LEVY. STANLEY R. AVERY.



1 LORD Jesus, didst Thou walk the earth,
Would I Thy follower be?
Would I be willing to forego
All else for love of Thee?

2 Lord Jesus, would I flee away,
If danger neared Thy side?
Would I look on without remorse,
If Thou wert crucified?

3 Lord Jesus, would my heart be thrilled,
If Thou from death arose?
And, then, would I go forth in joy
All evil to oppose?

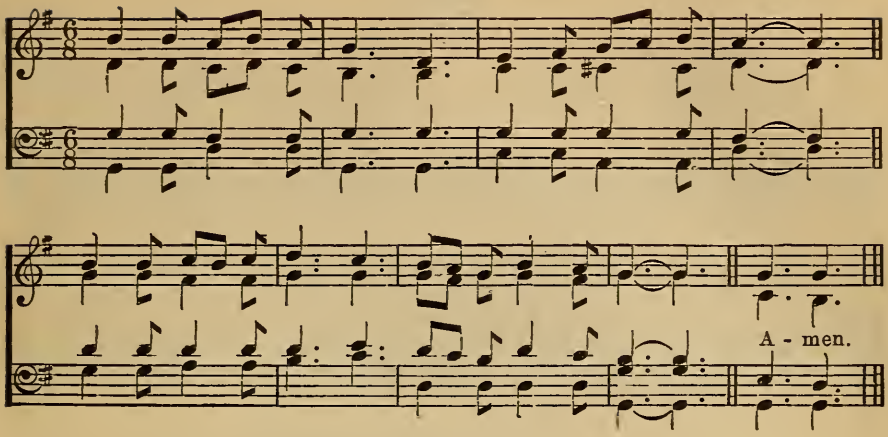
4 Lord Jesus, would I willingly
Proclaim Thee Lord of all?
Confessing Thee before the world,
Whatever might befall!

5 Lord Jesus, to these mortal eyes
Thy form does not appear;
But by the joy-thrills in my heart
I feel Thy presence near.

6 Lord Jesus, Thou hast won my love
By deathless love for me;
And I will give my love and life
All loyally to Thee!

79

J. D. HERRON.



1 Do no sinful action,
  Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
  Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
  Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

3 There's a wicked spirit
  Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
  To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him,
  Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
  And the good to do.

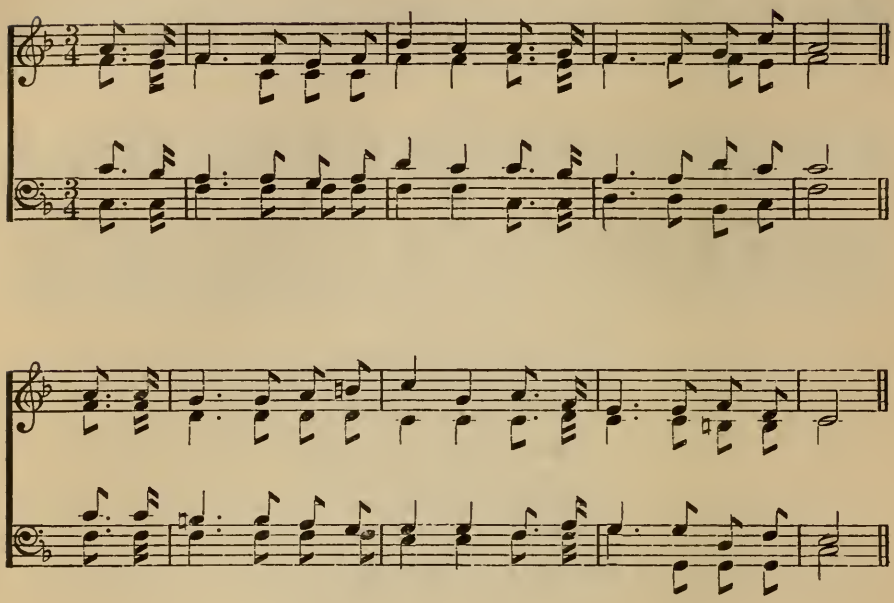
5 For ye promised truly
  In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
  And forsake his ways.

6 Ye are new-born Christians,
  Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
  And to do the right.

7 Christ is your own Master,
  He is good and true,
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

80

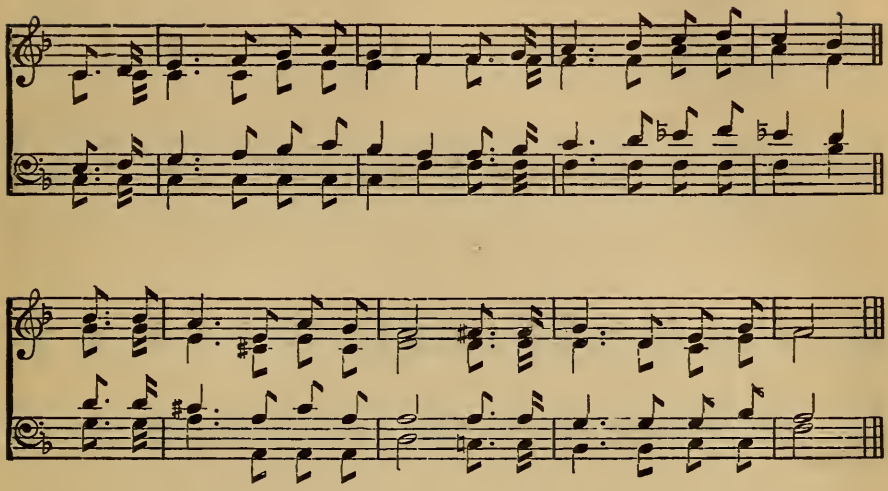
T. T. LYNCH. J. CHRISTOPHER MARKS.



1 HEART of Christ, O cup most golden,
Brimming with salvation's wine,
Million souls have been beholden
Unto thee for life divine;
Thou art full of blood the purest,
Love the tenderest and surest:
Blood is life, and life is love;
O, what wine is there like love?

2 Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Out of thee the martyrs drank,
Who for truth in cities olden
Spake, nor from the torture shrank;
Saved they were from traitor's meanness,
Filled with joys of holy keenness:
Strong are those that drink of love;
O, what wine is there like love?

80



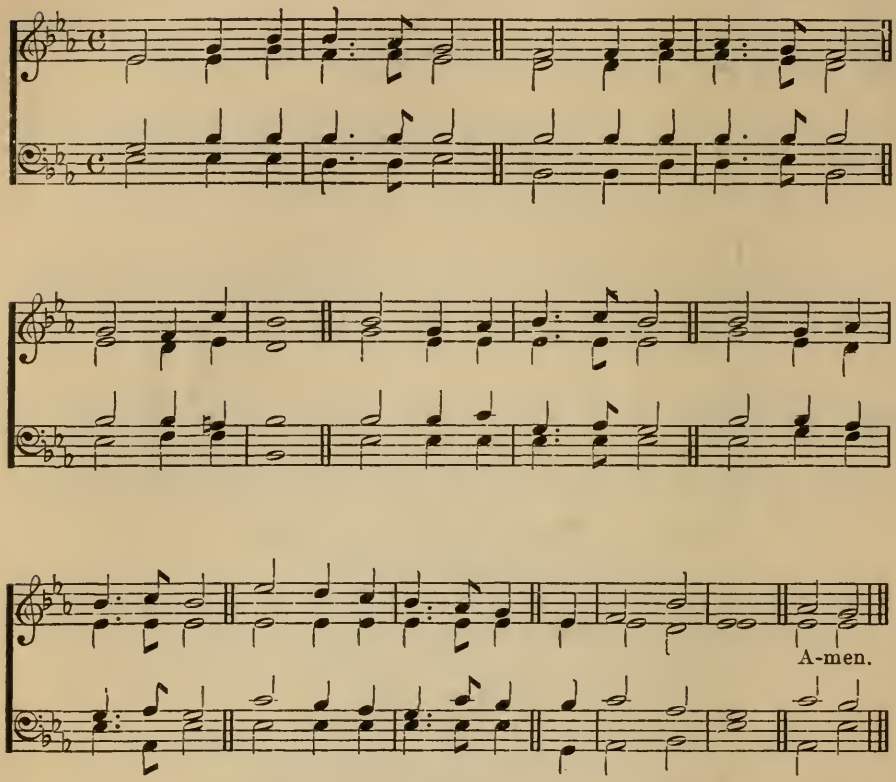
3 Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
To remotest place and time
Thou for labours wilt embolden
Unpresuming but sublime :
Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,
When from thee new life is taken :
Truth recruits itself by love ;
O, what wine is there like love?

4 Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Taking of thy cordial blest,
Soon the sorrowful are folden
In a gentle healthful rest :
Thou anxieties art easing,
Pains implacable appeasing :
Grief is comforted by love ;
O, what wine is there like love?

5 Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Liberty from thee we win ;
We who drink, no more are holden
By the shameful cords of sin ;
Pledge of mercy's sure forgiving,
Powers for a holy living,—
These, thou cup of love, are thine ;
Love, thou art the mightiest wine.

81

R. PALMER. L. MASON.



1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

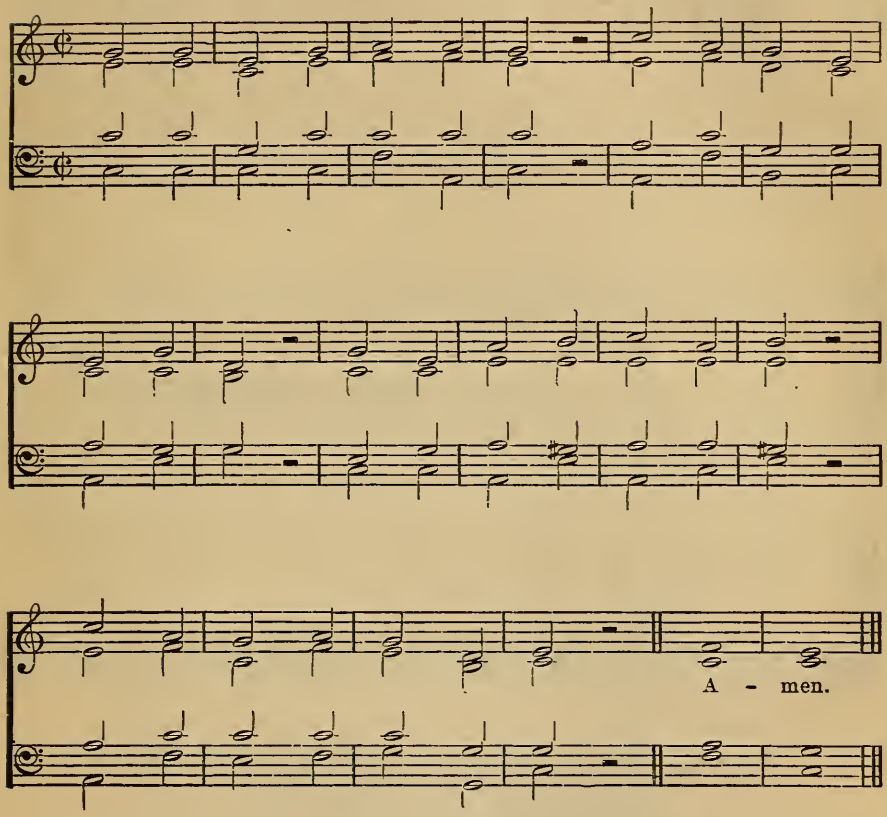
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

82

Words and melody by
F. W. Bartlett.

Harmony by
John I. Romig.

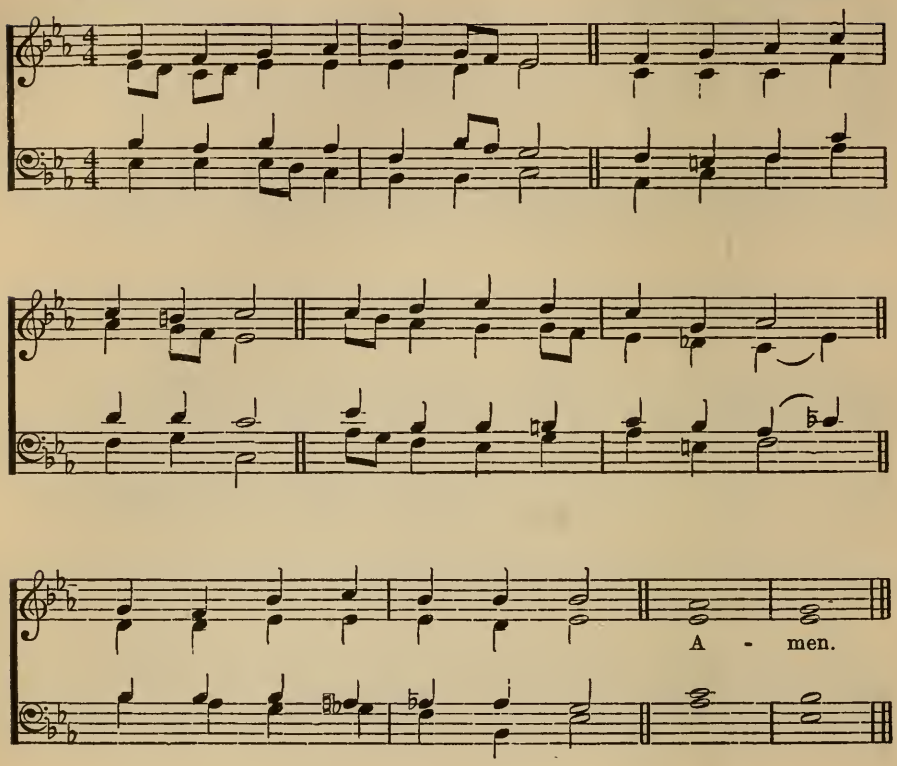


1 Saviour who didst come to give
Living bread, that all might live;
Grant me grace on Thee to feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.

2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,
Help me on the heavenward way;
Vine of strength, supply my need,
For Thy blood is drink indeed.

83

T. I. BALL. FRANCIS BURGESS.



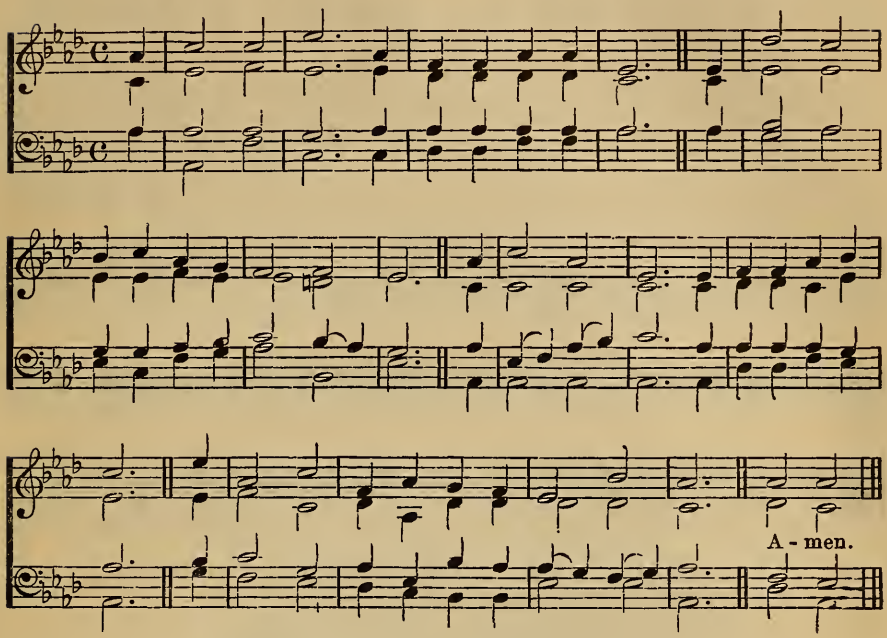
1 ERE we leave thine Altar, Lord,
Where Thy Son we have adored,
Let our thanks again arise
For this holy Sacrifice.

2 And if thoughts have entered in,
Which have mixed our prayers with sin,
Let Thy Son's pure Blood and Grace
All the sinfulness efface.

3 Sweet it is to worship here;
Soon may that bright day appear,
When Thy glory we shall see,
And unhindered worship Thee.

84

FRANKLIN W. BARTLETT. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



1 O God Supreme. Who dost the world sustain,
Who madest all, and naught hast made in vain,
Who holdest all the nations in Thy hand,
In Thee we trust, and pray Thee, bless our land.

2 From eastern dawn has beamed the Gospel light,
To cheer, illumine, and endue with might;
Still more and more its gracious realm extend,
While glad hosannas to Thy throne ascend.

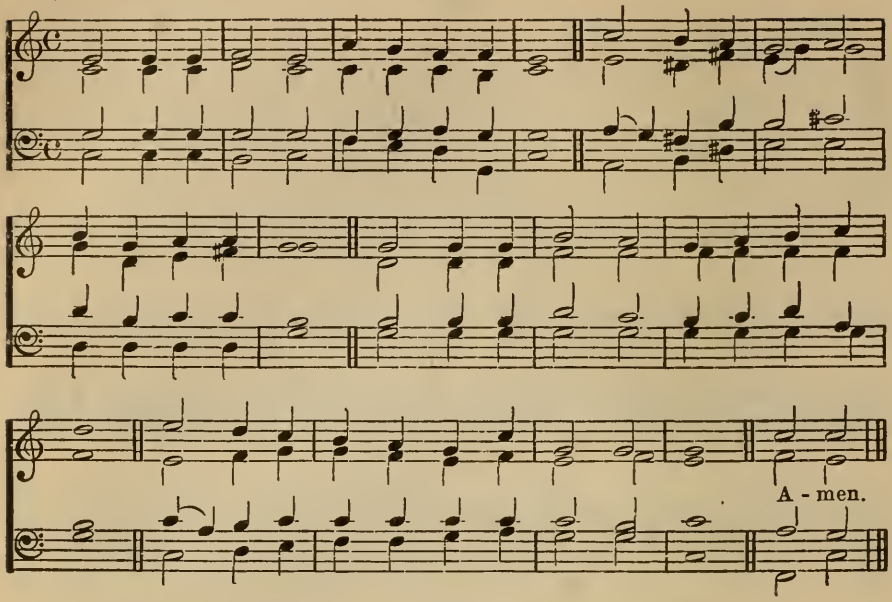
3 O Sun of Righteousness, Thy healing give,
That all the earth may look to Thee and live;
That all the peoples, gathered here, may know
The health and peace that from Thy presence flow.

4 May many tongues acquire one language here,
To tell Thy glory, and promote Thy fear;
Thy Spirit's voice be in the message heard,
And every heart receive the living Word.

5 Grant us the fruitage of the heavenly birth,
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth;
O'er mighty river and from sea to sea,
Let all be one in loyalty to Thee.

85

E. R. VINING.



1 Lord of the harvest, gladly we obey
This plain command of Thy belovéd Son,
And in His Name most heartily we pray
For that which He desireth should be done.

2 It was on Jewish multitudes He gazed
When His compassion was thus deeply stirred,
It was for Israel's scattered sheep He raised
His voice of pleading in this tender word.

3 Therefore, for Israel first, we also plead
That Thou would'st send forth laborers to Thy field,
To reap a plenteous harvest from the seed
That has so long been buried and concealed.

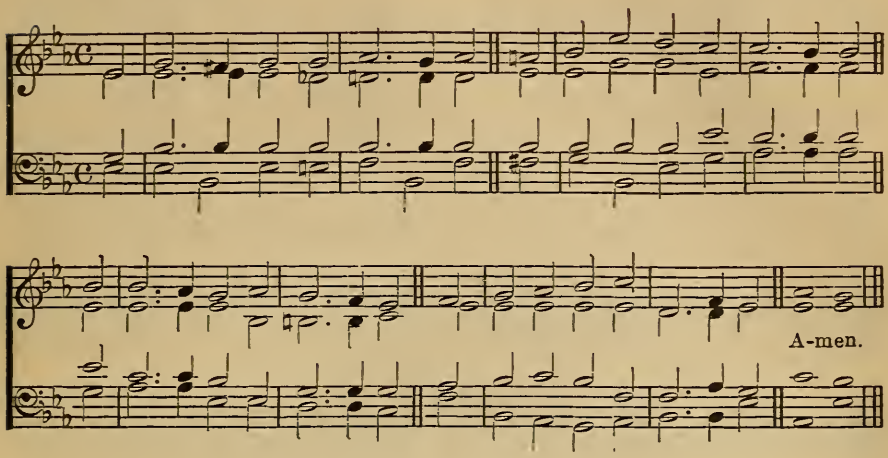
4 For Israel hath Thy precious written word,
And only need Thy Spirit's power and light,
Through living channels fitted by the Lord,
To bring its blessed glorious truths to sight.

5 Oh, Lord, send forth Thy laborers more and more
To heathen nations serving wood and stone;
But send them also unto every shore
Where Israel's scattered tribes still dwell alone.

6 Wherever laborers yet, Oh, Lord, are few,
Increase their number greatly year by year
To bear Thy Gospel to the exiled Jew,
And also to the Gentile far and near.

86

G. W. DOANE. J. B. CALKIN.



1 FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

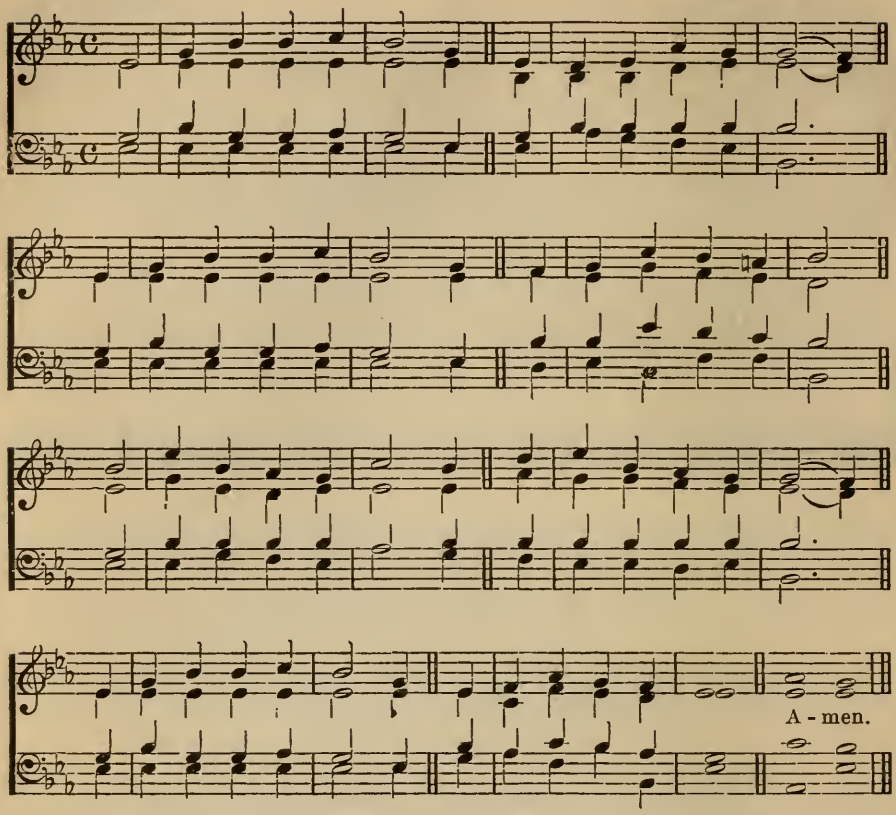
4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

87

R. HEBER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

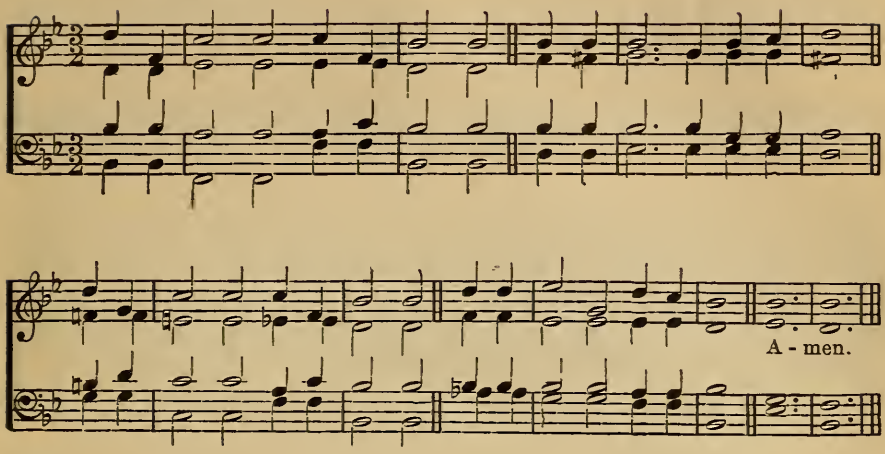
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

88

C. F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.



1 JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me:"

2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, aud kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

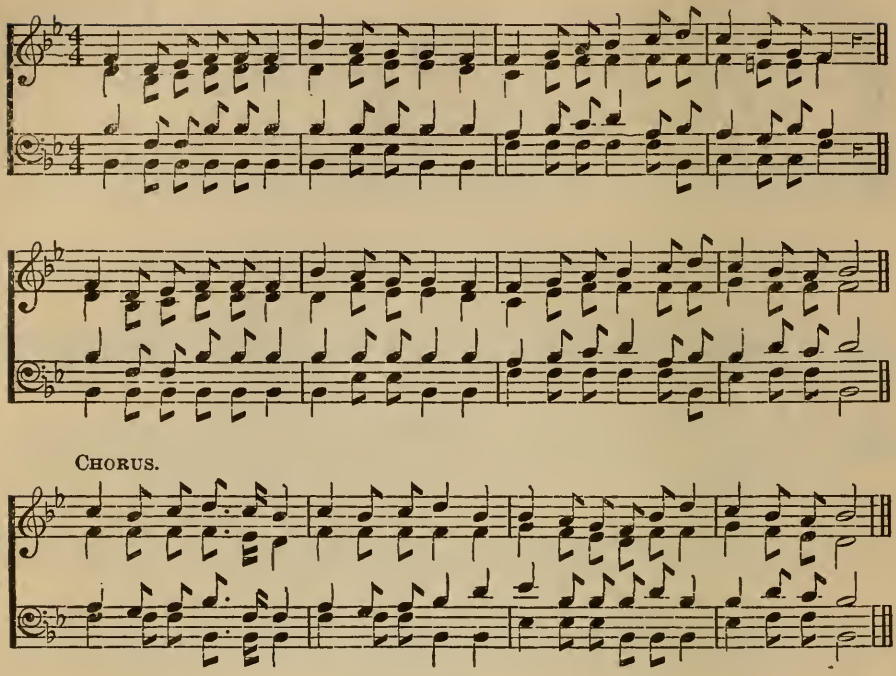
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

89

W. H. DOANE.



1 RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHORUS.—

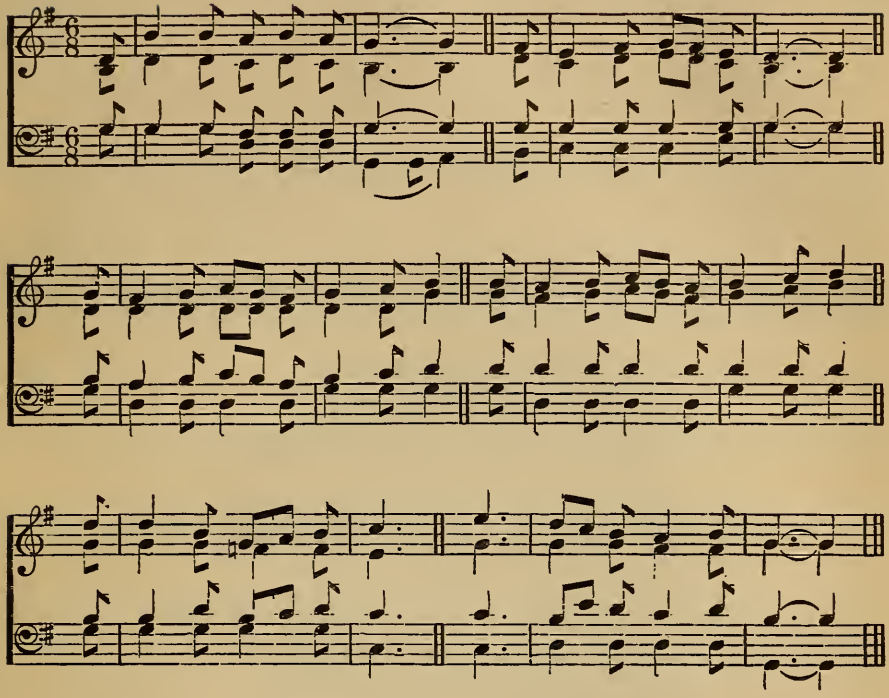
Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Tho' they are slighting Him
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide,
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

90



1 O, what can little hands do
To please the King of heav'n?
The little hands some work can try,
And do it well and faithfully:
Such grace to mine be given.

2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

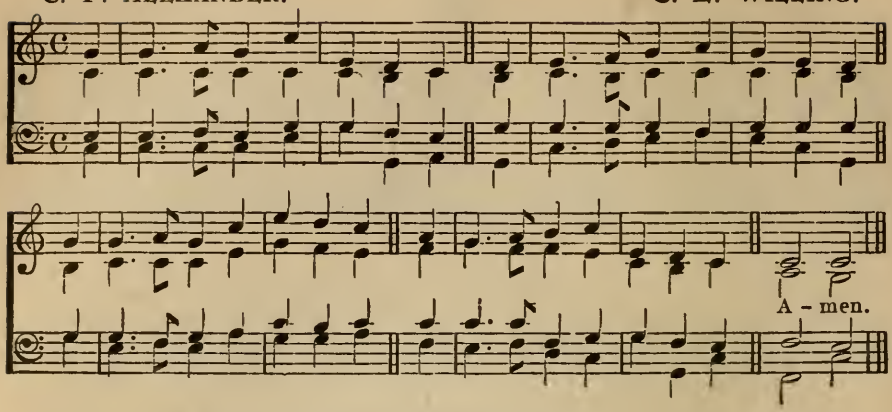
3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy Book:
Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can lttle hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and meet their Saviour Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.

5 When hand, and hearts, and lips,
All please the King of heaven,
And serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight:
Such grace to mine be given.

91

C. F. ALEXANDER. C. E. WILLING.



1 WE are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high, and good and great?

2 O Lord, the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Thee their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Thee in fire and strife.

3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

4 Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

5 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

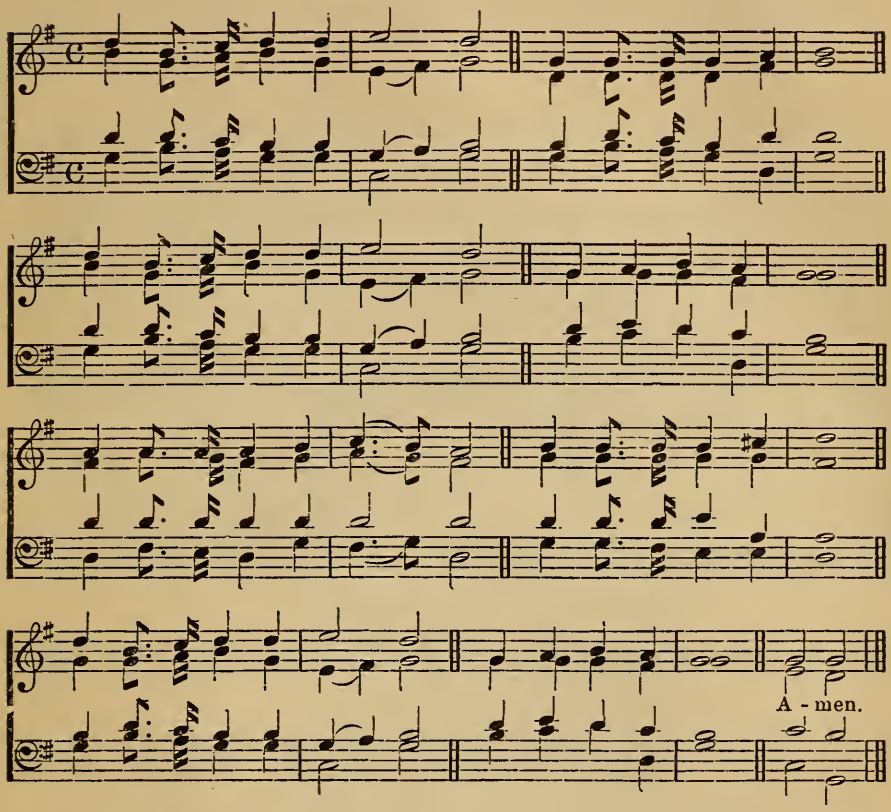
6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

7 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

8 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

92

A. L. WALKER. L. MASON.



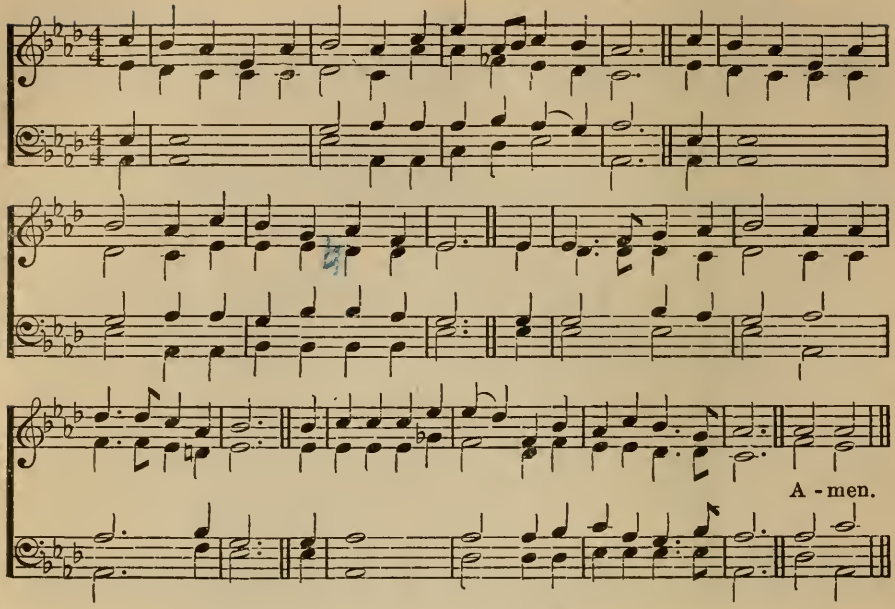
1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing.
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

93

J. D. HERRON.



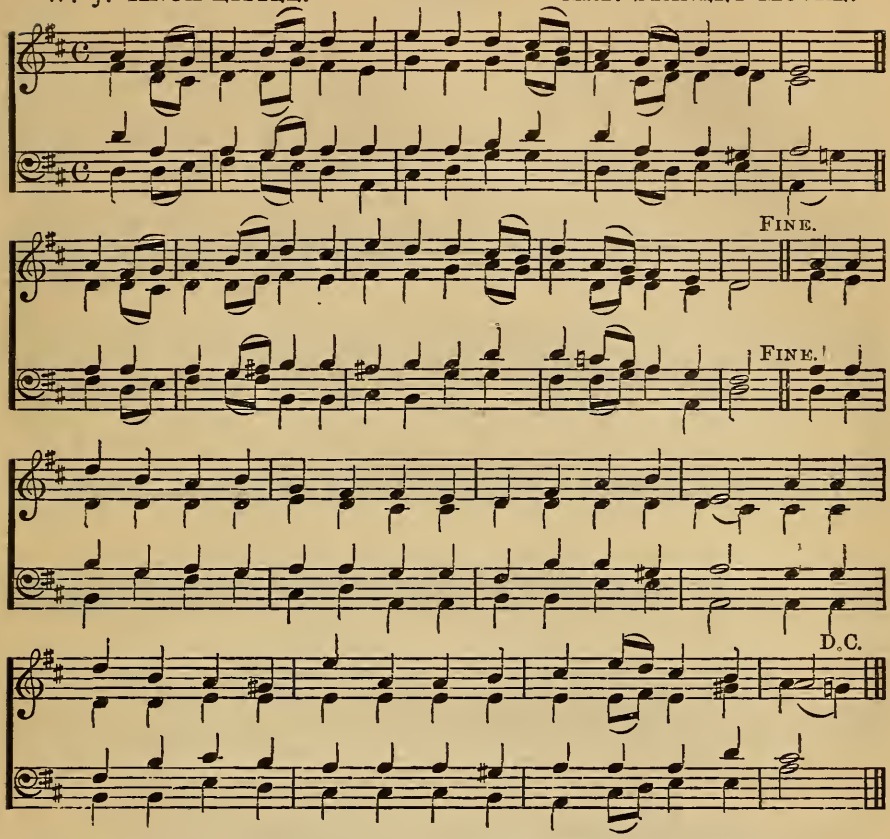
1 LORD Jesus! on our forehead
Thy Cross was signed of old;
As soldiers in Thy army
Our names Thou hast enrolled.
Now, faithful in Thy service,
We would go forth to fight,
Beneath Thy conquering banner,
Our only strength Thy might.

2 In time of fierce temptation,
When bitter foes assail,
Oh, give us help to conquer,
Nor suffer us to fail;
Nor waver from our duty,
Nor wander from Thy side;
Our life one act of service
For Thee, the Crucified!

3 With Satan's hosts around us,
And traitor hearts within,
Great Captain of Salvation!
Nerve us the fight to win,
Then, when our work is ended,
And all our warfare past,
Grant that within Thy Kingdom
We may find rest at last.

94

W. J. KNOX-LITTLE. ART. STANLEY-MOORE.



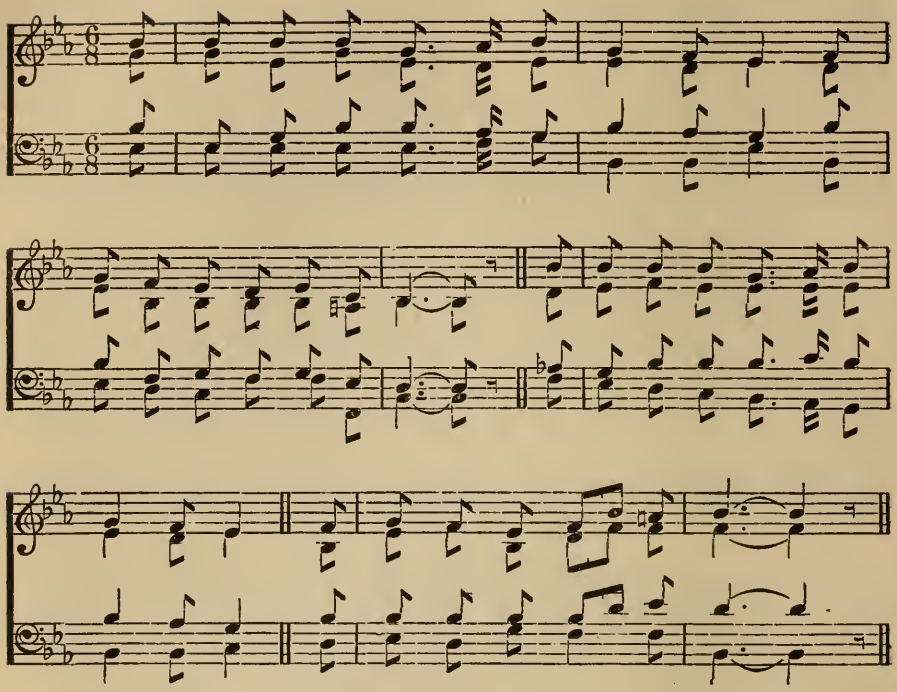
1 JESUS, Master, King of Glory,
Still to Thee we turn for life;
Conqu'ror when the battle's sorest,
Oh, sustain us in the strife!
When the world is hard upon us,
And we flinch before its scorn,
Let us learn an earnest purpose,
From Thy forehead pierced with thorn. Jesus, Master, etc.

2 When the flesh is strong, and round us
All its poisonous vapours roll,
By Thy lacerated Body.
Dear Redeemer, save the soul.
When the Fiend with subtlest temptings
Lures us to our endless loss,
Mighty Master, strike the strong one
With the sharpness of Thy Cross.
Jesus, Master, etc.

3 When the last dark storm is gathering,
And our hearts are swept with fear,
By the love of Thy dear Passion,
Master, let us feel Thee near.
So when all at last is ended,
And the Rest is reached above,
May we swell Thy Heart's rejoicings
With the rapture of our love.
Jesus, Master, etc.

95

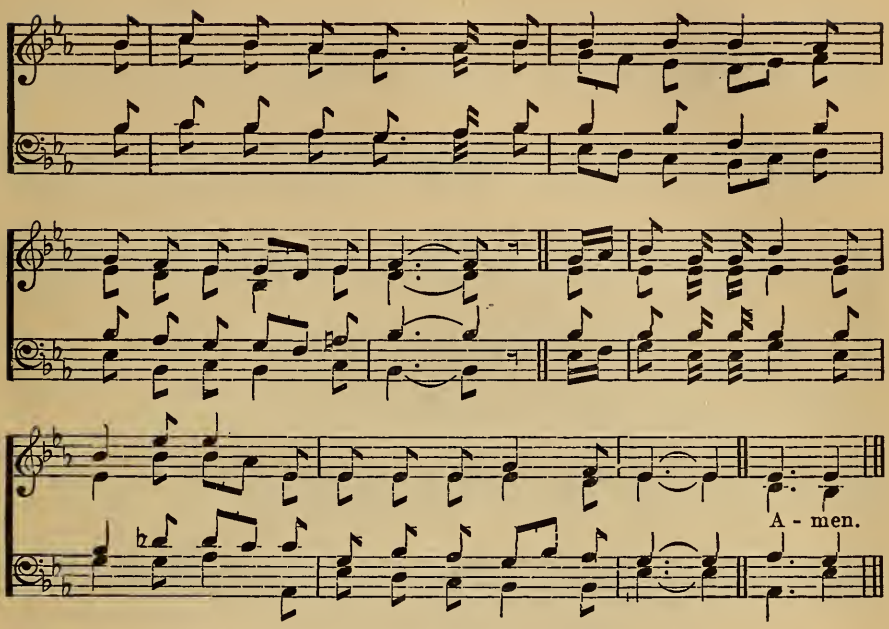
"Songs of the Iron Cross."



1 THE banners are waving, the trumpet sounds,
The soldiers are girding for war;
The summons is sounding to form in rank,
And gather from near and far.
The shield of the Faith on the arm made fast,
The sword of the Lord in hand!
We march in the glorious host of God,
We fight at the King's command.

2 The man and the maiden, the old, the young,
Are all in the Church of God;
And all have to fight the self-same fight.
And tread where the saints have trod.
The Captain above us is Jesus Christ,
His Banner the Cross so red!
We march in the glorious host of God,
We follow our King and Head.

95



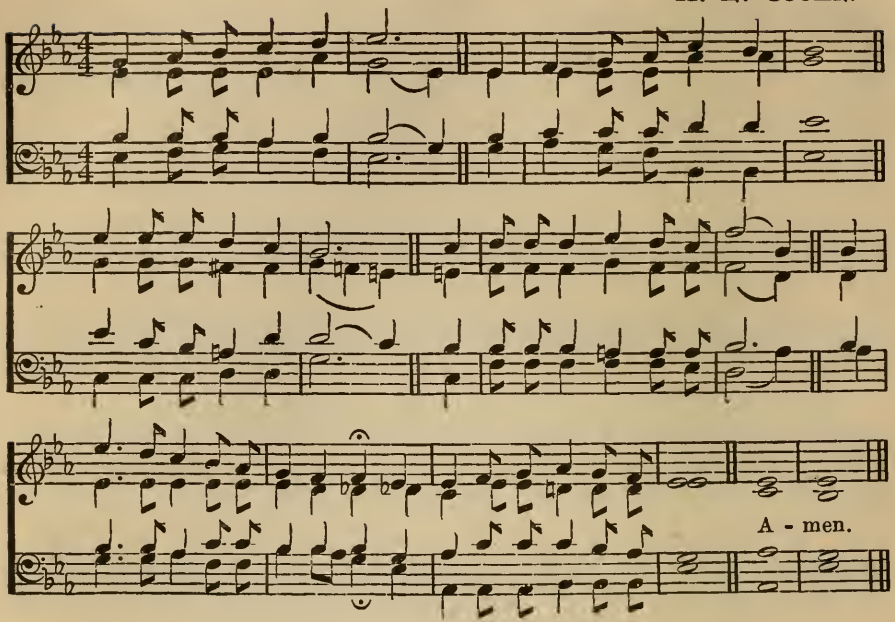
3 Three enemies threaten on every side—
The devil, the flesh, and the world;
We ward off their darts with the silver shield,
And flutter the banner unfurled.
We echo the angel's triumphant shout,
When Satan from heaven fell.
We march in the glorious host of God,
To battle with sin and hell.

4 But One is the army that Christ commands,
In ages that pass, but One;
But One is the warfare wherever waged,
In the self-same way begun.
The Faith of the army of Christ is One,
The strength of its hope the same,
We march in the glorious host of God,
In the great Commander's Name.

5 Then who will be found from the Host to stay?
And who from the Faith to fall?
As Satan of old from the ranks above,
From Jesus the All-in-all?
With shoulder to shoulder, and firm as flint,
We swerve not from left or right,
We march in the glorious host of God,
The soldiers and sons of Light.

96

H. E. Cooke.



1 Forward ye soldiers brave,
The darkness is warning fast.
Forward! the dawn is near,
And victory's your's at the last.
The stars grow pale in the glowing East;
The gloom of the midnight is past.

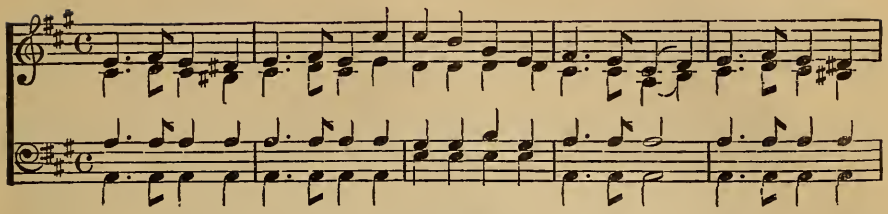
2 Far o'er the stricken field,
Now rings out the battle cry;
"Christ is our Prince and King,
For Him will we live and we'll die."
March on, His cross is your banner true;
Uplift it forever on high.

3 Gird on your armor bright,
And fearlessly forward go,
Mighty His power to save,
Who dwells in His kingdom below,
Yet reigns in might from the Father's throne,
Triumphant to vanquish the foe.

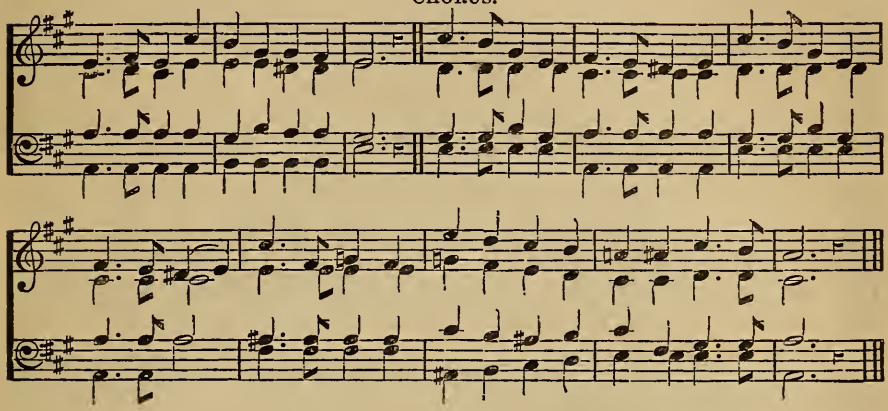
4 Forward ye soldiers brave;
The battle will soon be done.
Fierce is the fight, but when
"The rest that remaineth" is won,
The weary march will forever end;
The joy with your Lord be begun.

97

A VON KONTSKI.



CHORUS.



1 SONS of Jesus, gallant soldiers,
Brace your sinews for the fight,
In your silver armour harness'd
For the Truth and Right.

CHORUS:

Alleluia, Alleluia,
Soldiers of the Church are ye,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
March to victory.

2 Draw the sword to blast of trumpet,
Charge the shrinking hosts of Hell!
Keep the tread! The Church [united
Is invincible.

3 Follow where the fiery pillar
Leadeth, ever present guide;
Feed upon the falling manna
And be satisfied.

4 Lo! the golden ark attends us!
Lo! The tables traced by God!
Lo! the everlasting priesthood,
Ever budding rod!

5 Stand aside, O Moab! Edom,
Midian, think not us to stay!
Woe to you, ye hosts of evil,
That would bar the way.

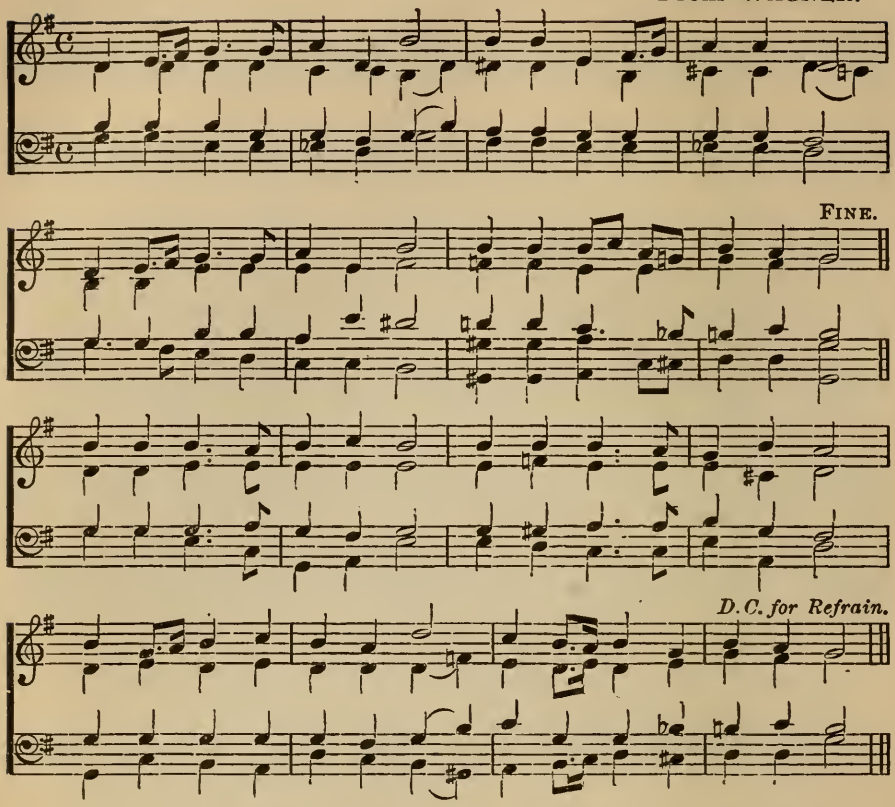
6 Lo! upon the holy mountain
Jesus, more than Moses, stands,
Interceding, with uplifted
And extended hands.

7 What though stung by fiery serpents?
To the cross we look, and live!
Marah's wells by wood are sweetened
And refreshment give!

8 Lo! before us shines our country,
Lit by an eternal sun,
Flows with milk, and streams with honey,
Ours the battle won.

98

From WAGNER.



1 STORM the city! forward go!
Quake defiant Jericho!
At the sacred trumpet calls,
Crash thine adamantine walls.
Long hast thou defied our host,
Worldly pomp and pow'r thy boast,
Might of man and leaders bold,
Strength of wall and wealth of gold.

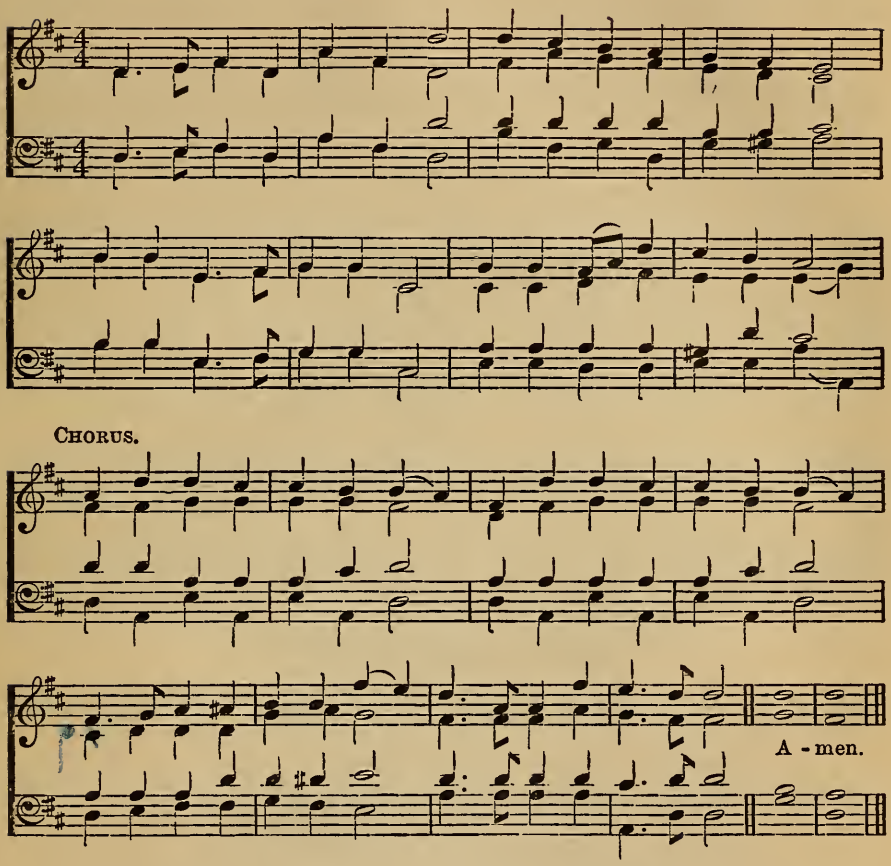
CHORUS:
Storm the city! forward go!
Quake defiant Jericho!
At the sacred trumpet calls,
Crash thine adamantine walls.

2 How ye flouted, laughed, and jeered,
As our harnessed ranks appear'd!
How ye scoffed, our strength decried,
Scorned our King, the Crucified!
Long the Church, in solemn line,
Bore the angel-shadowed shrine
Round thy walls with trumpet-blast,
Fervent prayer and frequent fast.

3 See the strong foundations shake!
See the brazen fetters break!
See the towers, riven, reel!
Princes, people, conquered kneel!
Haughty city Jericho,
Where the pride, thy power now?
Dreamlike thy dominion past,
Ours thy wealth, thy place at last.

99

HENRY KIRKE WHITE. E. W. READ.



1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

CHORUS:

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

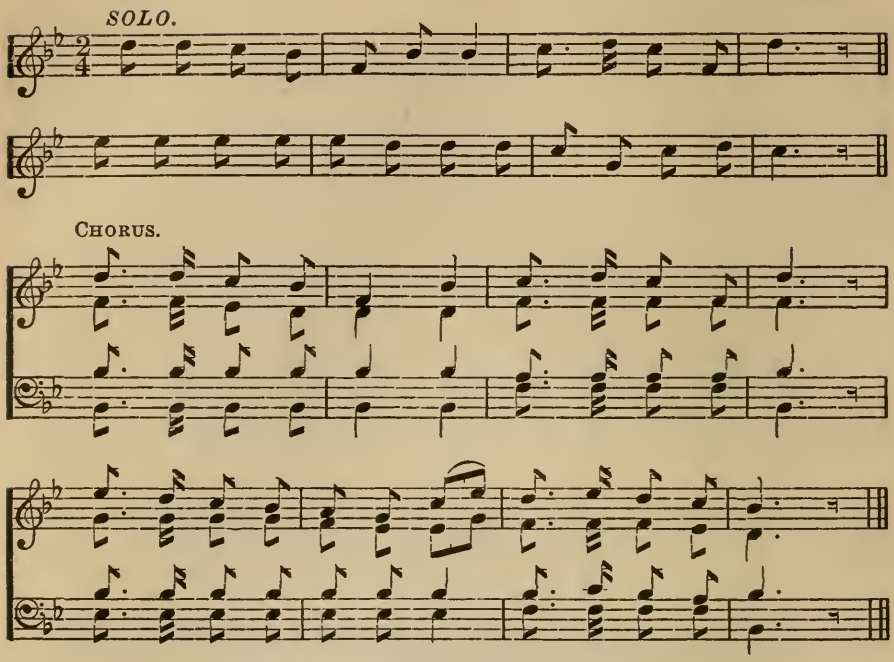
2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March, in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

100

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



1 STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

CHORUS: Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

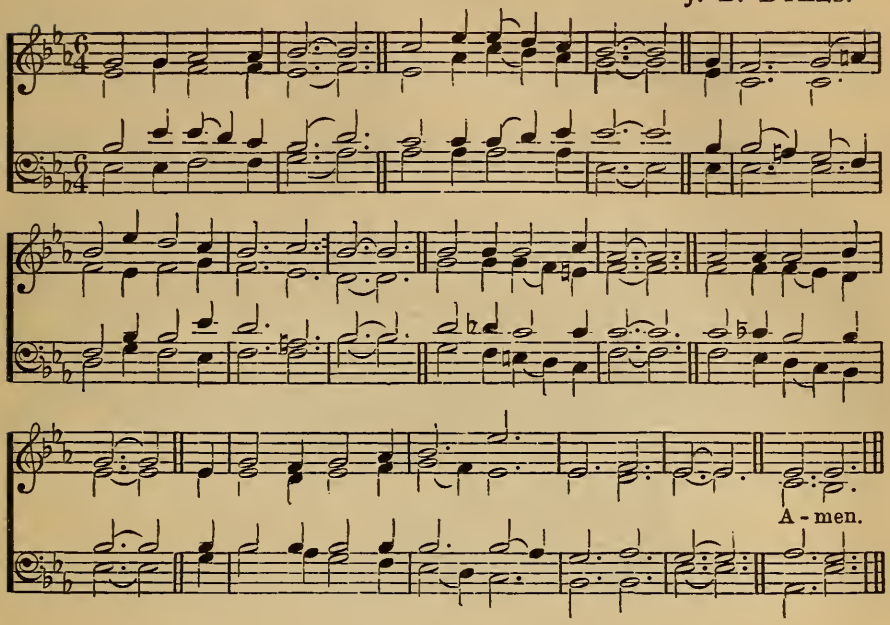
2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's Band.

3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking thro' the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.

4 Hold the gospel banner high!
On to vict'ry grand!
Satan and his hosts defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band.

101

J. B. DYKES.



1 ON our festal day,
In its bright array,
O gracious Saviour, to Thine House we come:
Children's joys shall be
Smiled upon by Thee,
Who, once a Child didst share an earthly home.

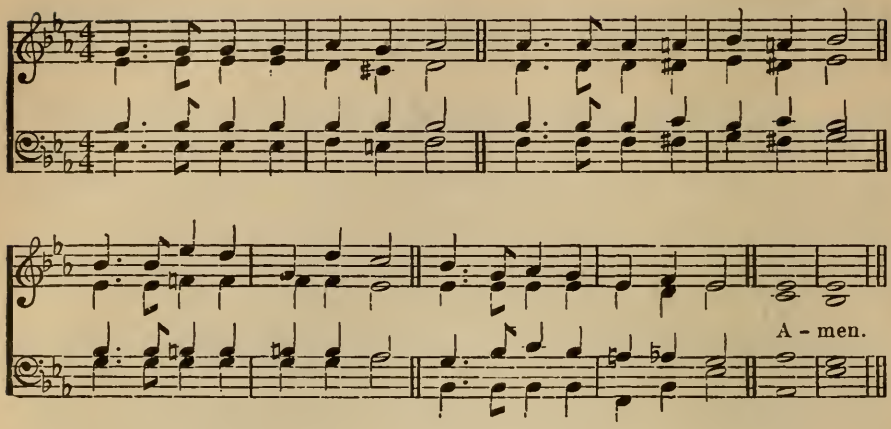
2 For all joys on earth,
For our harmless mirth,
Our glad Thanksgivings unto Thee we bring;
Hear us, while we raise
Grateful songs of praise,
And children's lips proclaim the children's King.

3 On all things we do,
Right and pure and true,
We know we may Thy heavenly blessing claim:
As on sacred days,
So in week-day ways,
O may we praise and glorify Thy Name.

4 Ever by our side
Be our God and Guide,
Our hearts to cheer amid this world of woe;
Thus through life may we
Be upheld by Thee,
And onward on our way rejoicing go.

102

H. E. Cooke.



1 In the fellowship of song
Let us worship happily;
Evil spirits dark aud strong
Fly before bright harmony.

2 Into hearts sweet music sinks
Like the rain-drops from the sky,
Which, when withering nature shrinks,
Fainting earth forbid to die.

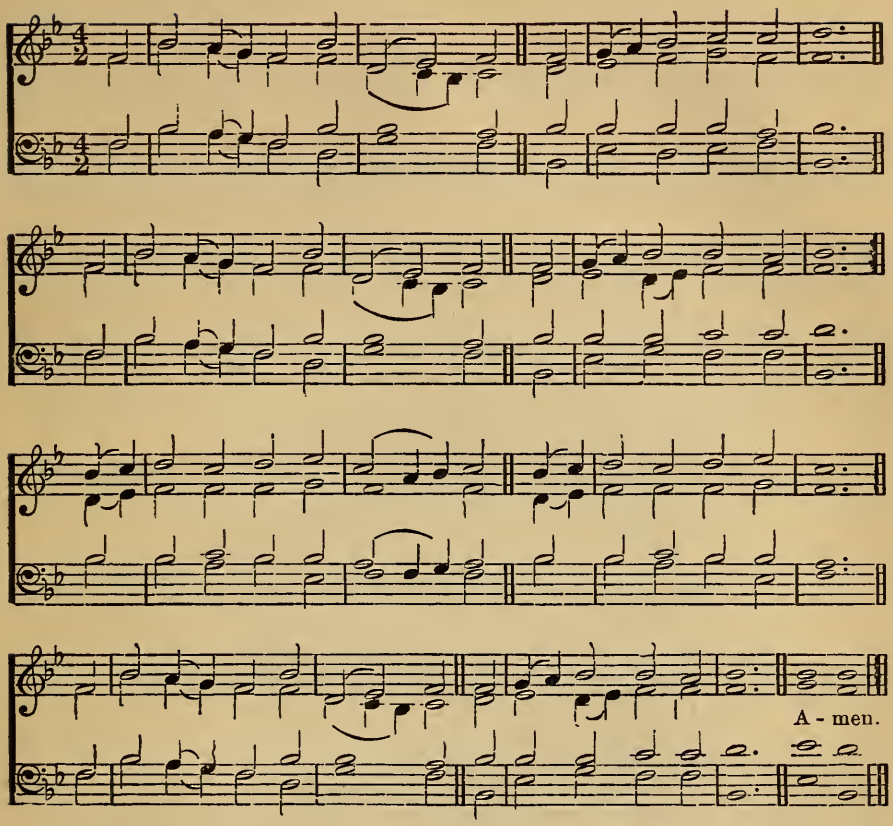
3 Singing, lo, some truth of love,
With an instantaneous light
Swift descending from above,
Shines celestially bright;

4 Smites the fetters from our soul,
Leaves the soul itself unscathed:
Soon we hear the thunder roll,
And in balmier air are bathed.

5 Brightest truth's report we hear
Echoing through the breadths of time;
And we hark with holy fear
To the lingering sounds sublime.

6 Song, like storm, can shake the heart,
All its feelings change and clear,
Bid the stagnant glooms depart
That oppress life's atmosphere.

103



1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud Hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

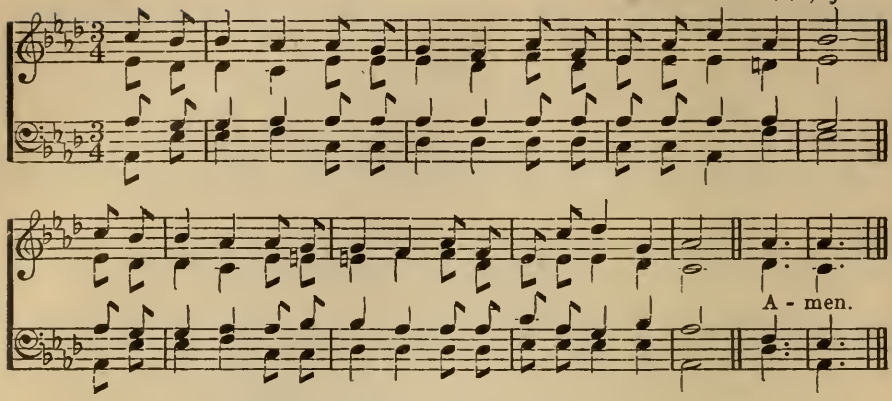
2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer Blest.

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son!
He patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions,
Rejoice in endless day.
O Christ, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.

104

HORACE HILLS, Jr.



1 ALL things bless Thee, God most holy,
To Thy feet their worship bring;
Thou art worthy of all praises,
Ever blessed, glorious King.

2 Earth, and air, and ocean's fulness,
All Thy power and love declare;
And in this exultant chorus,
May not we, Thy children, share?

3 Childhood's treasures are Thy giving,
Sunny days and laughing hours,
Daisied meadows in the spring time,
Roses in the summer bowers;—

4 Food and raiment, home and shelter,
Sleep for wearied eye and limb,
Dawning day and happy waking
To the birds' sweet morning hymn.

5 And when old and young had wandered
Into faults and follies wild,
Surely Thou didst think of children,
Sending forth Thy Son a child.

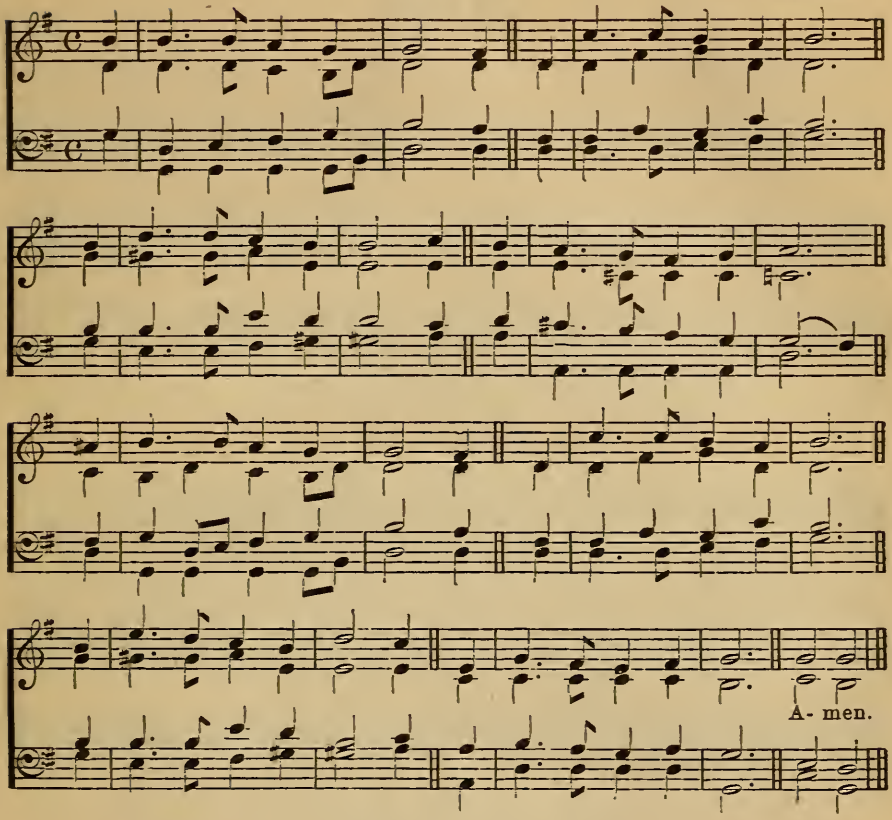
6 Lord, forgive our many errors,
And restore us when we fall,
Thy loved Child is our Redeemer—
By His mercy save us all.

7 Help us now to be as He was,
Pure and gentle, good and kind,
Give us of His peaceful Spirit,
And His meek and lowly mind.

8 Teach our hearts to feel Thy mercy,
Turn our eyes to look to Thee;
May we trust in Thee, our Father,
And Thy loving children be.

105

A. H. MANN.



1 GOD, who hath made the daisies
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

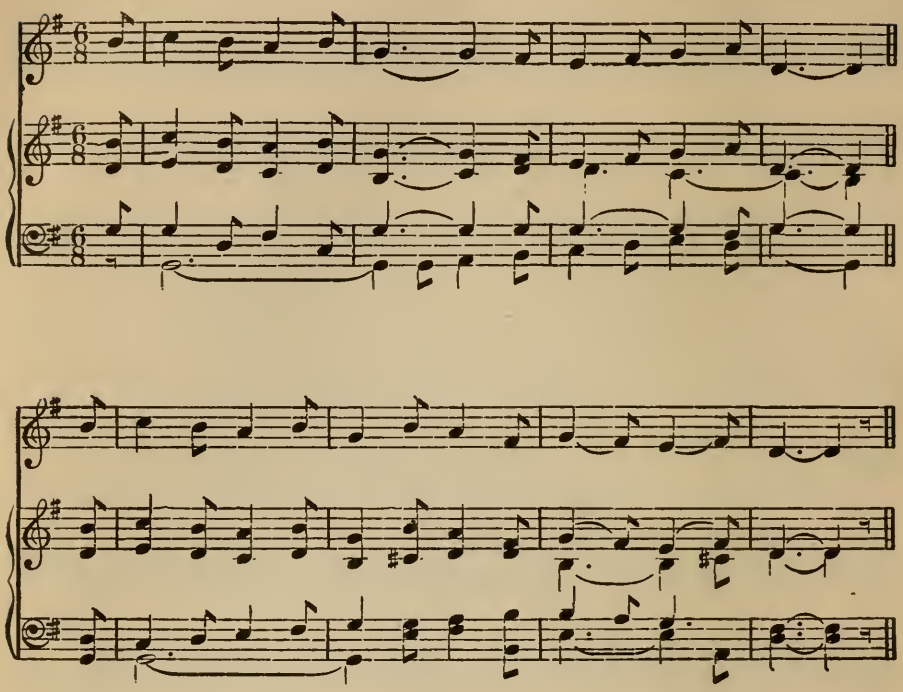
2 Tho' we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold:
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
But sees the heart's low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see),
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing:
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

106

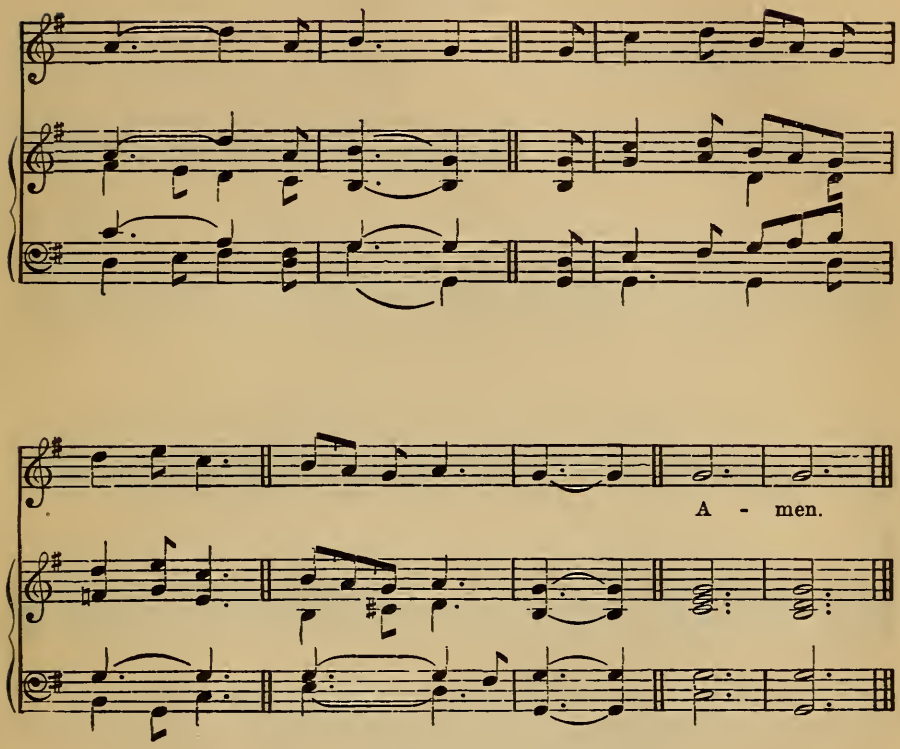
J. CHANDLER. E. J. HOPKINS.



1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

106

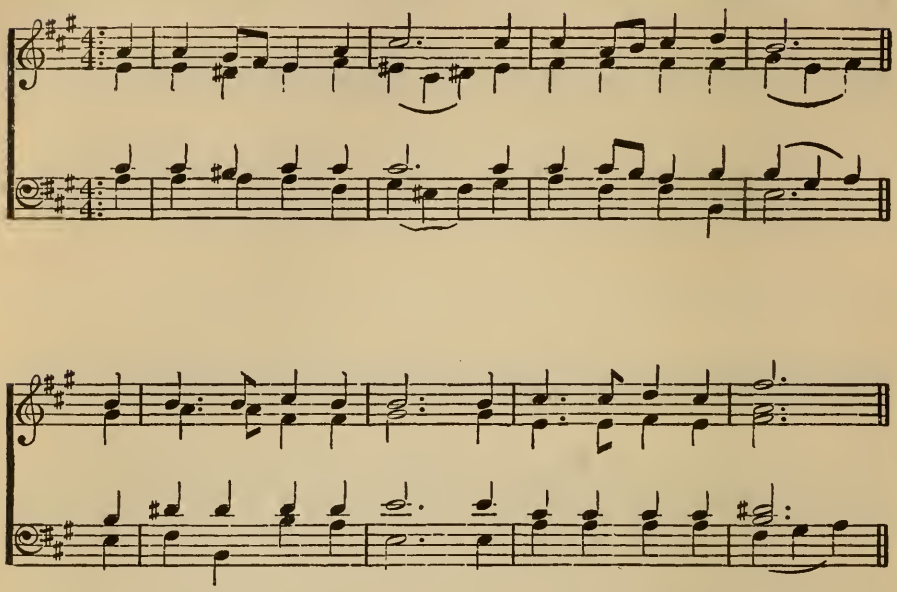


3 O blessed Lord, Thy Truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia !
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia !

4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around ;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia !
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia !

107

I. M. MERLINJONES. IDA WENDEL STOUT.

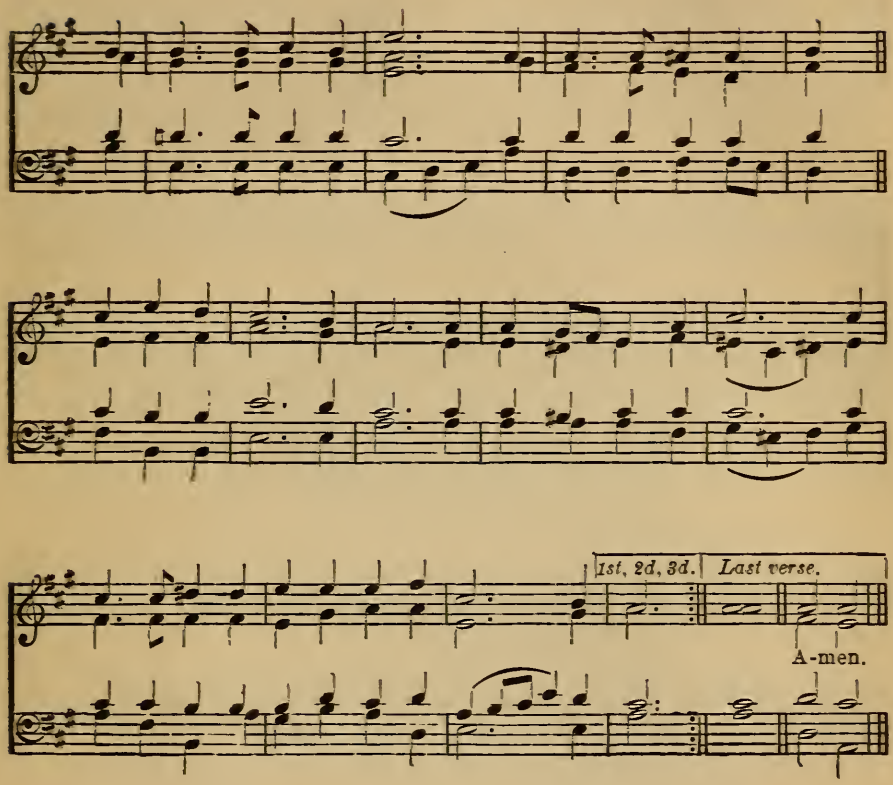


1 WE march, we march and sing
The praises of our King,
Whose glorious name we bear;
We hold our banner high,
And point it to the sky,
For victory is nigh
In Him our faith declare:

CHORUS.—We march, we march and sing
The praises of our King,
In Him our faith declare—

2 What though temptations rage,
And Sin against us wage
An unrelenting strife!
Our King will come and take
Our failings, and will make
Us bright with him to wake
In joy of endless life.

107

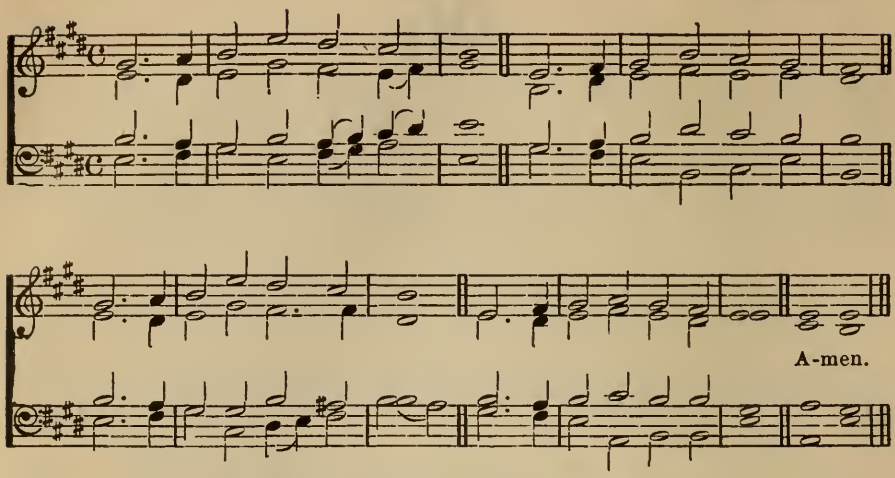


3 The darkness of the tomb
May round us cast a gloom,
But yet we fear not;—
For there our King hath lain,
When He for us was slain;
Now death becomes a gain;
The grave a sacred spot.

4 We march, we march and sing
The glories of our King.
His glorious works declare.—
He set the captive free,
The wounded heart hath He
Made whole, and filled with glee,
And joy beyond compare.

108

MILTON. THIBAUT.



1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He with all commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He the golden-tressèd Sun
Caused all day his course to run:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

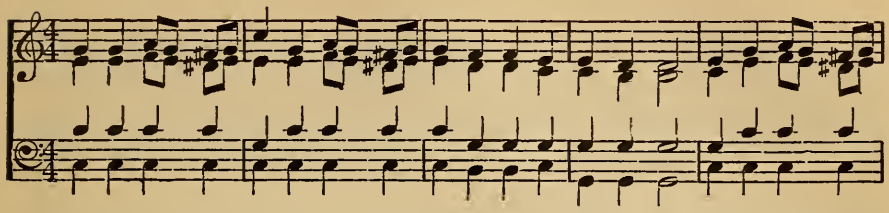
4 All things living He doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

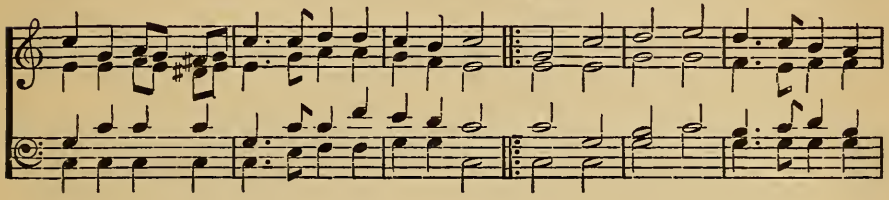
6 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is Kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

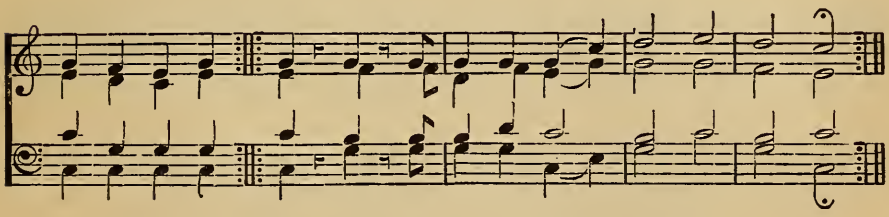
109

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HENRY TUCKER.



CHORUS.





1 JOYBELLS ringing,
Children singing,
Fill the air with music sweet;
Joyful measure,
Guileless pleasure,
Make the chain of song complete.

CHORUS:

Joybells! joybells!
Never, never cease your ringing;
Children! Children!
Never, never cease your singing;
List, List, the song that swells.
Joybells! joybells!

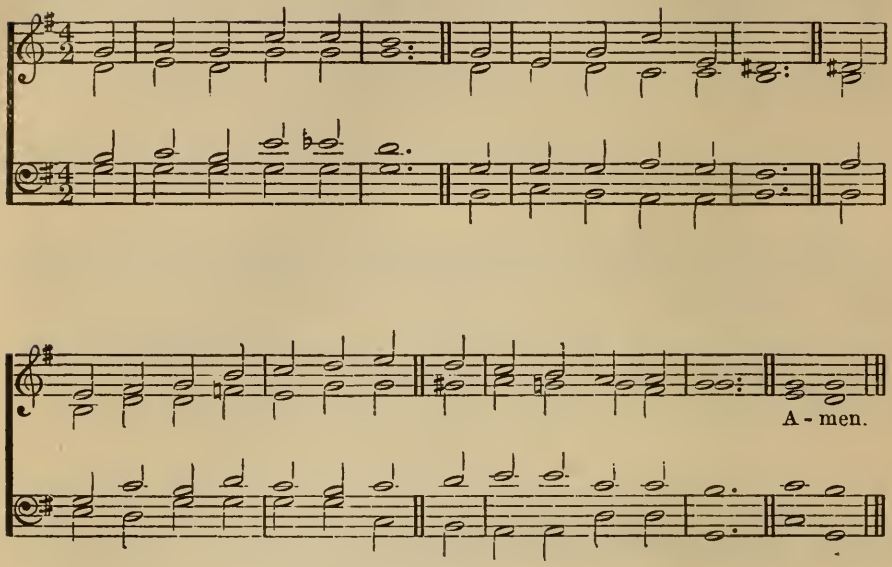
2 Joybells ringing,
Children singing,
Hark! their voices, loud and clear,
Breaking o'er us,
Like a chorus
From a purer, happier sphere.

3 Earth seems brighter,
Hearts grow lighter,
As the tuneful melody
Charms our sadness
Into gladness,
Pealing, pealing joyfully.

4 Joybells nearer
Sound, and clearer,
When the heart is free from care;
Skies are clearing,
While we're hearing
Joybells ringing everywhere.

110

T. T. LYNCH. J. B. LOTT.



1 THE brooks that brim with showers
And sparkle on the way,
Will freshen and will feed the flow'rs ;
Thus working while they play.

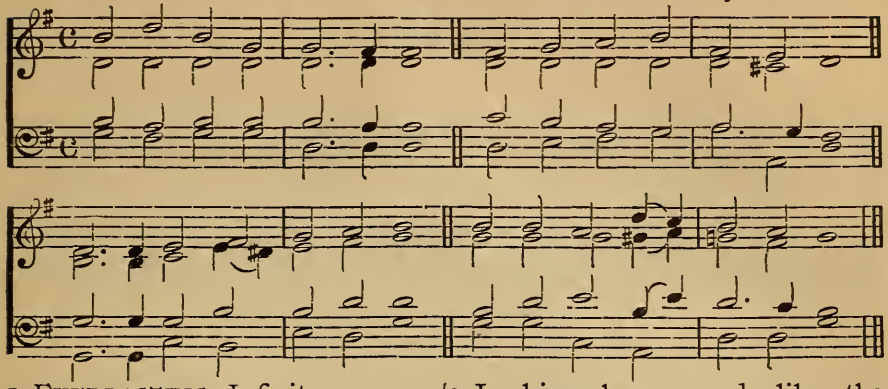
2 Nor will our hearts do less,
If happily we live ;
For cheerfulness is usefulness,—
The life we have we give.

3 Truth is a sacred rain,
Our hearts but scanty rills,
Which higher pow'r and pleasure gain
As truth the current fills.

4 If freely we receive,
We freely will bestow ;
And tokens of our passage leave
Where'er we shine and flow.

111

T. B. POLLOCK. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



1 EVERLASTING, Infinite,
Wisdom, Glory, Love, and Might,
Only source of Life and Light,
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

2 In Thy thought the worlds were planned,
Formed by Thy creative hand,
Nature owns its Lord's command;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

3 All the glory of the sky,
All on earth that charms the eye,
Tells of Thee our God on High;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

4 All that makes the world so fair,
Lovely form, and colour rare,
Tells the heaven and beauty there:
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

5 Fruitful fields and forest bower,
Seed and plant, and leaf and flower,
Tell of Thine unresting power;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

6 Help which all Thy creatures share
Gleaming robes, which lilies wear,
Tell us of our Father's care;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

7 Like the flowers we live and grow,
If life-giving waters flow
Down from heaven on earth below;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

8 Like the flowers our souls are bright,
Pleasant in Thy holy sight,
By the power of heavenly light;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

9 Looking heavenward, like the flower,
For the sunlight, and the shower,
We expect Thy grace and power;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

10 May we like the flowers appear,
Bringing pleasantness and cheer,
Brightening all around us hear;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

11 Light and blessing, Lord, bestow,
May our souls in beauty grow,
May our lives Thy glory show;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

12 Flowers must wither and decay;
Soon is passed their little day;
We like them shall fade away;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

13 Flowers in spring the fields adorn,
We, like them, from earth new-born
Have our Resurrection morn;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

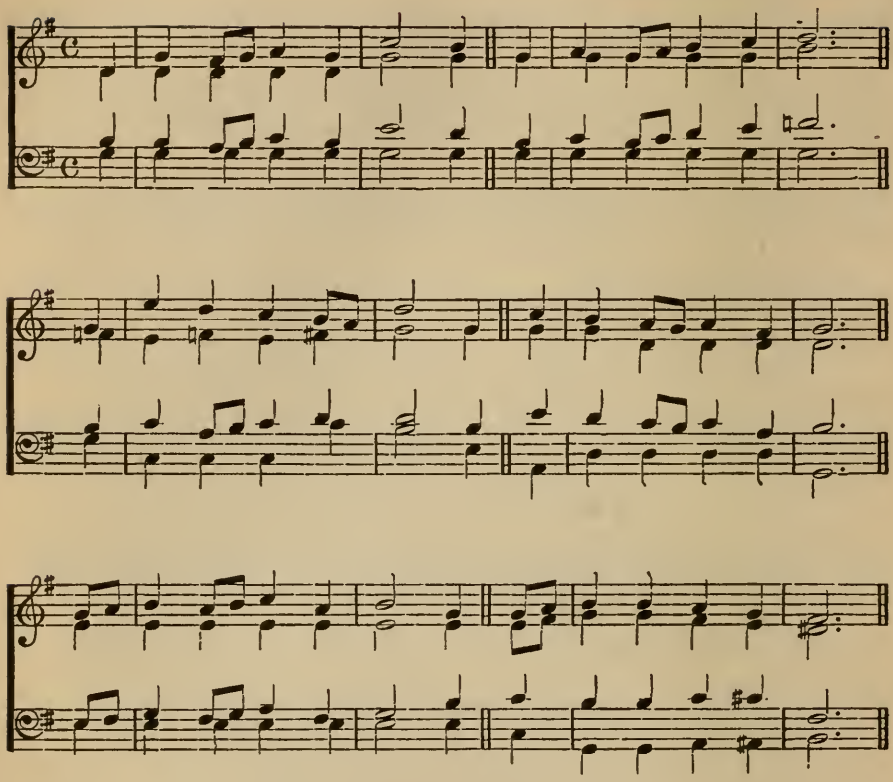
14 When we from our death arise,
Plant us past these changeful skies
To the fields of Paradise;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

15 There no clouds a shadow throw,
There the living waters flow,
There with beauty all things glow;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

16 Blight of sin, or grief, or care,
Shall not mar that Eden fair,
Make us Thine for ever there;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

112

BERTHOLD TOURS.

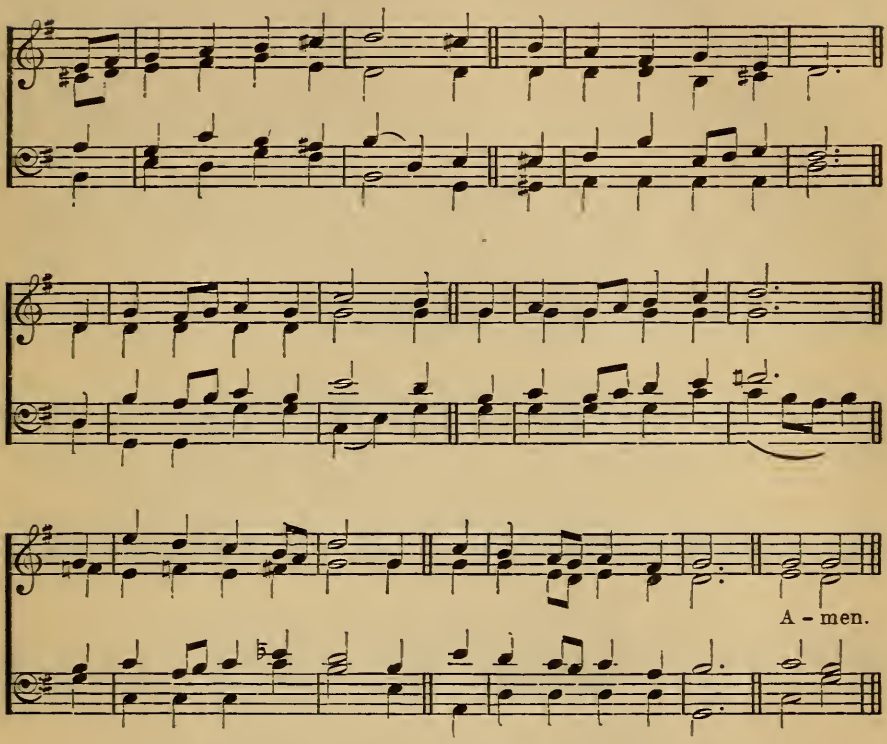


1 COME, children, lift your voices,
And sing with us to-day,
As to the Lord of Harvest,
Our grateful vows we pay.
We thank Thee, Lord, for sending
The gentle showers of rain;
For summer suns which ripened
The fields of golden grain;

CHORUS:

Come, children, lift your voices,
And sing with us to-day,
As to the Lord of Harvest,
Our grateful vows we pay.

112

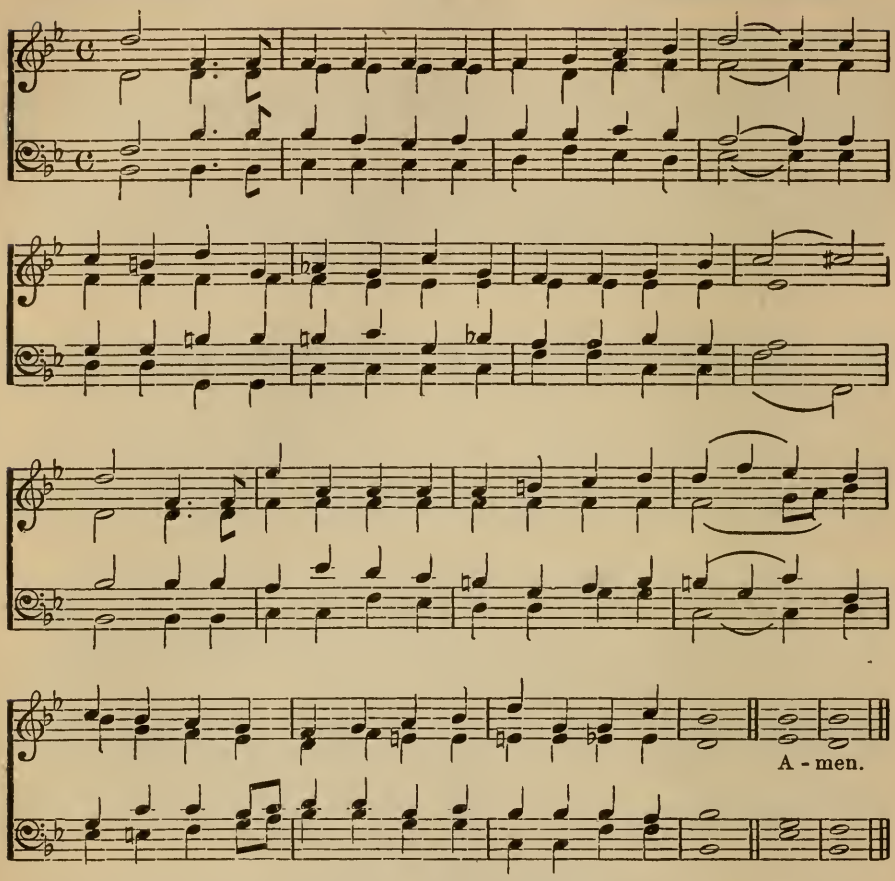


2 Come join our glad procession,
As onward still we move,
Rejoicing in the tokens
Of God our Father's love.
All good is His creation,
All beautiful and fair,
Birds, insects, beasts and fishes,
Our harvest gladness share.

3 May we by holy living
Thy praises echo forth,
And tell Thy boundless mercies
To all the listening earth;
May we grow up as branches,
In Christ, the one True Vine,
Bear fruit to Life Eternal,
And be for ever Thine!

113

J. H. GURNEY. JAMES C. KNOX.



1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

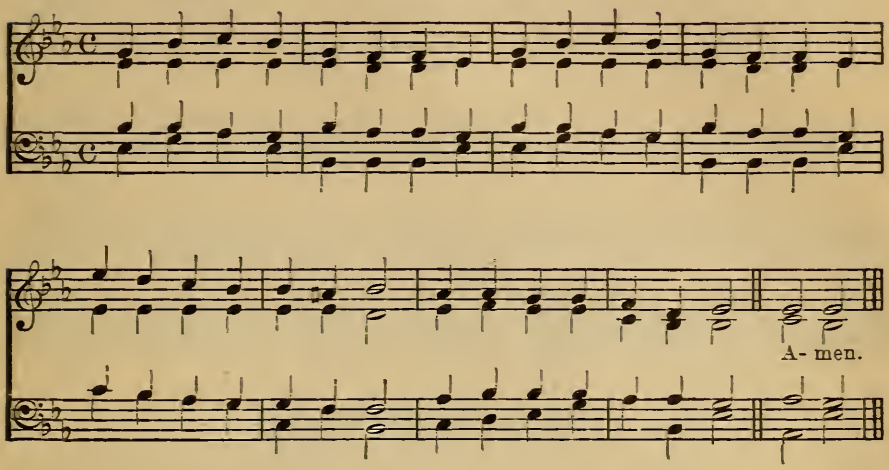
4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

Fifth verse to be sung to last half of tune.

114

M. A. THOMSON. F. E. J. L.



1 GOD, the Mighty God, Who made us,
And is ever near, to aid us,
God, Who lives and reigns above,
God, the Mighty God, is Love.

2 Stars, above us, brightly glowing;
Flowers, round us, sweetly blowing;
Earth beneath and heaven above;
All proclaim that God is Love.

3 Golden sheaves, our food supplying;
Purple grapes, in clusters lying;
Gifts unnumbered from above,
Witness bear that God is Love.

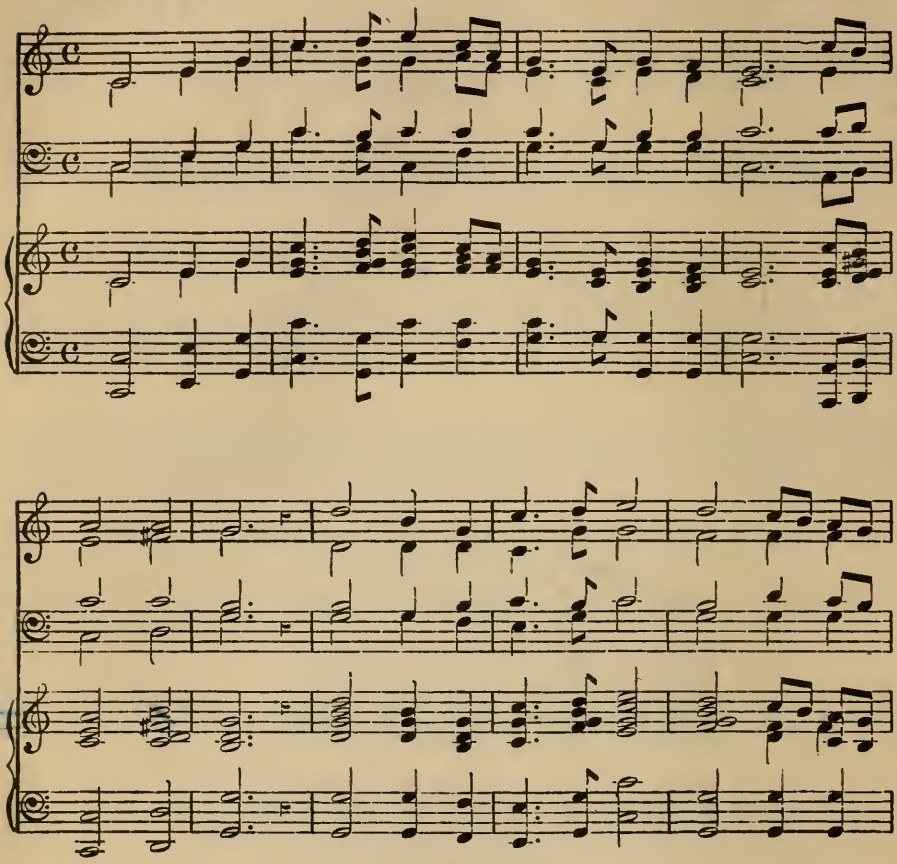
4 Days of joy and scenes of gladness;
Hope that shines through sin and sadness;
Faith that points to realms above;
Tell our hearts that God is Love.

5 Most of all, the wondrous story,
How the Blessed Lord of Glory,
Died that we might live above,
Cries aloud that God is Love.

6 Christ, the Gift all gifts exceeding,
Unto sinners, mercy needing,
Slain and raised and throned above,
Christ is God and God is Love.

115

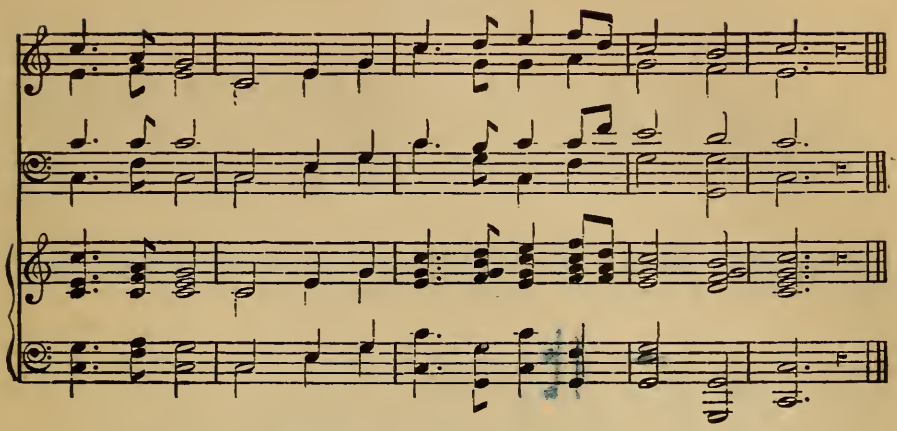
HENRY C. MCCOOK. GEORGE BALCH NEVIN.



1 ALMIGHTY Lord of All,
The nations rise and fall
At Thy command.
Our father's Staff and Stay,
Keep Thou their Children's way!
God guard Columbia,
Our Fatherland!

2 From Thee the sacred fires
Here Kindled by our sires,
Their fervor draw,—
Faith and Fraternity,
Virtue and Industry,
Love of the Truth and Thee,
Freedom and Law!

115



3 We bless Thee for the hand
That led the hero band
Who made us free;
For every valiant Son
Whose life our freedom won,
O God, thrice Holy One,
We honor Thee!

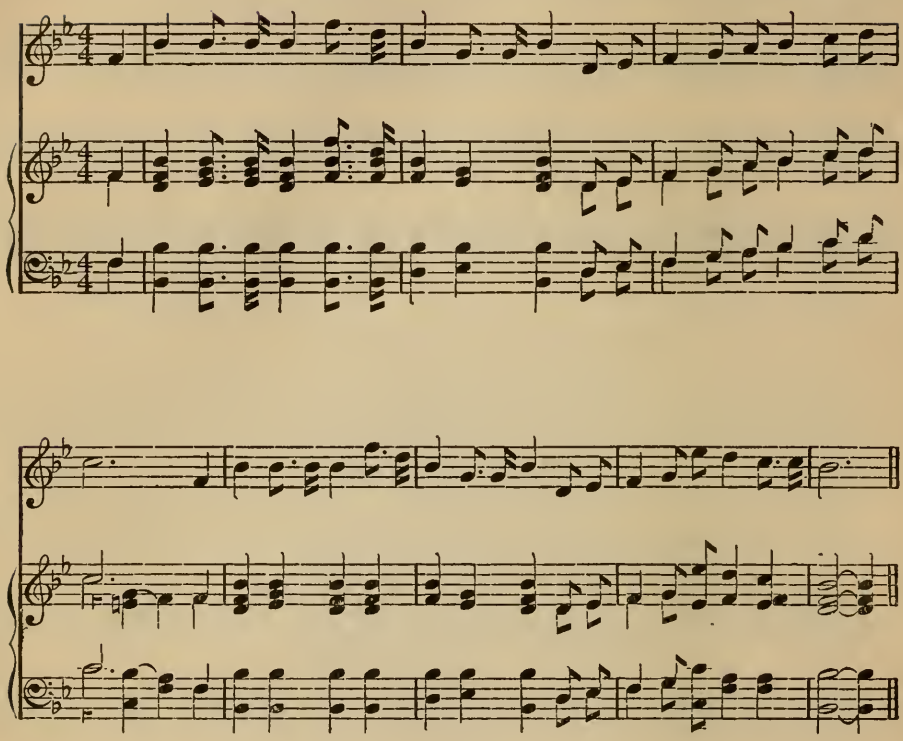
4 What time the clouds of woe
Hung o'er us dark and low,
Thou, Lord, wast near.
Still be our Staff and Stay;
Hear Thou Thy People pray:
God guard Columbia,
Our Country dear!

5 Hold in Thy Mighty Hand
Our troops by sea and land,
In fort and field!
Give them to do and dare;
In days of danger spare,
And guard them by Thy care
O God, our Shield!

6 Lord God of land and wave,
The sovereign People save!
On Thee they wait!
Do Thou perpetuate
Thy glory in the State!
Save our Chief Magistrate!
God save the State!

116

Words and Music by FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.



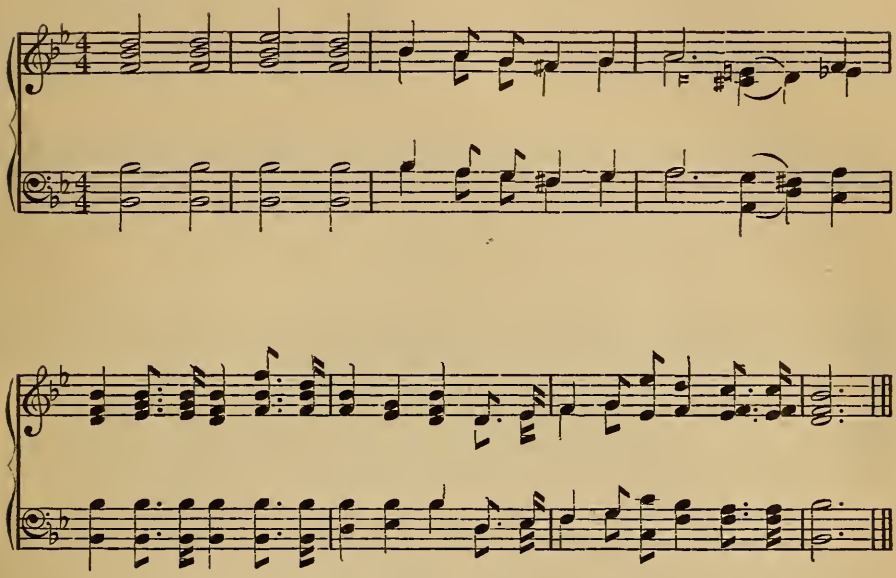
1 COLUMBIA Victorious, thou ever wilt be,
Fair land of the true and the brave;
And never but over the heads of the free,
Will Old Glory, thy pride, fondly wave.

CHORUS:

Home-land, lov'd land, joy of a nation free!
Keep faith with thy God—'Twas our grand-sires' rod—
And Columbia Victorious thou'lt be.

116

CHORUS.



2 Columbia Victorious, on wave and on field,
On deck, on steed, and in trench,
Victorious for ever ! emblazons thy shield,
Which none from thy arm dares to wrench.

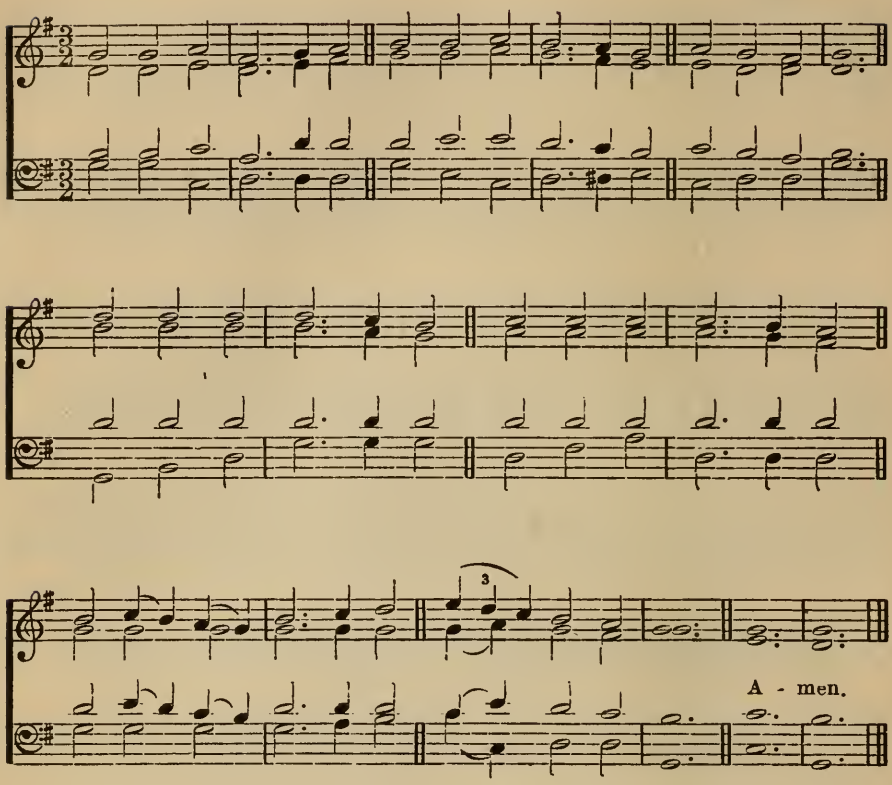
3 Columbia Victorious, o'er bondage and pain,
O'er the hand of oppression and wrong.
O'er cruelty's whip, o'er misery's bane,
And the cause that is unjust though strong.

4 Columbia Victorious ! Let ages unborn
Awake to thy glory and praise ;
And, oppression's dark night pass'd to freedom's glad morn.
Columbia Victorious ! they'll raise.

Dedicated by permission to Mrs. McKinley.

117

S. F. SMITH. CAREY.



1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name, I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

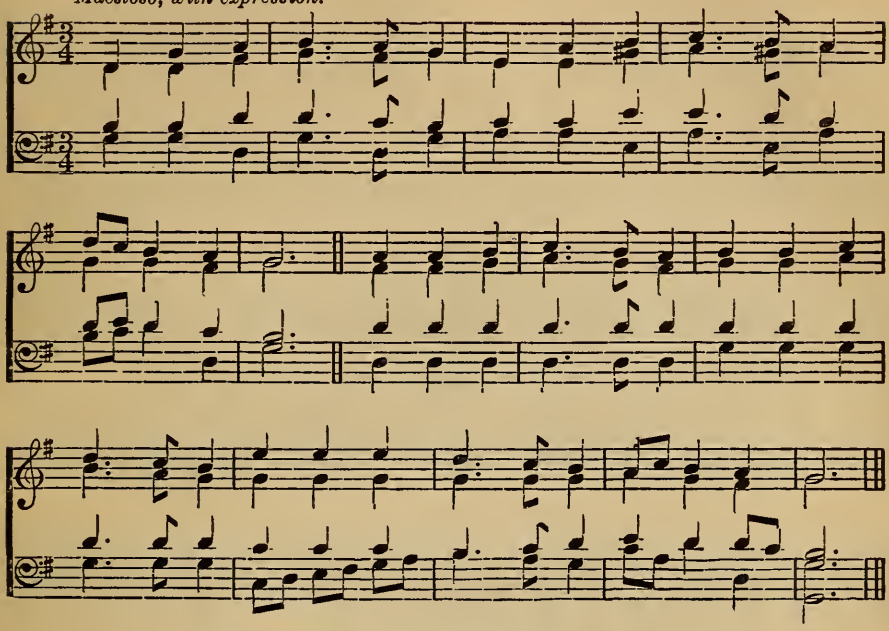
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

118

JOSEPHINE C. GOODALE. J. H. PETERMANN.

Maestoso, with expression.



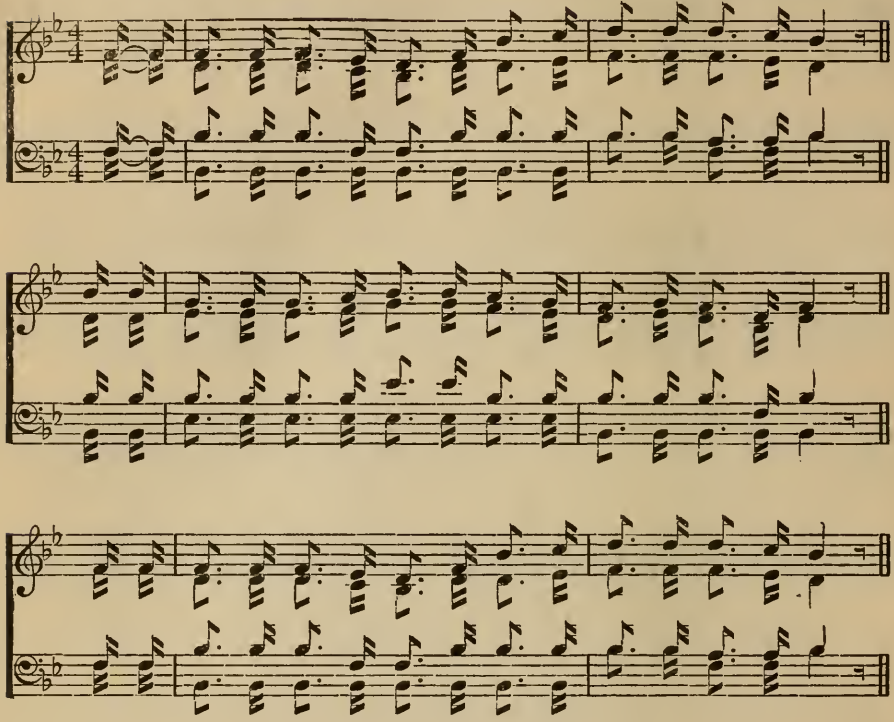
1 GOD save our President !
In peace and sweet content
His rule shall be !
Chief of this glorious land,
Planted by pilgrim hand,
Stretching from strand to strand,
Home of the free !

2 Though on his brow there rest
No crown, nor royal crest,
Proclaim him King.
Dearer by far the voice,
That speaks the people's choice,
While loyal hearts rejoice
His praise to sing.

3 May he who serves our land
Ever for justice stand,
Brave, true and sage !
May children love his name,
Age his good deeds proclaim ;
And to all time his fame
Gild hist'ry's page !

119

JULIA WARD HOWE. Melody: "John Brown's Body."

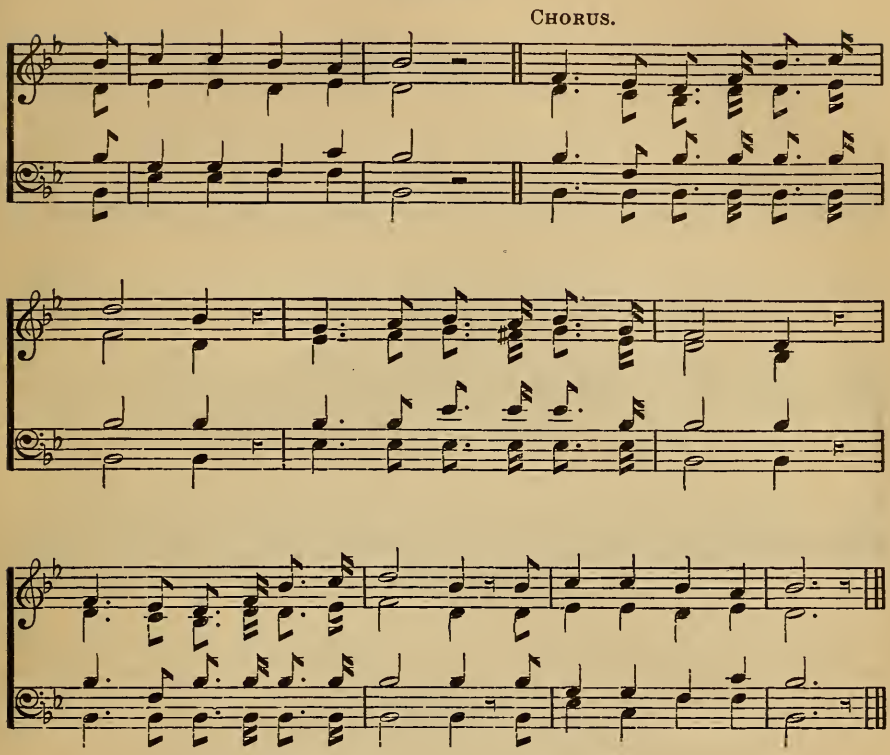


1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, halleiujah!
His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

119

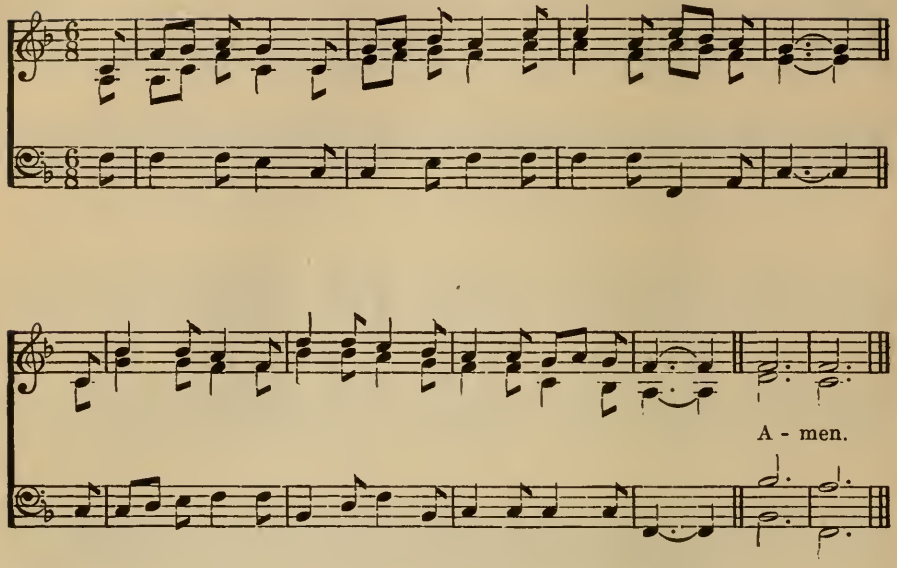


3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal:"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on

120



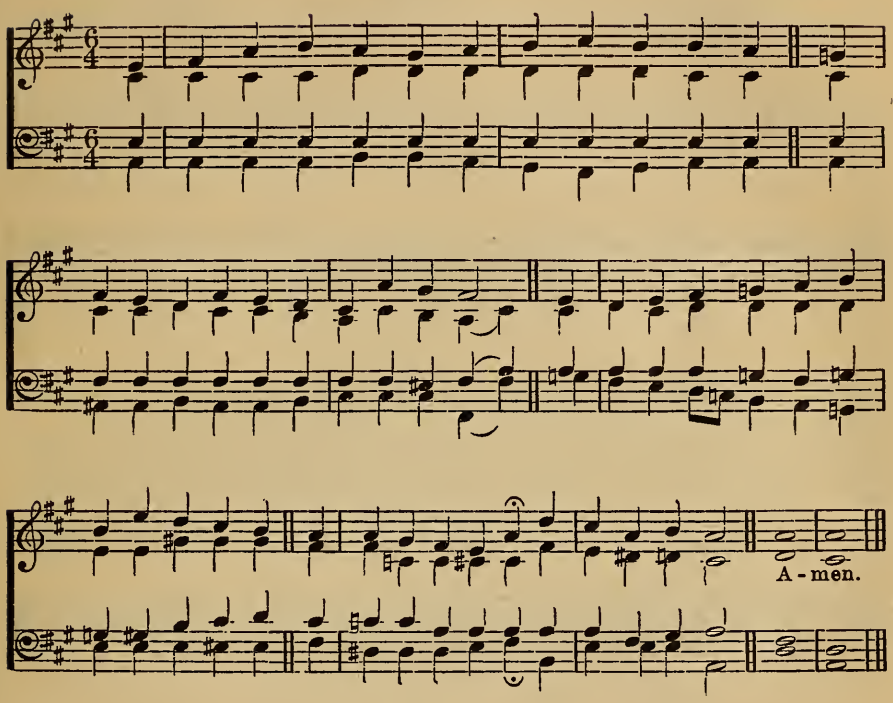
1 The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh, make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

121

T. T. LYNCH. H. E. COOKE.



1 How calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending
May we and our households continue to share!

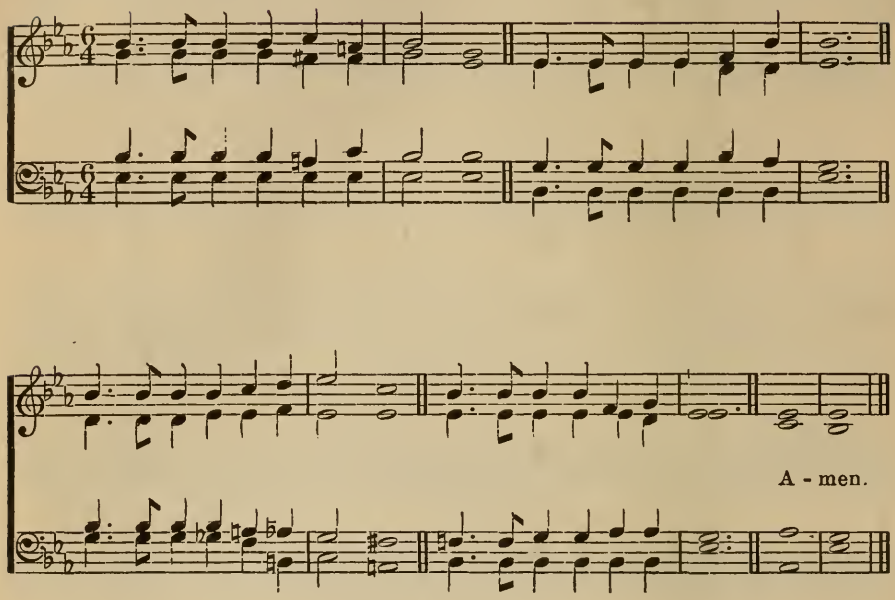
2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open;
O, enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of his love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3 We come to be soothed with his merciful healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possest.

122

MARY DUNCAN. H. E. COOKE.



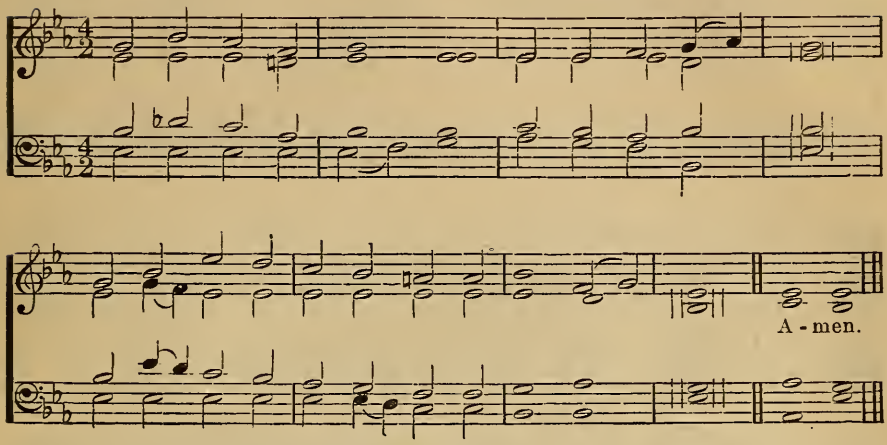
1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

123

S. Baring-Gould. Frederic E. J. Lloyd.



1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

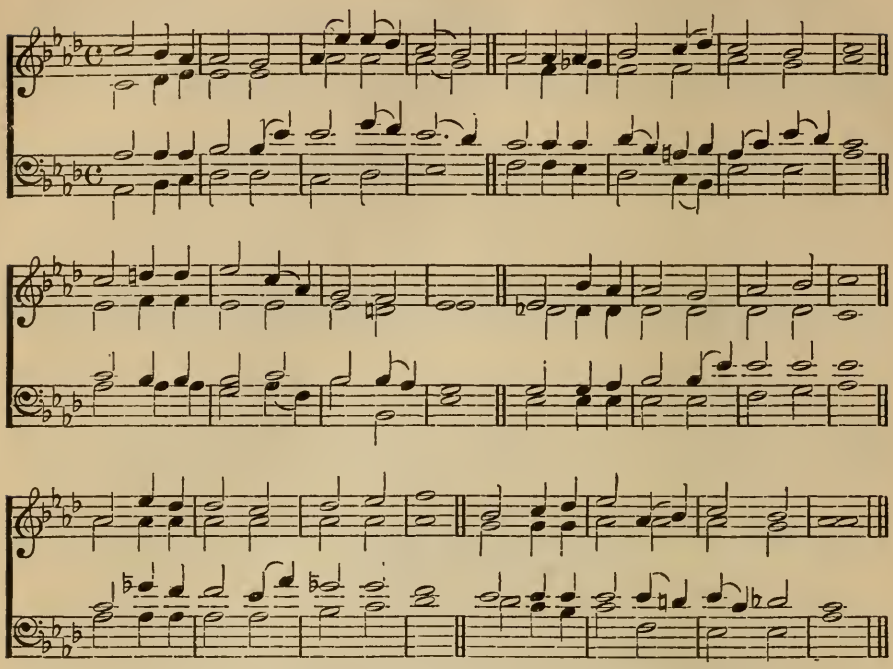
4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

124

T. T. LYNCH. STANLEY R. AVERY.



1 GIVER of sleep, unsleeping Lord,
Now am I to my chamber come;
Where flesh and heart each seek their home;
Thy nightly gift again I crave,
My wearied frame repose would have;
My heart the promise of Thy word.

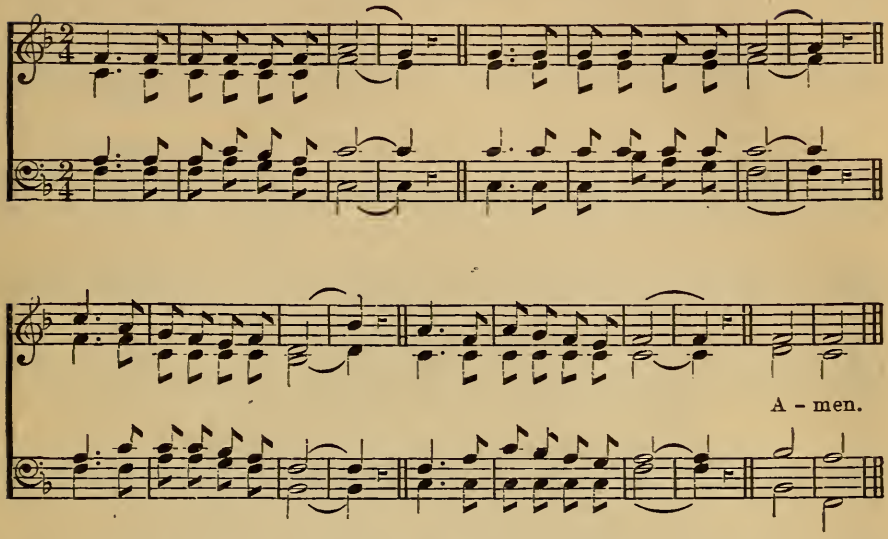
2 Here now I am: the house is fast;
I am shut in from all but Thee;
Great witness of my privacy,
Dare I unshamed my soul undress,
And, like a child, ask Thy caress,
Thou Ruler of a realm so vast?

3 Ask it I will; I cannot rest
Unless Thou grant some tender sign,
Assuring me that I am Thine:
The mightiest king that father is
Loves well his little ones to kiss;
And art not Thou of fathers best?

4 Of fathers best, of kings supreme,
Child of the kingdom reckon me,
With Jesus one, thus born of Thee,
Secured and nourished by his grace,
And righteous in his righteousness—
Say, "Ever thou art mine in Him."

5 The light is out: my rest I'll take;
Down with unfearing heart I lie,
And wait sleep's healing mystery,—
Still as the grave, but kind as heaven:
Such sleep, O Lord, to me be given,
That I may holier, stronger wake.

125



1 Now the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

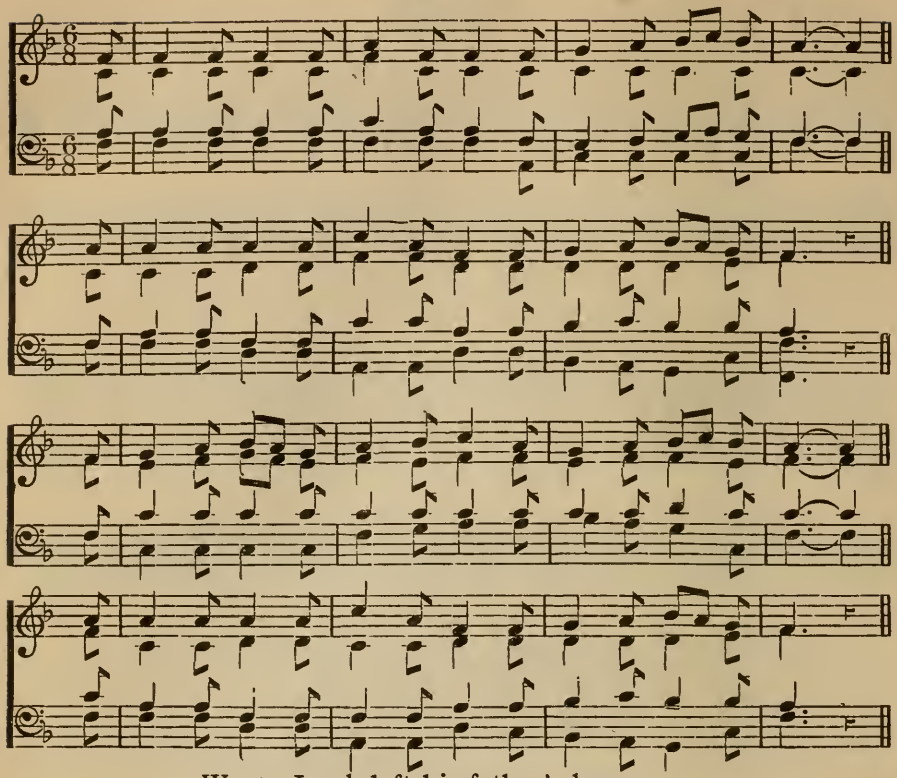
3 Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy Home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee,
O how good Thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before.

126

H. F. SHEPPARD.

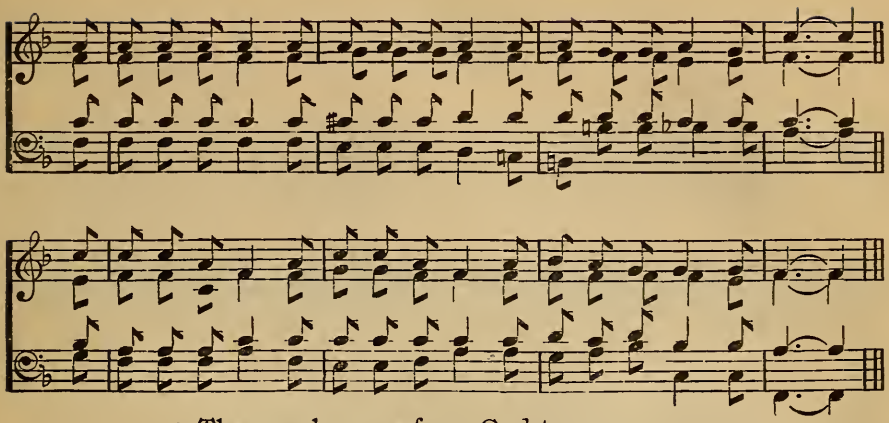


1 WHEN Jacob left his father's house,
An exile and alone,
He laid him helpless, hopeless, down,
His head upon a stone.
When lo! the heavens flashed with light,
He saw a ladder stand
Between the earth, in darkness steeped,
And happy Fatherland.

CHORUS: O Ladder of Gold, O Ladder of Gold,
That leadeth away from night—
O Ladder of Gold, O Ladder of Gold,
That leadeth from dark to light.

2 The ladder planted on the earth,
Attained the firmament,
The throne of God,—and on the stair
The angels came and went.
O golden splendor up aloft!
O shadow drear below!
O land of light and love above!
Beneath, O bed of woe!

126



3 The angels came from God to man,
  They came with drops of balm,
With overflowing laps of flowers,
  From fields of summer calm.
And up the stair they went with tears,
  And sob, and prayer and moan
Of men in pain and banishment,
  To cast before the throne.

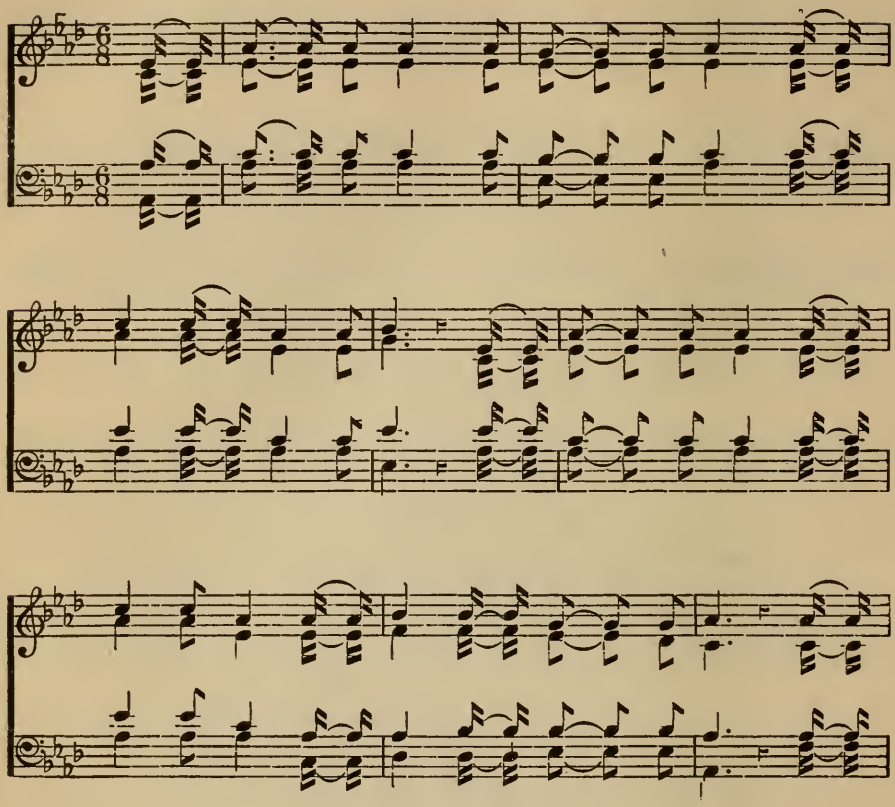
4 The angels went with broken lives,
  With ashes, whence the fire
Had faded, with the faults and falls
  Of men, with sick desire.
They came again with faces lit
  With laughter, and with smile,
And urns that streamed with saving grace,
  To soothe and reconcile.

5 When Jacob woke, he said, Alas!
  The vision is no more;
He went his way relieved, but yet
  His heart continued sore.
But now the ladder barr'd with gold
  No more is drawn on high,
It standeth ever, day and night,
  Uniting earth and sky.

6 And up the ladder every day
  Our prayers and praises go,
And down the ladder every day
  Unnumbered favours flow.
And up the ladder let us look
  To God, our all in all;
Then, down the ladder He will send
  Our final homeward call.

127

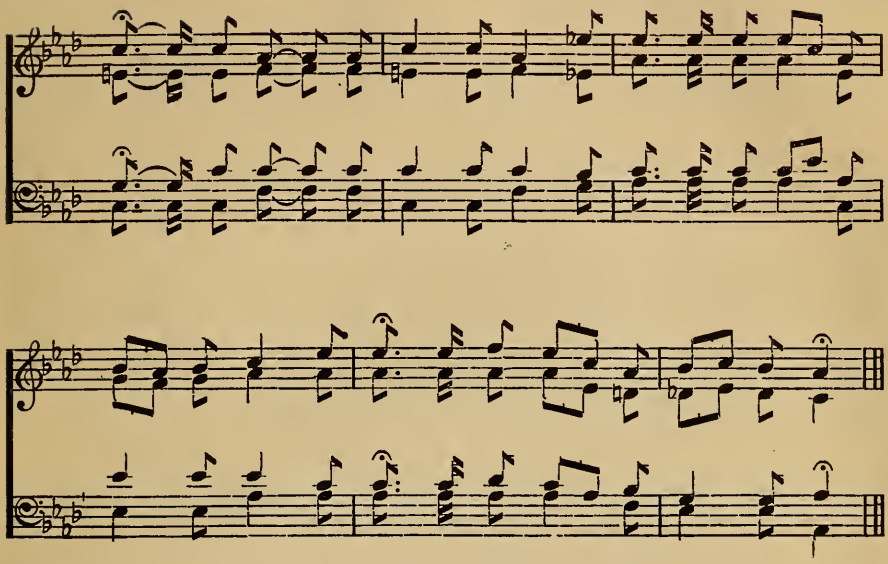
E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.



1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep;
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

127



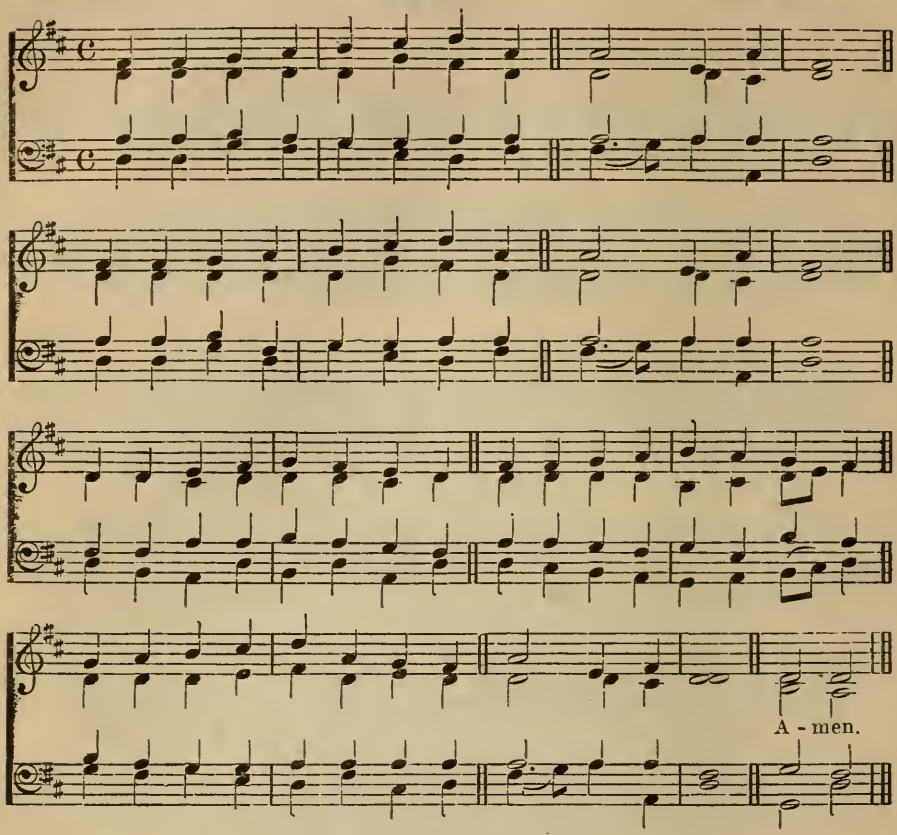
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro'
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back,"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

128

R. Heber and R. Whateley. W. H. Monk.

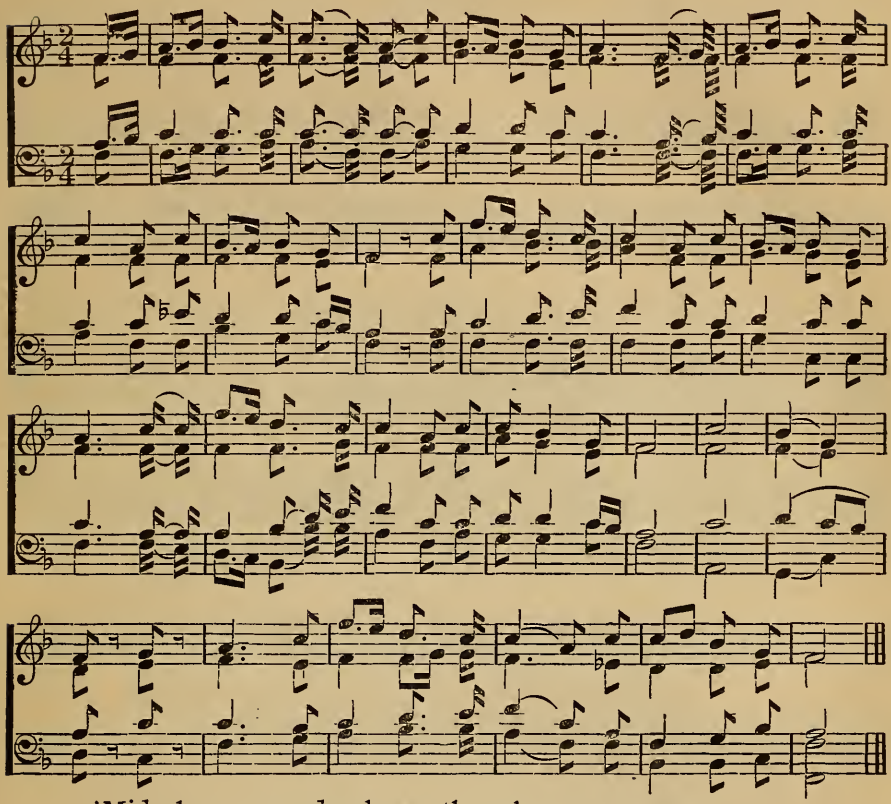


1 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

129

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. HENRY R. BISHOP.



1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

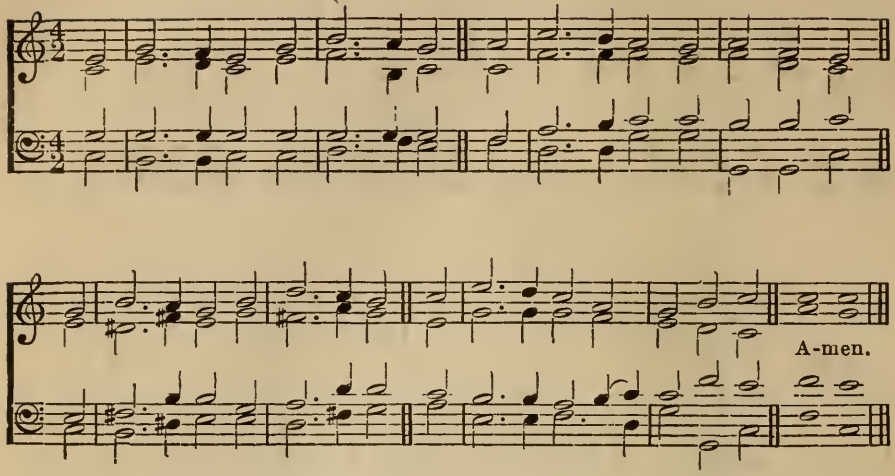
CHORUS: Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them with that peace of mind dearer than all.

3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

4 To thee I'll return, overburden'd with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

130



1 AROUND the Throne of God a band
Of glorious Angels ever stand ;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

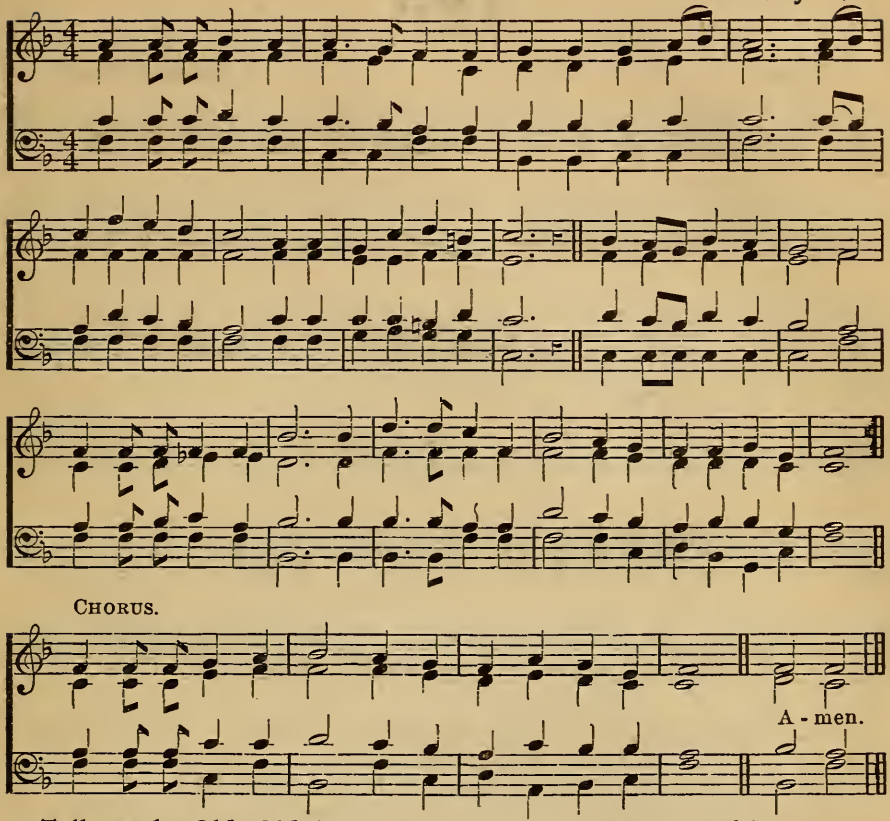
2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His Will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord, give Thy Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

131

F. E. J. L.



1 Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.: Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

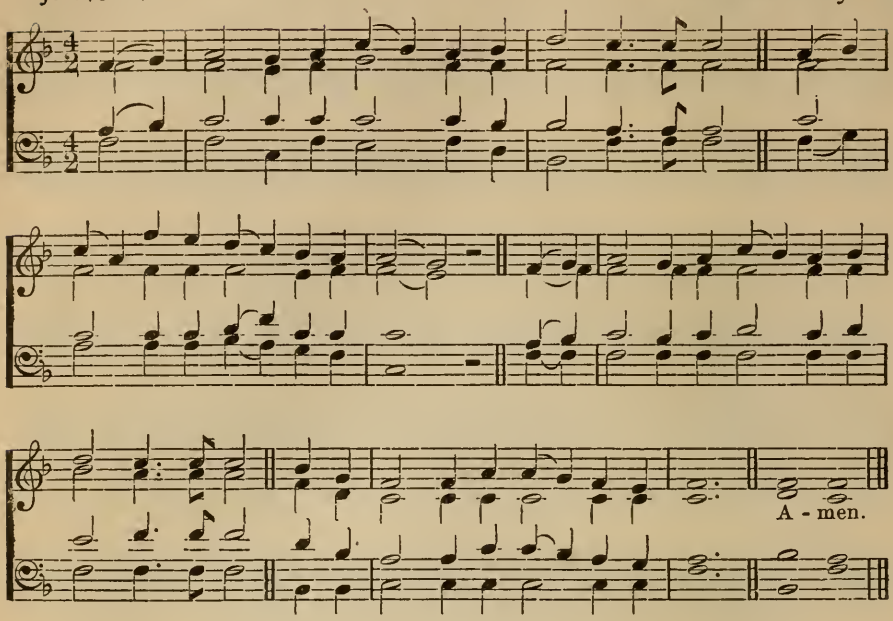
2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save,
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

132

J. LUKE. Greek Melody.



1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

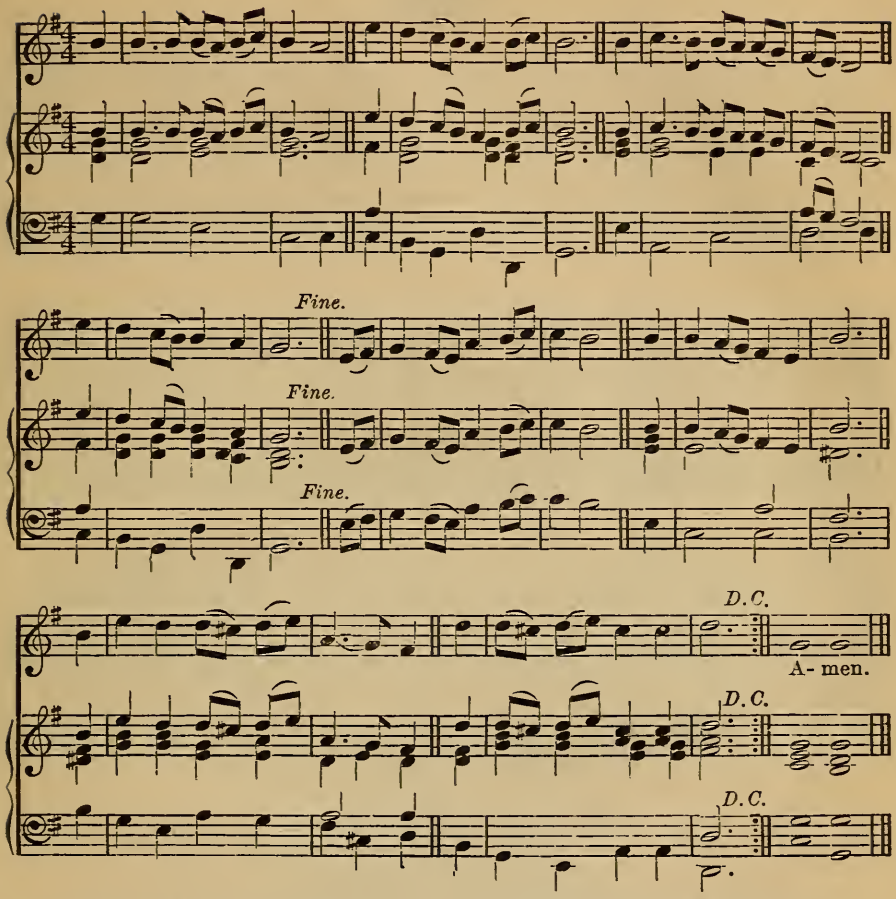
2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus had bid them to come.

133



1 I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to see me,
Because He loved me so.

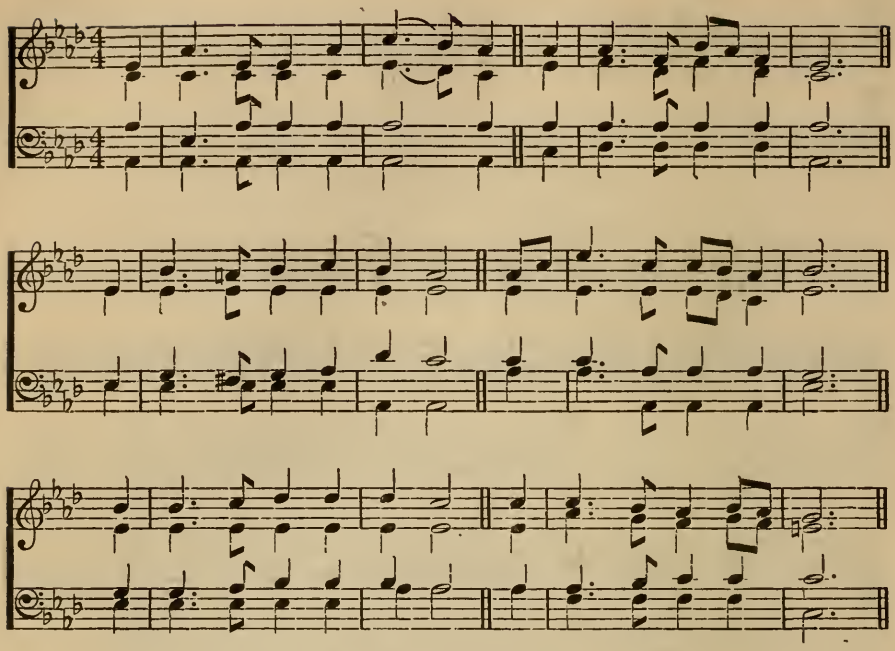
CHORUS :
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my Blessèd Saviour
Was once a Child like me,
To shew how pure and holy
His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise ;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.

134

WM. G. FISCHER.

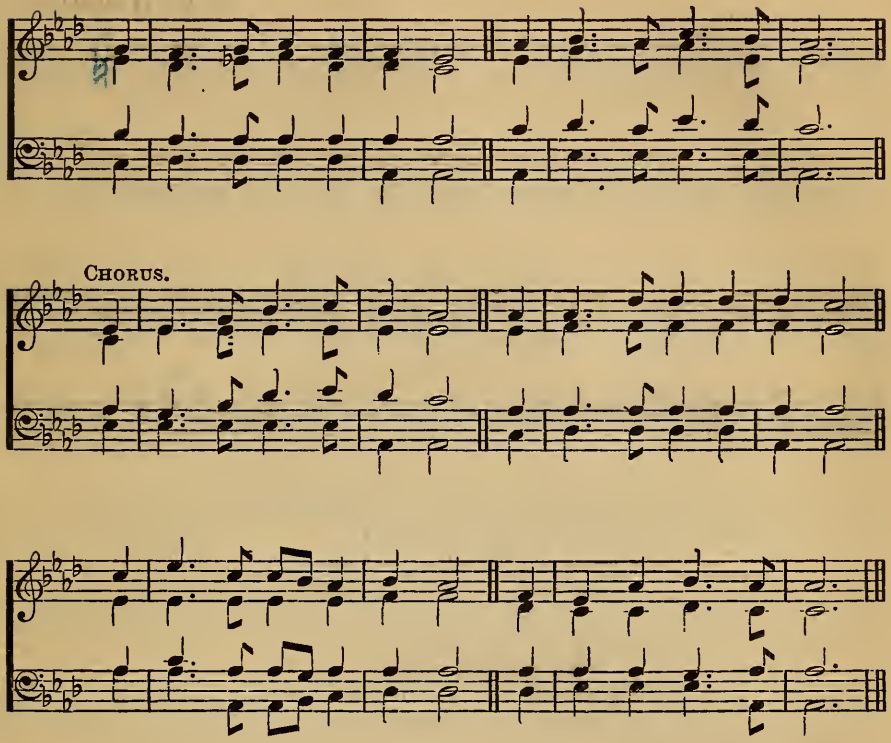


1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love !
I love to tell the story !
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS :—I love to tell the Story !
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story !
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story !
It did so much for me !
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

134

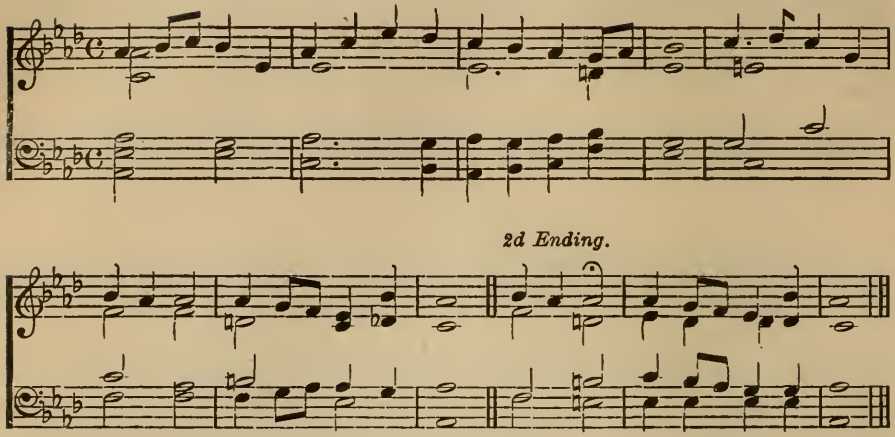


3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be: the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

135

J. D. HERRON.



1 GLORY to the blessèd Jesus!
Who for us was born,
In the stable, cold and poor,
On glad Christmas morn.

2 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us He died.

3 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter day.

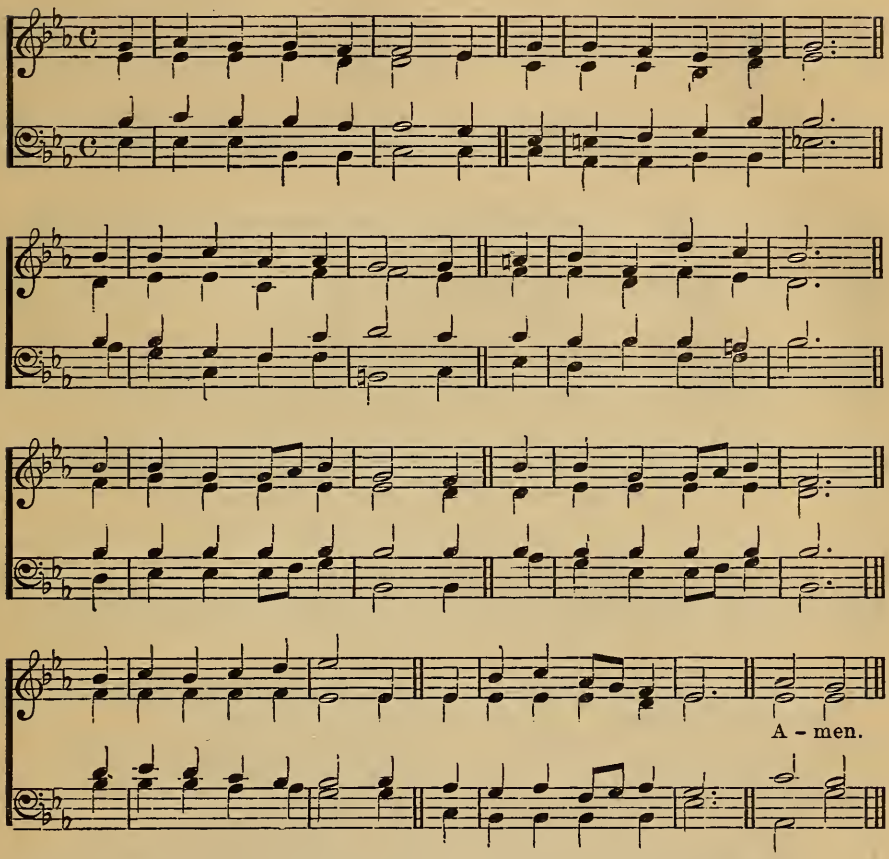
4 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
He, Who is our Way.
Went up in a cloud to heaven,
On Ascension day.

5 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who, at Whitsuntide,
Sent His Holy Spirit down,
With us to abide.

6 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
We will praise His love.
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

136

S. W. PARTRIDGE. ARTHUR L. BROWN.



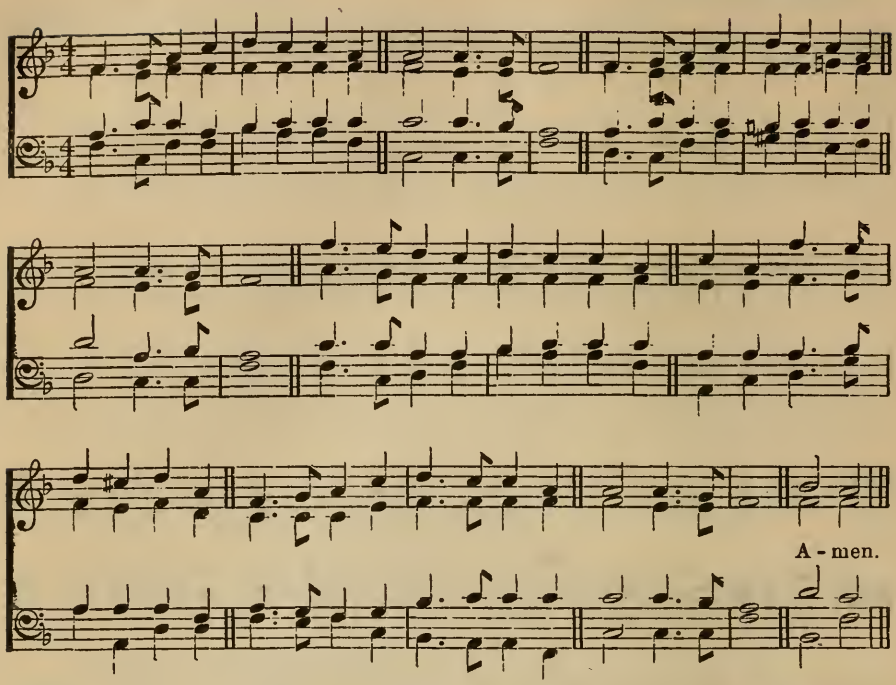
1 How dearly God must love us
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue sky above us,
And deck the earth with flowers!
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed.
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt, and sin, and shame.
Oh may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers;
For, oh! how He must love us,
And this poor world of ours!

137

BEATY.



1 ONE there is above all others
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
O how He loves!

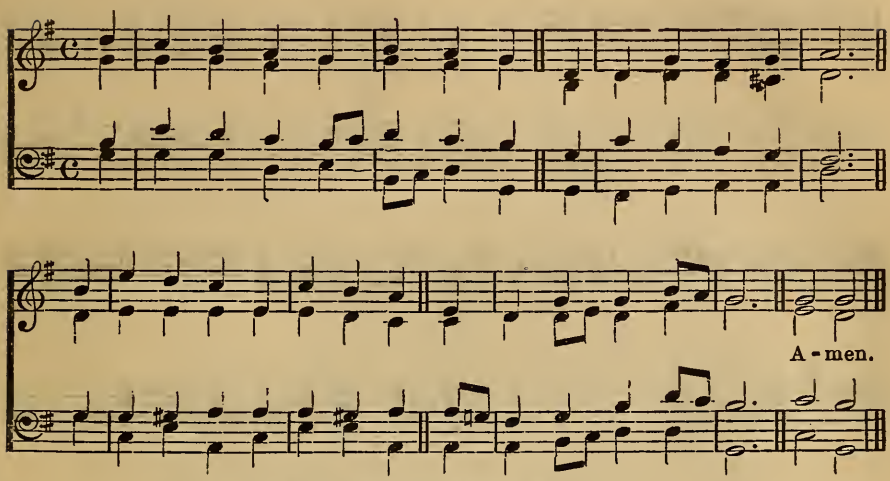
2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe him,
O how He loves!
With his precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
O how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
O how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him:
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
O how He loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven,
O how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
O how He loves!

138

F. W. Faber. J. Booth.



1 Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child :

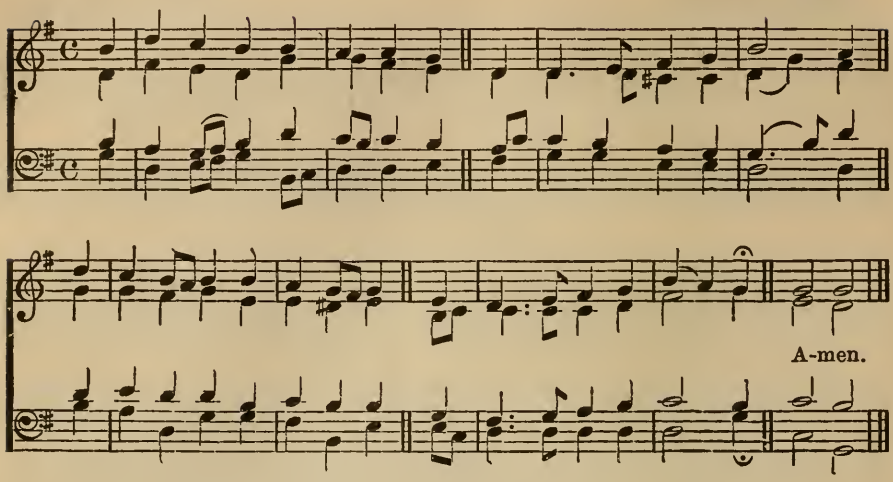
3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me ;
But when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too :
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

139

H. W. Baker. J. B. Dykes.



1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

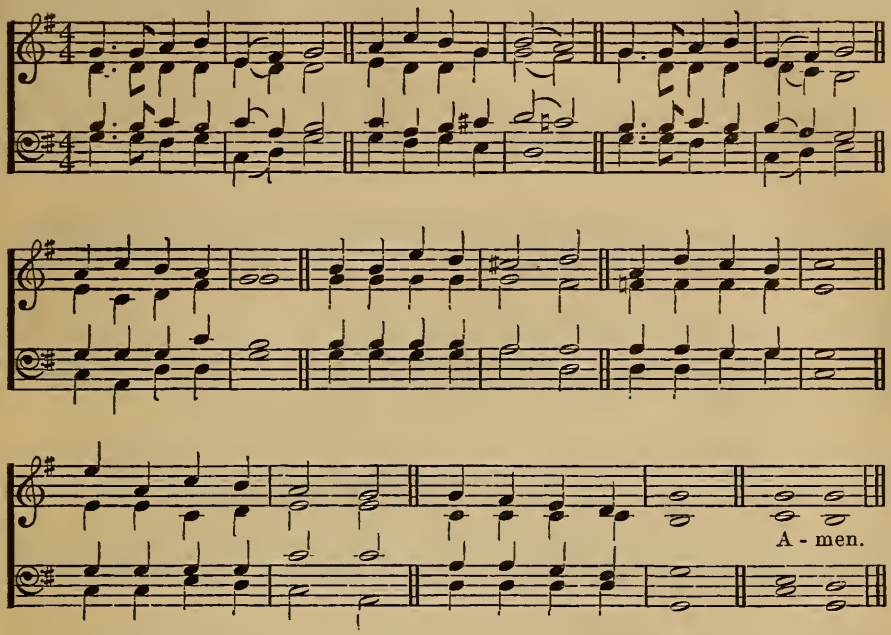
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me:
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

140



1 CHRIST, Who once amongst us
As a Child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And He loves us well;
If we keep our promise
Made Him at the Font,
He will be our Shepherd,
And we shall not want.

2 There it was they laid us
In those tender Arms,
Where the lambs are carried
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise,
He will let us rest
In His Arms for ever,
Leaning on His Breast.

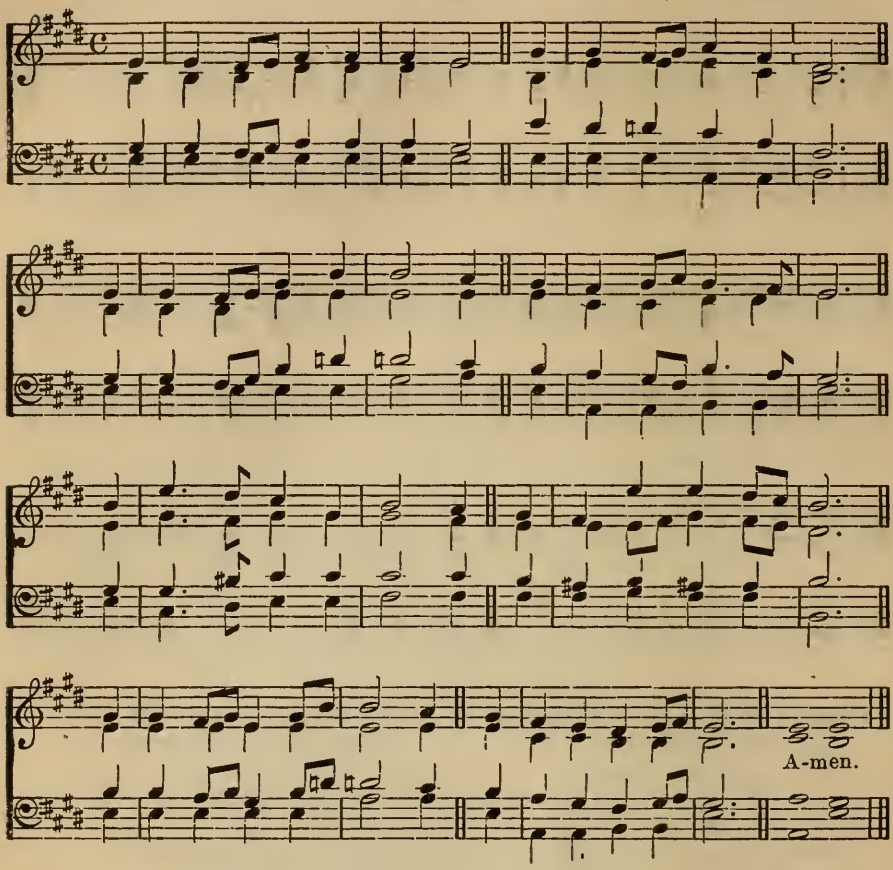
3 Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;
Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken
To behold His Face.

4 He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

5 Jesus our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life.
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife,
Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere.

141

W. W. How. J. H. Knecht.



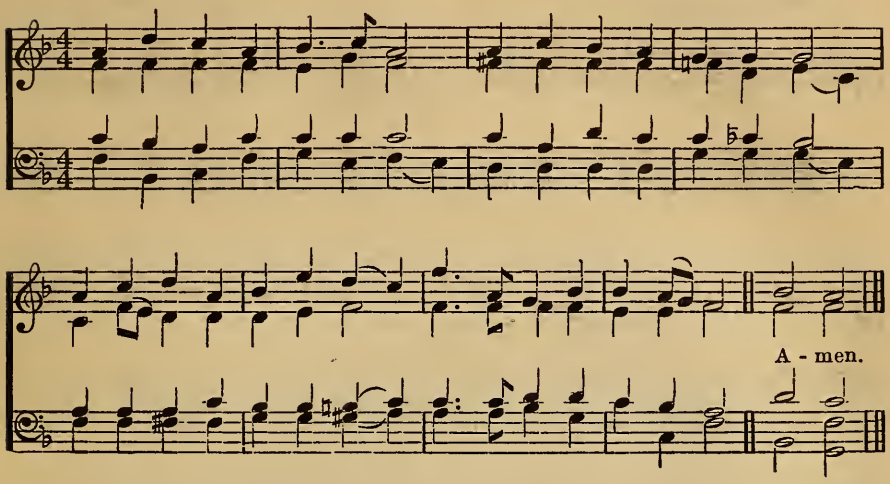
1 O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

142

J. E. LEESON. ROBERT W. FORCIER.



1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands ontstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

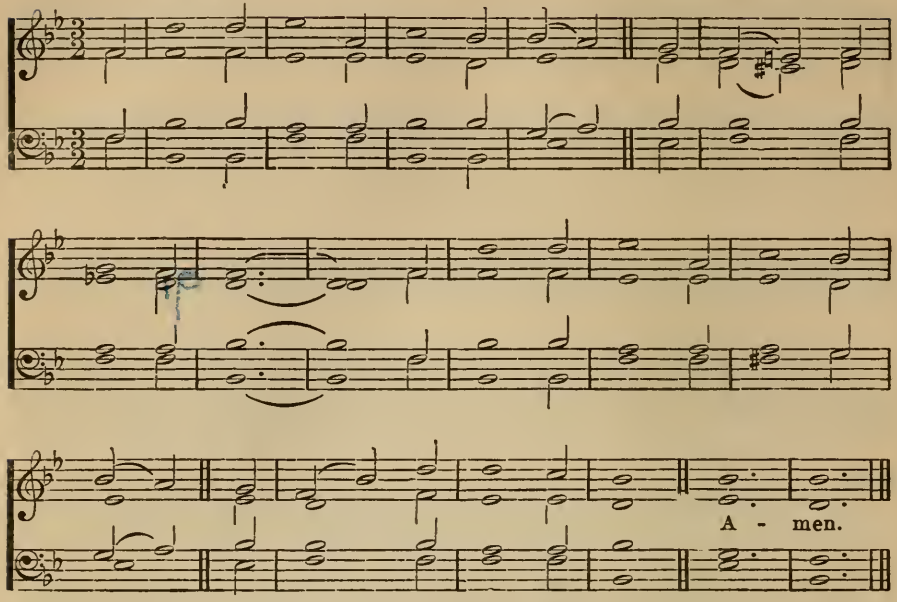
3 We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

143

Tr. E. CASWALL. "Oratory Hymns."



1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

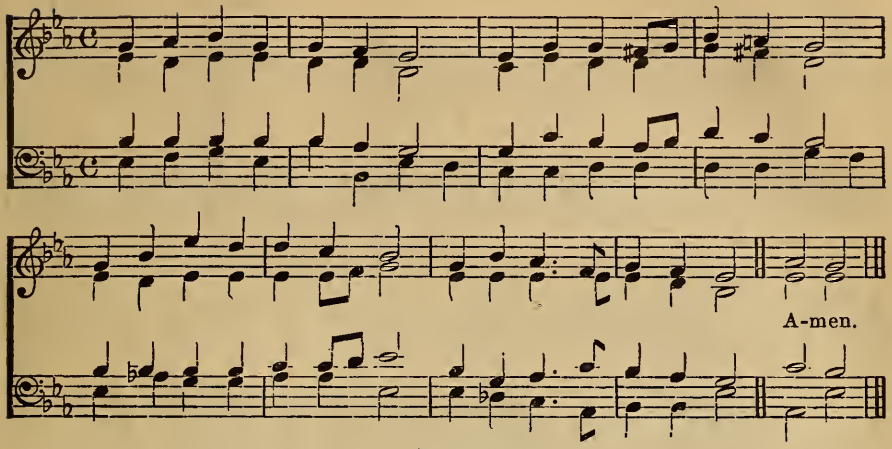
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

144

EDWIN ARTHUR KRAFT.



1 JESUS Christ is passing by;
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, "Be merciful to me."

2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
Will He always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day;
Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

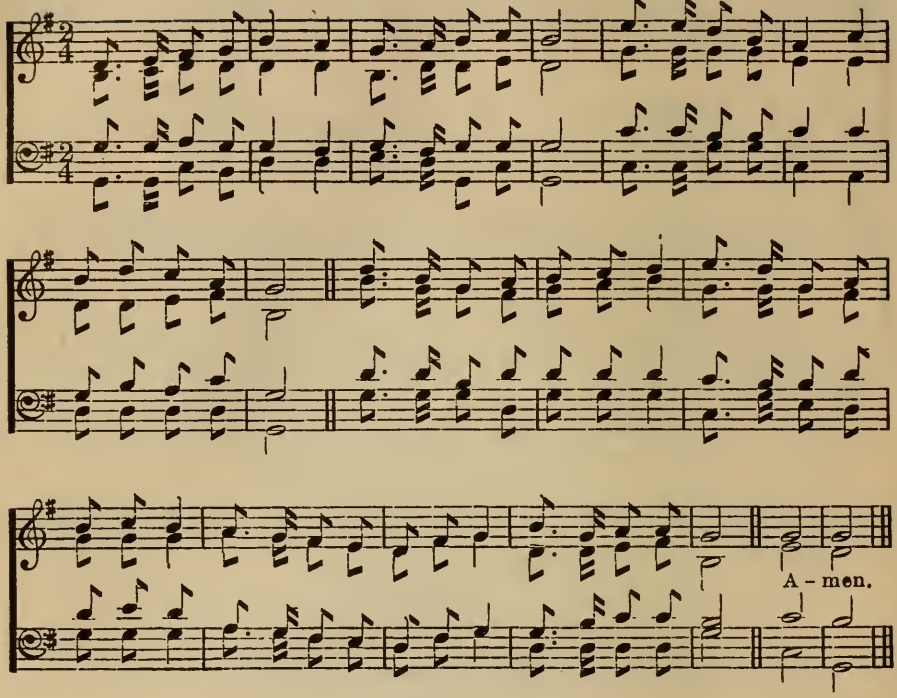
5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise.

145

LEO. B. POMEROY.



1 I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here:
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

CHORUS:
Jesus loves our pilgrim band,
He will lead us by the hand,
Lead us to the better land,
Happy home on high.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

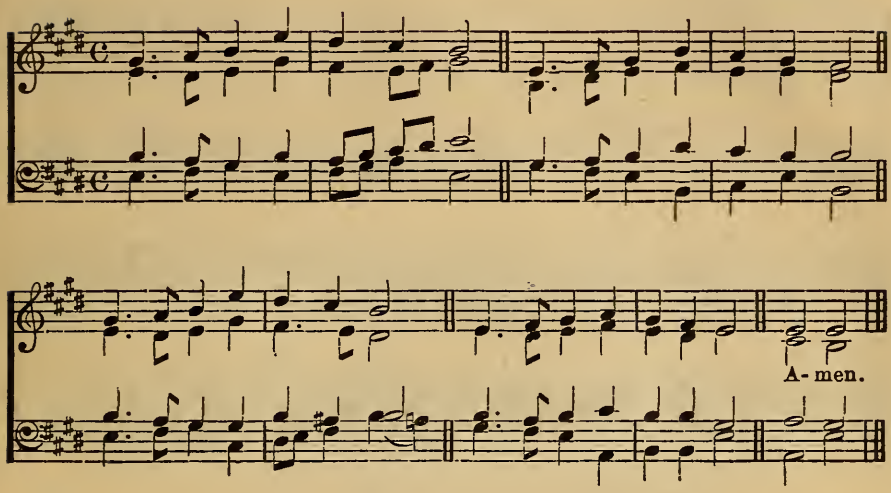
3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
Ere he'd wear the white robe,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus hear and save me;
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
In the heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here,
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

146

M. THIBAUT.



1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

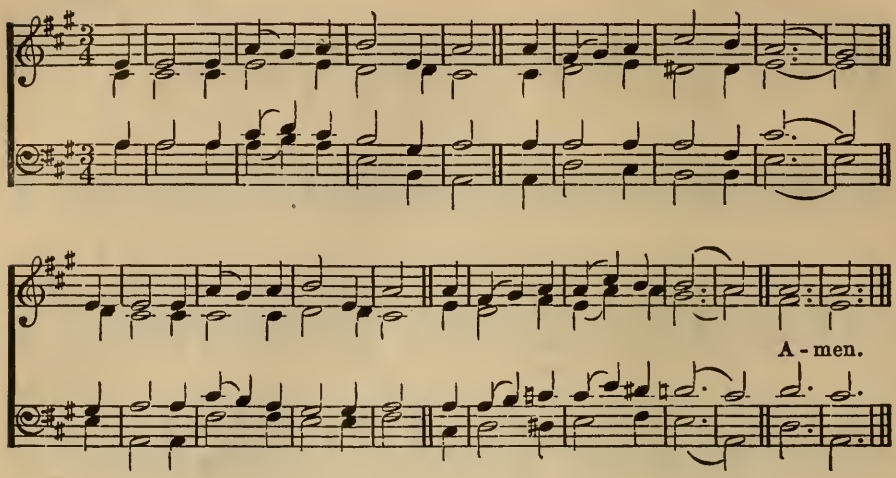
2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we will still follow thee.

147

R. HEBER. H. F. HEMY.



1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

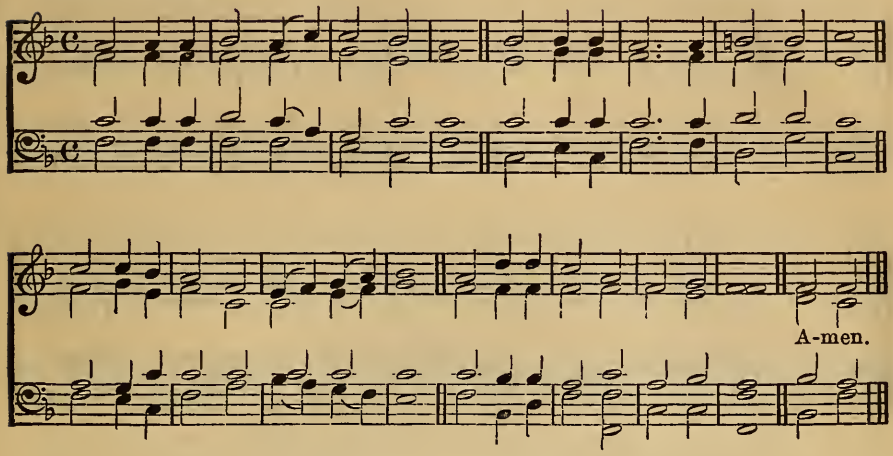
4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

148

JOHN POWER. H. K. OLIVER.



1 THEE will we follow, O our King,
With glad unswerving loyalty,
Mid songs of peace, where war-shouts ring,—
Where'er Thou lead'st we follow Thee.

2 Thee will we follow, Saviour dear,
Through numbing cold or parching heat,
In gloom of night or daylight clear,
We follow Thee with willing feet.

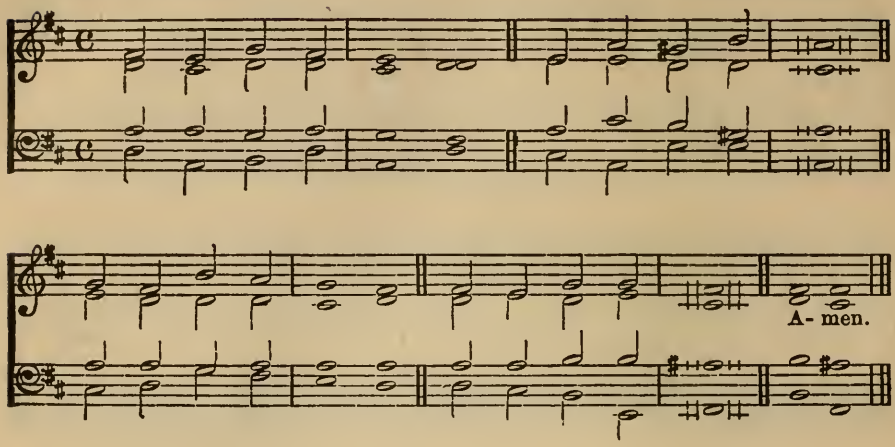
3 Thee will we follow, Spotless Saint,
Though faint our heart, our passions wild;
Till we are cleansed from every taint,
We follow Thee, the Undefiled.

4 Thee will we follow, Faithful Friend,
Let men speak of us good or ill;
We follow Thee unto the end
With perfect trust and steadfast will.

5 Thus following Thee, may we, at last,
Enter where Thou hast gone before;
Where sin and stress are overpast
Dwell with our Lord for evermore.

149

G. R. PRYNNE. W. H. MONK.



1 JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains,

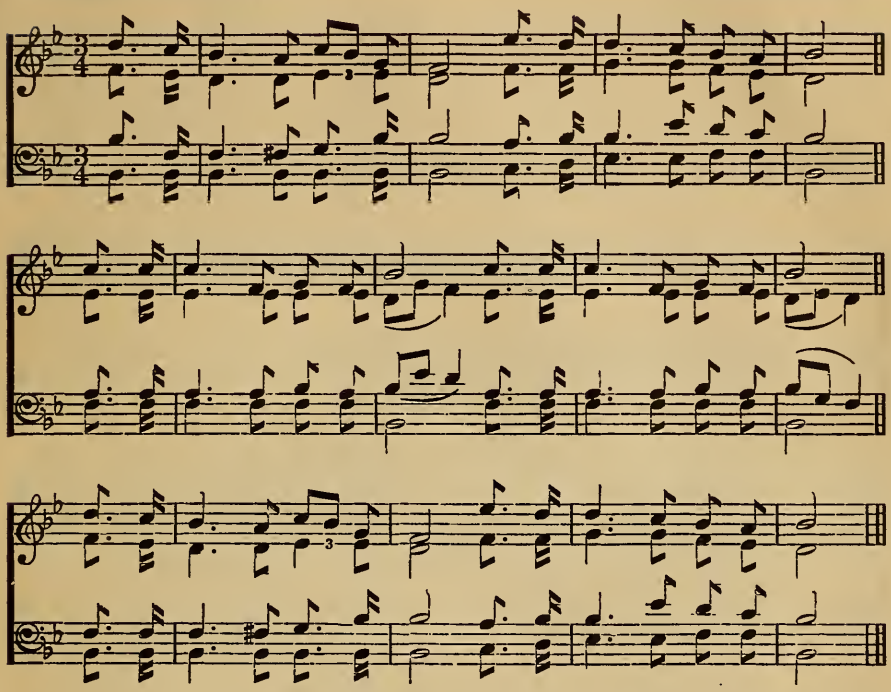
3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

150

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



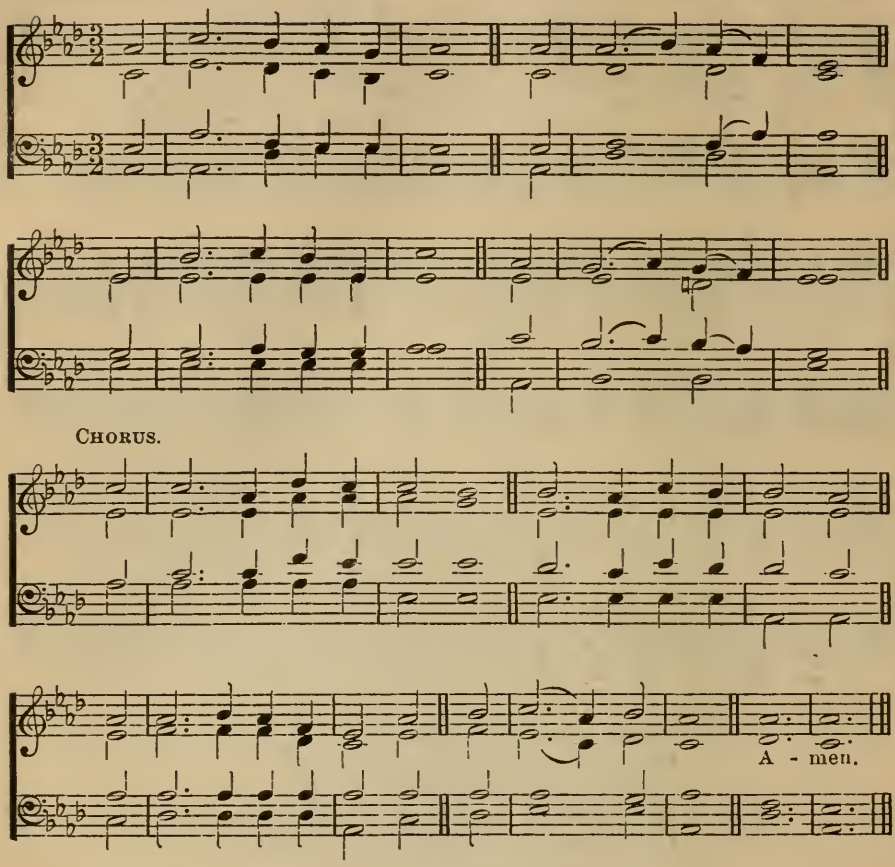
1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will,
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore;
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

151

A. S. HAWKS. R. LOWRY.



1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

CHORUS:
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

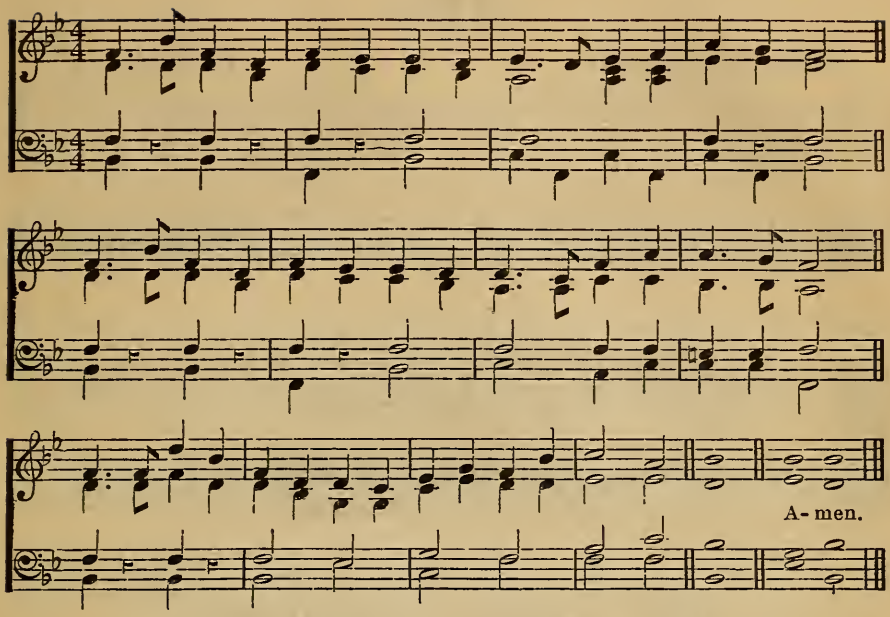
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!

Used by per. R. LOWRY. Copyright 1903.

152

J. D. HERRON.



1 WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched—a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them,
Journeyed to the promised land,
Little children
Trod the desert's trackless sand,

2 Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore,
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more,
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

3 Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be;
From the chains of sin and Satan,
Thou hast died to set us free.
We would traverse
All the wilderness to Thee.

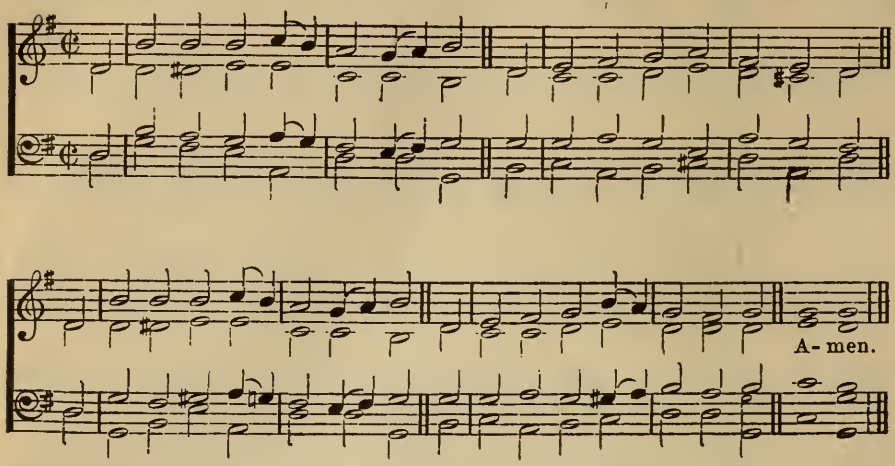
4 Guide our feeble, erring footsteps,
Shade us from the heat of day;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall
Till the darkness pass away.
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers of the way!

5 When we reach the cold dark river,
Bid us tremble not nor fear:
Be thou with us in the waters,
We are safe if Thou art near.
Through the billows
Let Thy guiding light appear.

6 Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree;
Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee.

153

WILLIAM C. BRYANT. R. SCHUMANN.



1 WHEN he, who, from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long.
And bowed him on the hills to die;

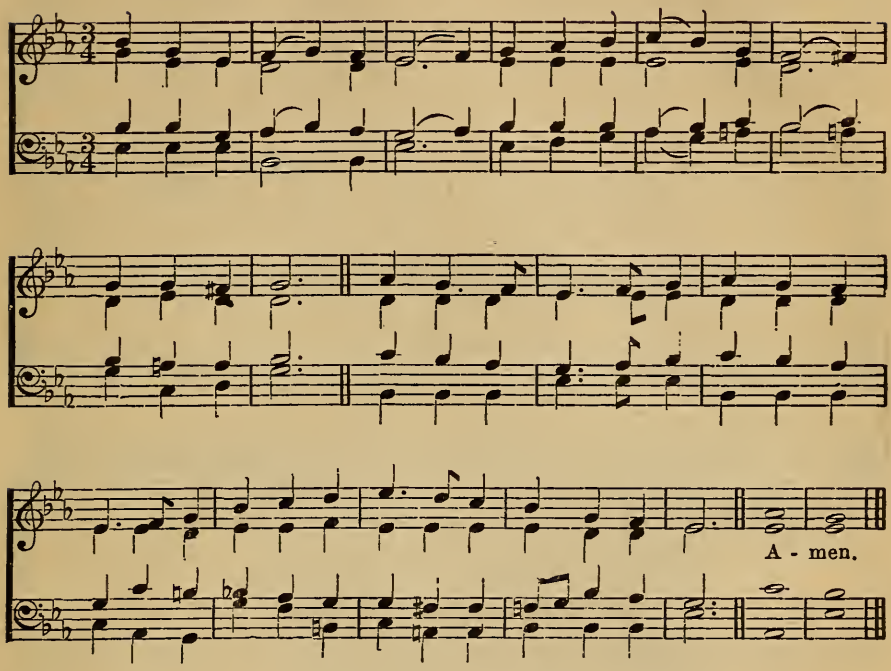
2 God made his grave, to men unkown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again.

4 Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

154

T. T. LYNCH, H. E. COOKE.



1 GOD of the shining sun,
Each little life begun
On our dark earth
Appears because thy will,
Which doth all heaven fill
With pleasures free from ill,
Allows the birth.

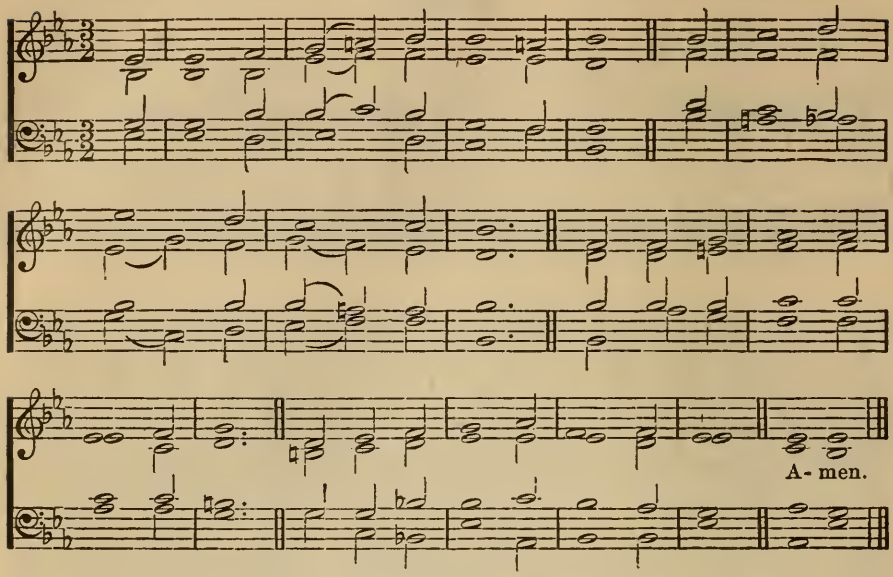
2 Not with unjoyful care
Nor with unpraiseful prayer
We live below;
Assailed by pain and sin,
We yet are born to win
The holy heaven wherein
No evils grow.

3 God of the peaceful height,
Thy word of promise bright
Spans the rough sea;
A rainbow fair to view,
As broad as bright of hue,
And all souls may come through,
Travelling to Thee.

4 O Spirit, Father, Son,
Thou glorious threefold one,
Blest be thy name;
Thy word that must endure,
And love for ever pure,
And patient power, insure
Our rise from shame.

155

WILLIAM C. BRYANT. JOHANN SCHEFFLER.



1 OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

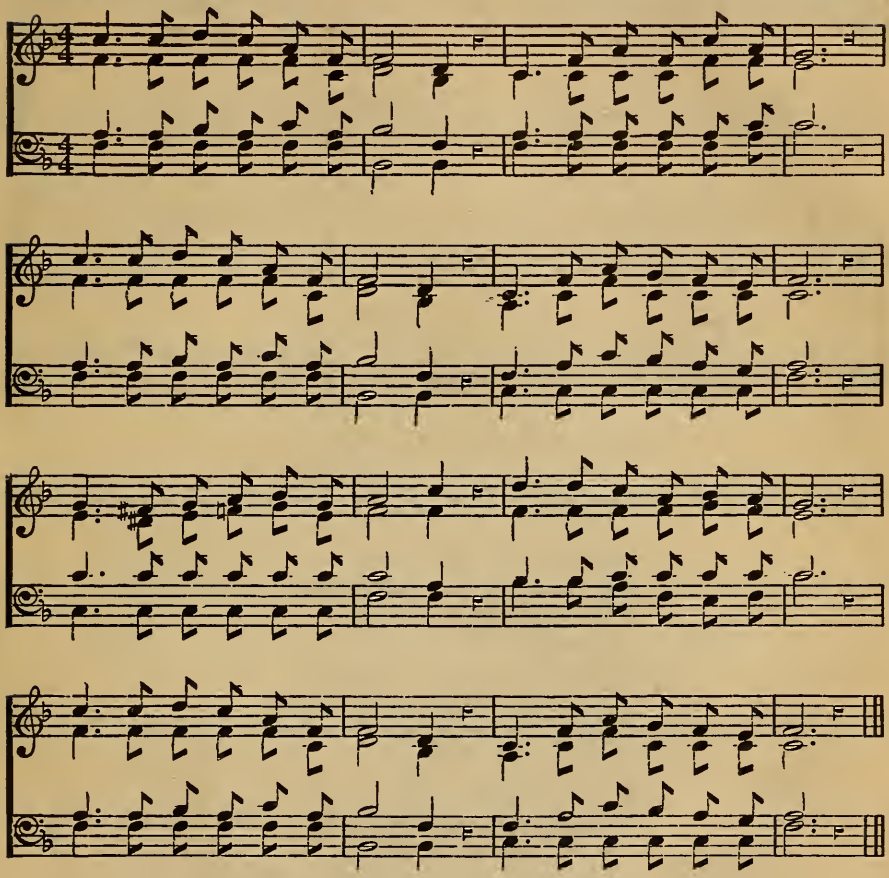
4 And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

156

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

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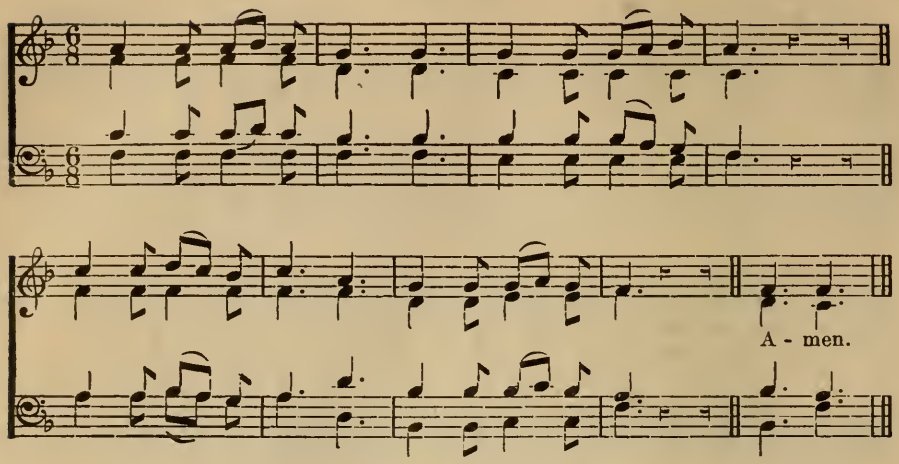
157

F. E. J. L.



1 HAIL, bright Star of ocean,
God's own Mother blest,
Ever-sinless Virgin,
Gate of heavenly rest;

2 Taking that sweet Ave
Which from Gabriel came,
Peace confirm within us,
Changing Eva's name.

3 Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

4 Show thyself a mother;
May the Word Divine,
Born for us thine Infant,
Hear our prayers through thine.

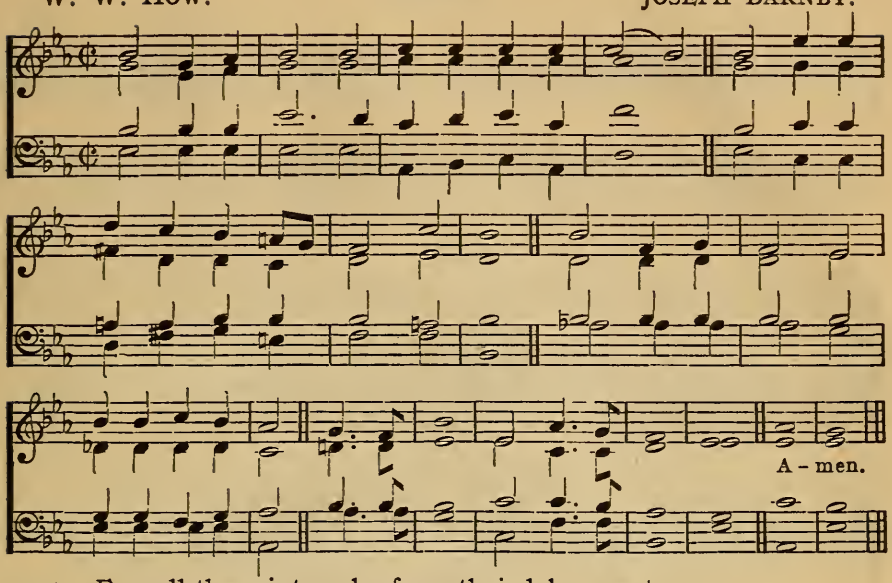
5 Virgin all excelling,
Mildest of the mild,
Freed from guilt, preserve us
Meek and undefiled;

6 Keep our life all spotless,
Make our way secure,
Till we find in Jesus
Joy for evermore.

7 Through the highest Heaven
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.

158

W. W. How. JOSEPH BARNBY.



1 FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest. Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

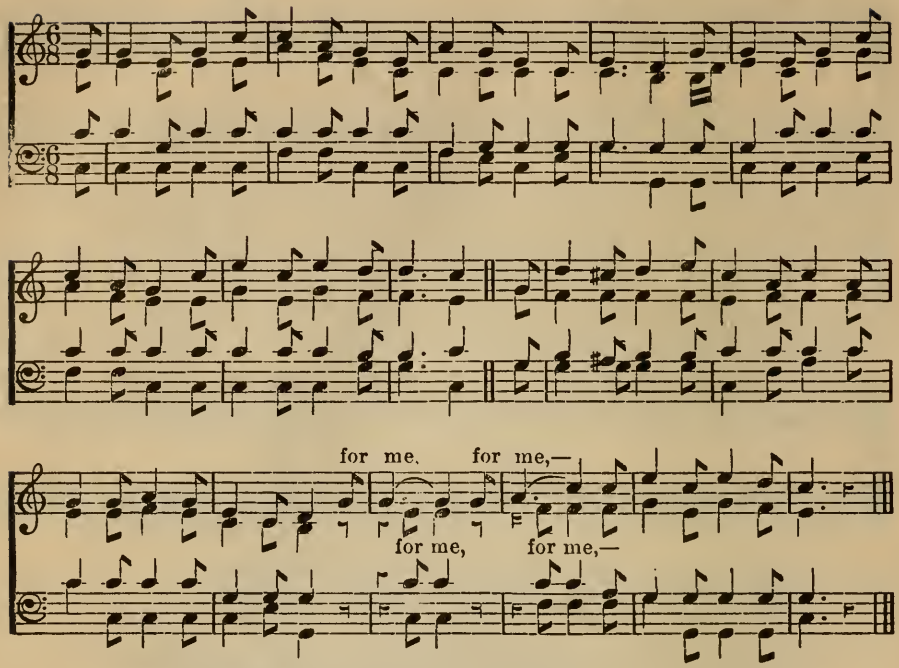
5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

159



1 THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

CHORUS :—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me, for me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

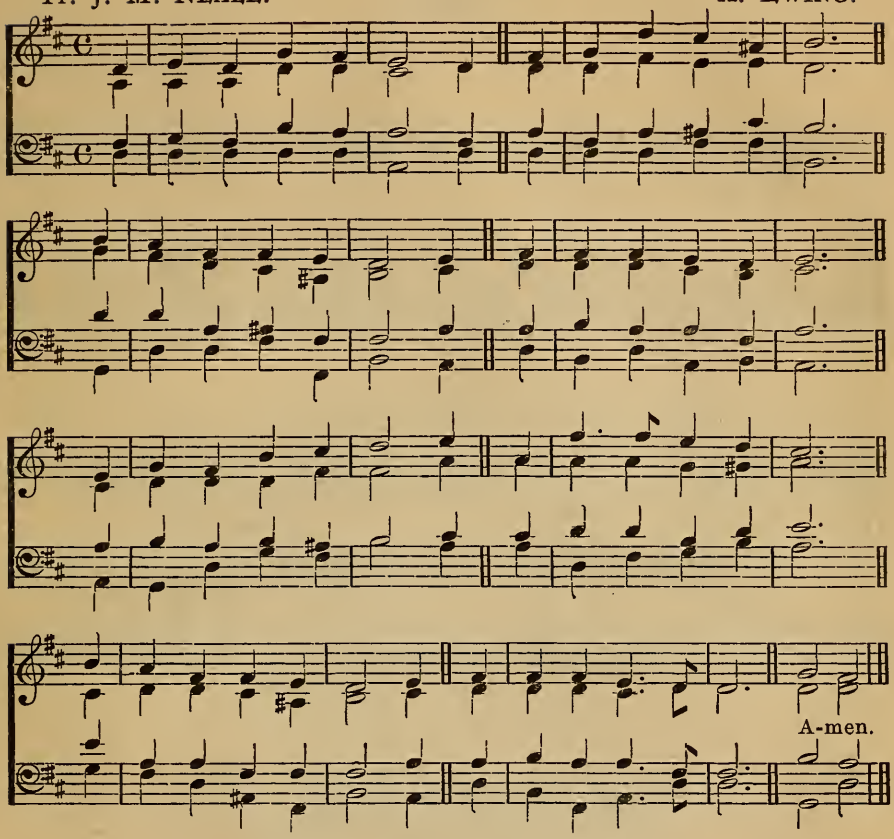
2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross and, win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away.
And love Him more in heaven.

160

Tr. J. M. NEALE. A. EWING.



1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

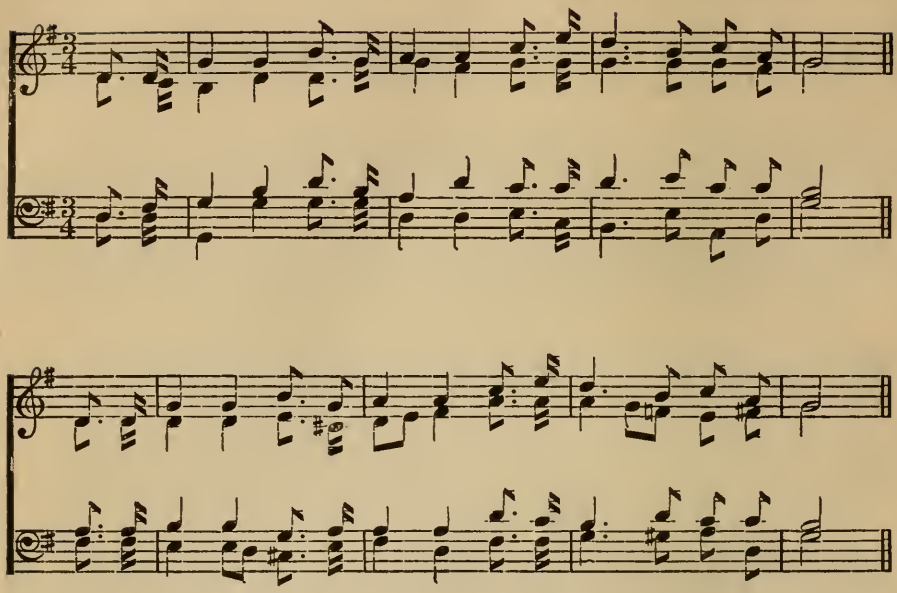
2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

161

Tyrolean Air.



1 DAILY, daily, sing the praises
Of the city God hath made,
In the beauteous fields of Eden,
Its foundation stones are laid.

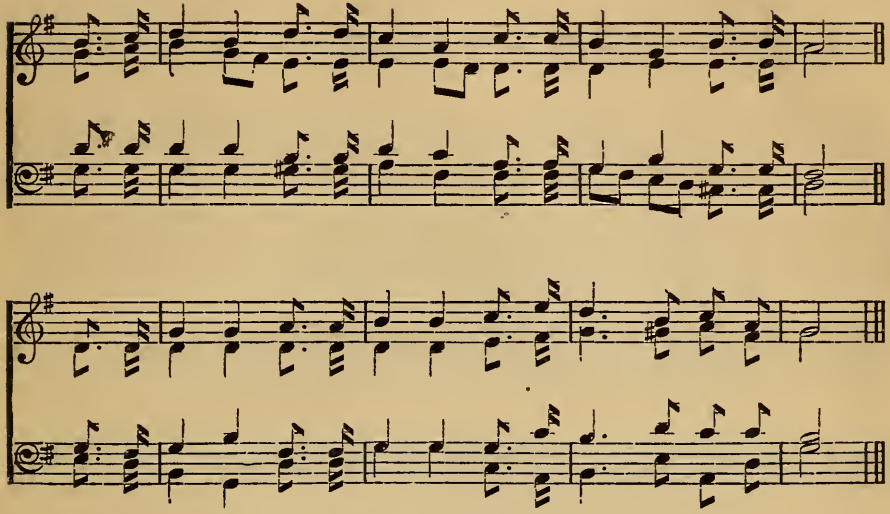
CHORUS :—O that I had wings of angels,
Here to spread, and heav'nward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky.

2 In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.

3 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a beam of living light.

161

CHORUS.



4 Where it waters leafy Eden
  Rolling over silver sand,
Sit the angels, softly chiming
  On the harps they hold in hand.

5 There the meadows, green and dewy,
  Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colours
  Of the waving flowers there.

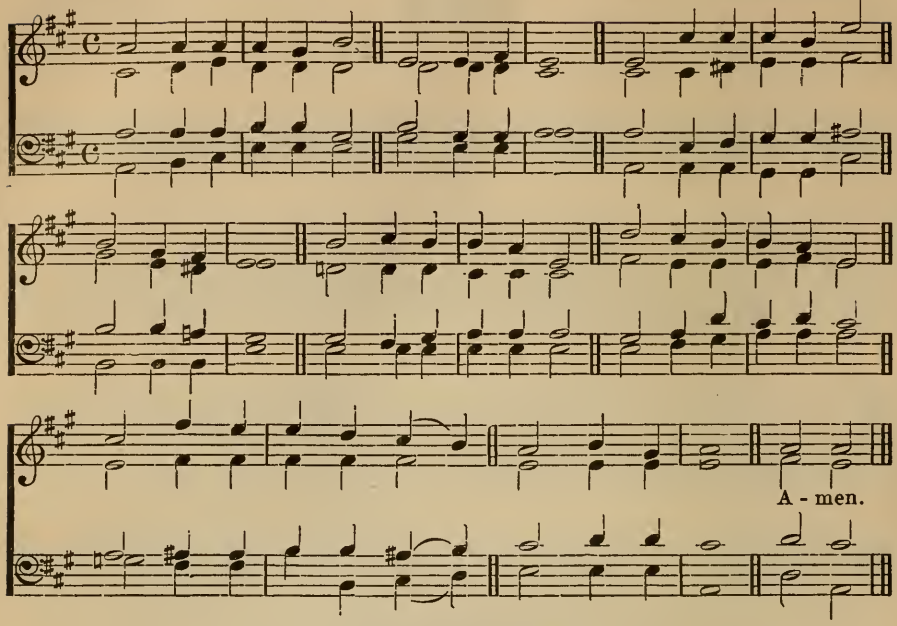
6 There the forests ever blossom
  As our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
  But eternally are gay.

7 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
  And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs and the elders,
  And the great redeemèd throng.

8 O, I would mine ears were open,
  Here to catch that happy strain!
O, I would mine eyes some vision
  Of that Eden could attain!

162

THOMAS R. TAYLOR. A. S. SULLIVAN.



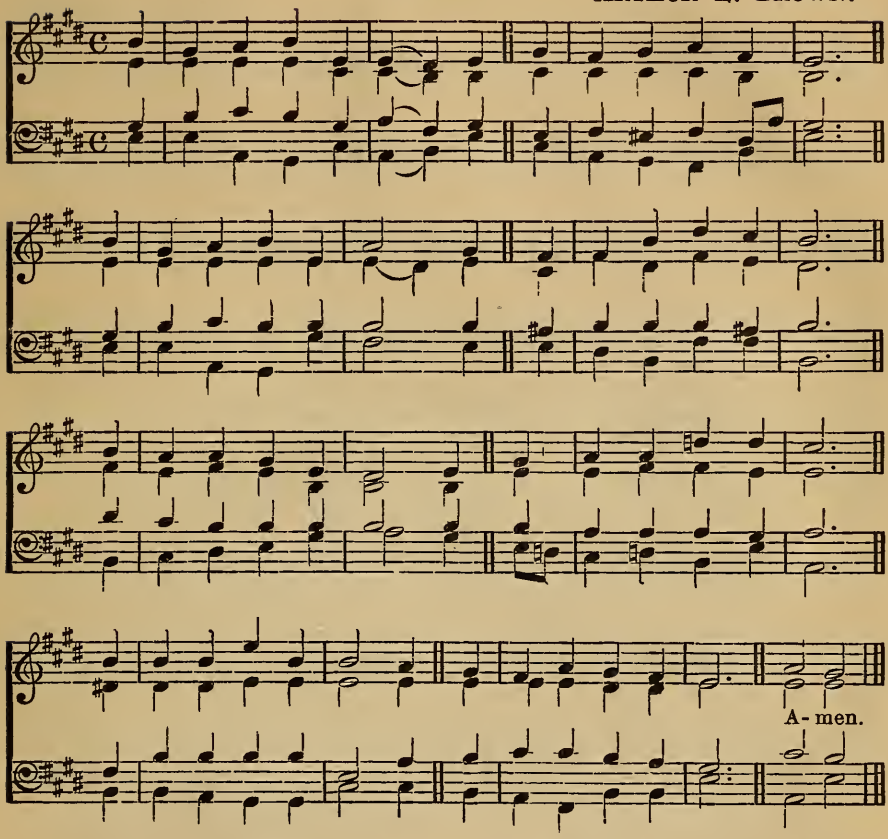
1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore, I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

163

ARTHUR L. BROWN.



1 THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white
There serve the great Redeemer,
And dwell with Him in light.

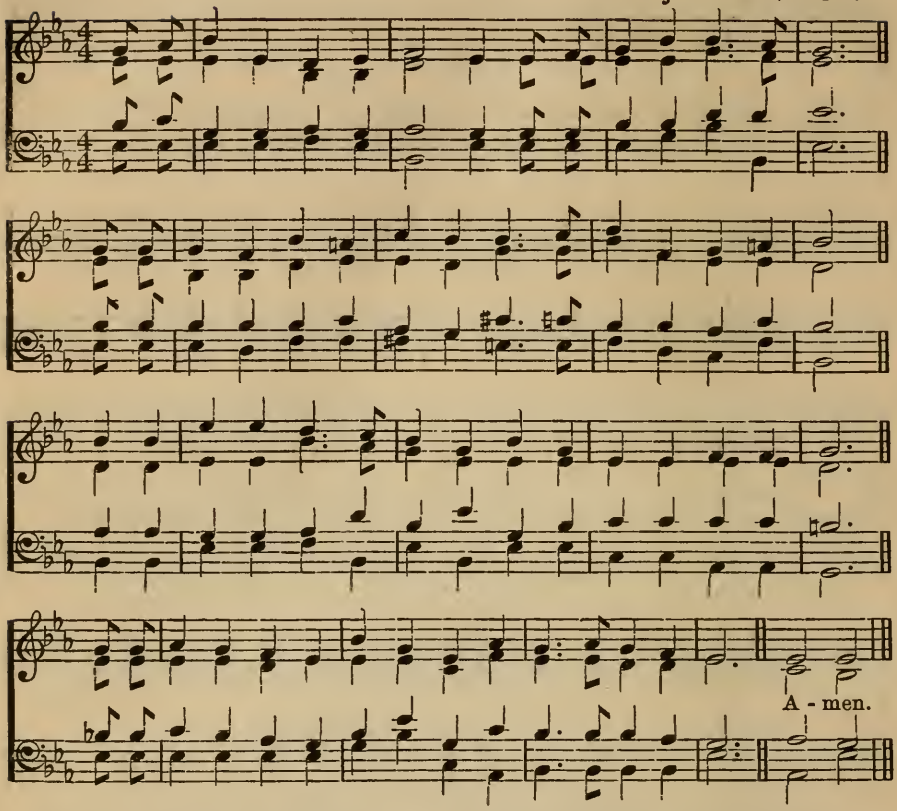
2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.

3 The host of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way,
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know.
In every day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high,
I'll think of the bright temple
And crowns above the sky.

164

J. D. HERRON.



1 IN the Paradise of Jesus
There are many homes of light,
And they shine beyond the darkness,
With a radiance clear and bright.

CHORUS :—

Oh, that I might hear the Angels
Singing o'er the crystal sea,
And amidst the many mansions
Find a home prepared for me.

2 There are sounds of many voices,
In the golden streets above,
Filling all the air with gladness,
Blended in eternal love.

3 In those quiet resting places,
Midst the pastures green and fair,
Jesus gathers in the homeless,
And He dwells among them there.

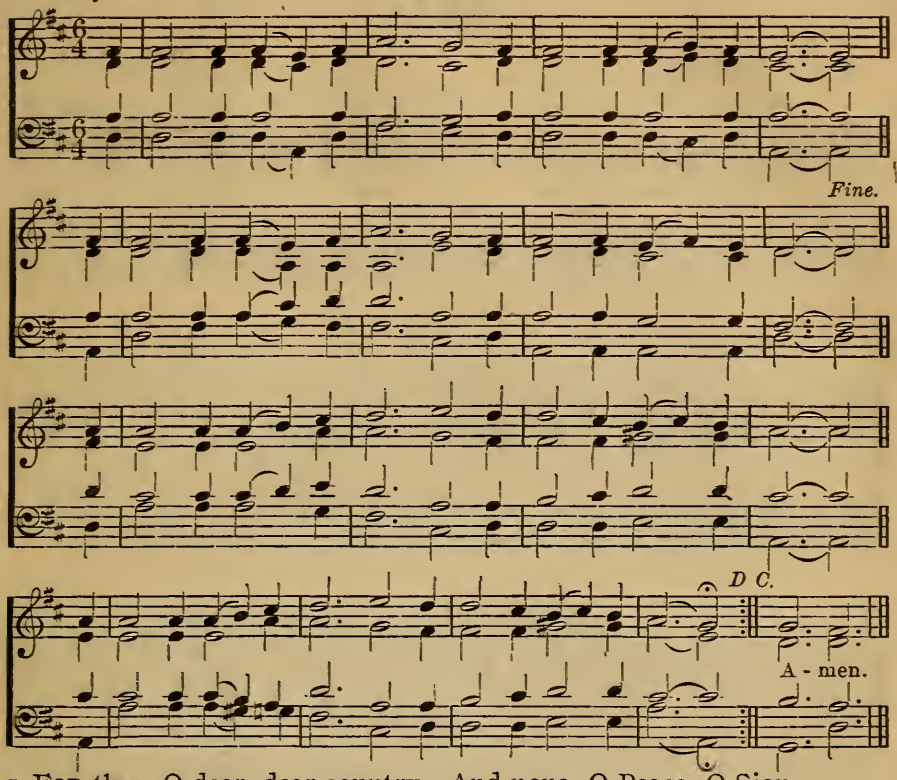
4 Can we see the happy faces
Of the dear ones gone before?
They are ready now to greet us,
When we gain that blessed shore.

5 Then the pearly gates, unfolding,
Never shall be closed again,
We shall see within the city,
JESUS, 'mid His white-robed train.

6 Oh, to join the Alleluia,
And the glad thanksgiving raise
With the ransomed hosts of Jesus,
In their songs of endless Praise.

165

Tr. J. M. NEALE.



1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy holy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

CHORUS :—

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy holy name, they weep.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

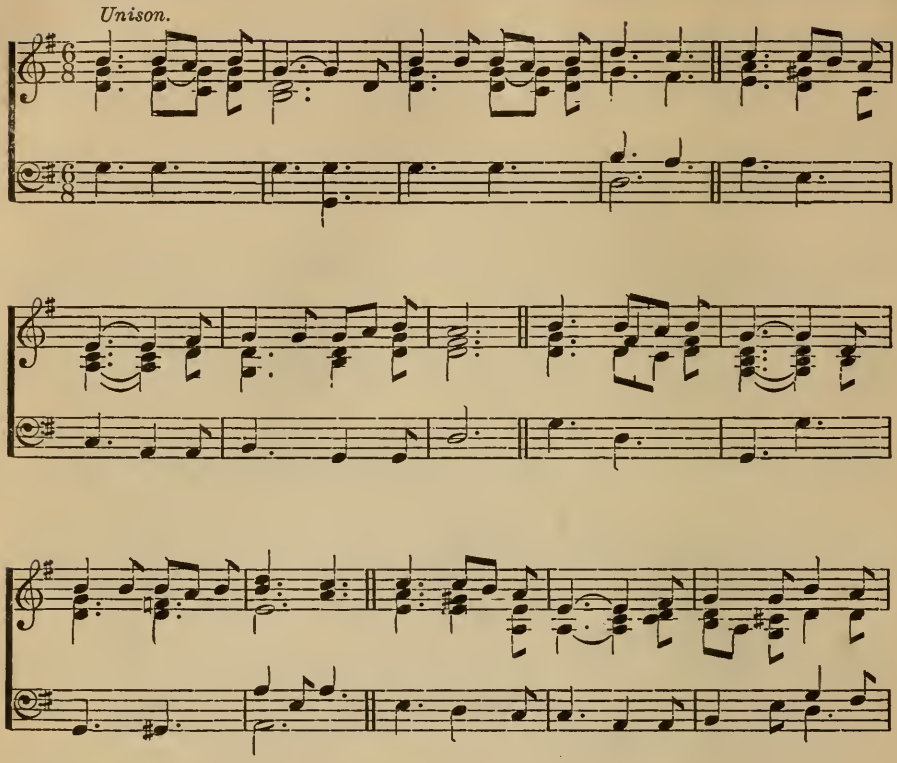
3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

166

F. W. Faber. French Air.

Unison.

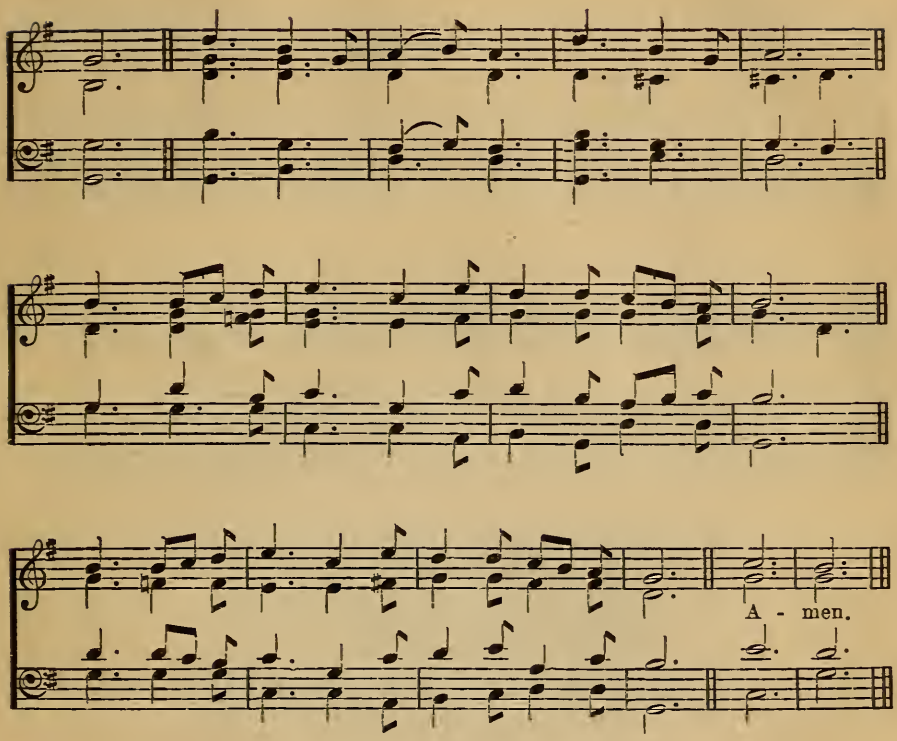


1 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Chorus:—Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

1 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

166



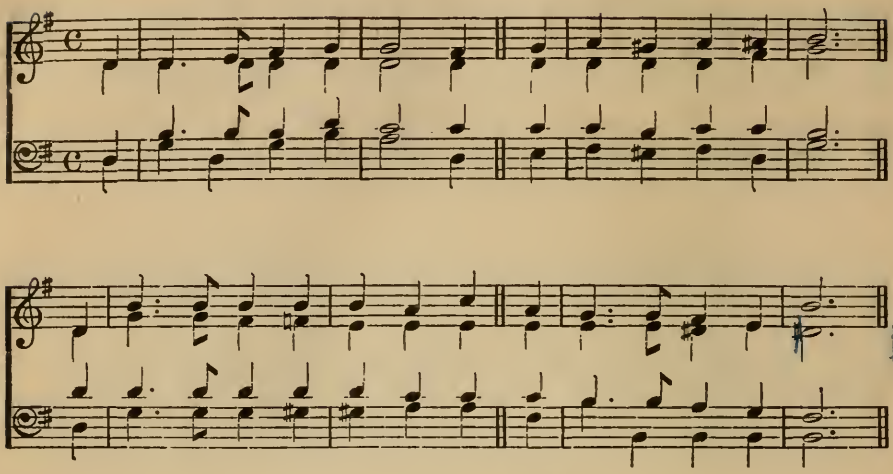
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
King Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

167

G. Thring. H. J. Storer.

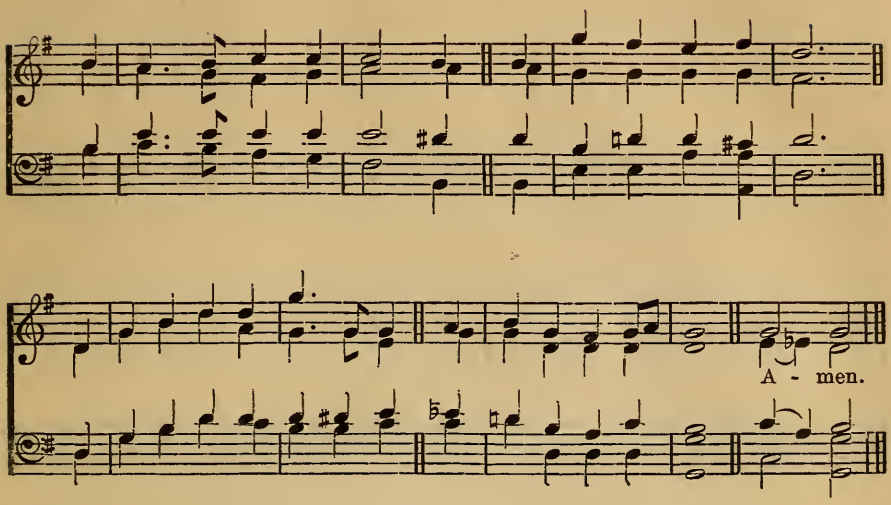


1 I heard a sound of voices,
  Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
  To Him that sat thereon:
"Salvation, glory, honour,"
  I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
  In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,
  And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
  In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
  The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
  Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
  The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
  With jewelled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
  Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honours there,
  And laid them at her feet.

167



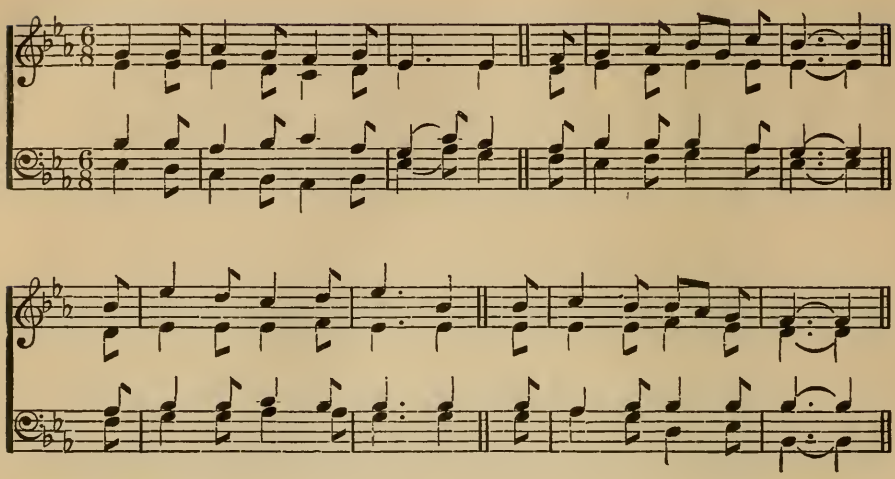
4 And there no sun was needed,
  Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
  The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
  And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
  They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!
  The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
  The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
  And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
  Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
  Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
  Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
  When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
  And call Thy servants home.

168

A. MIDLANE. J. STAINER.

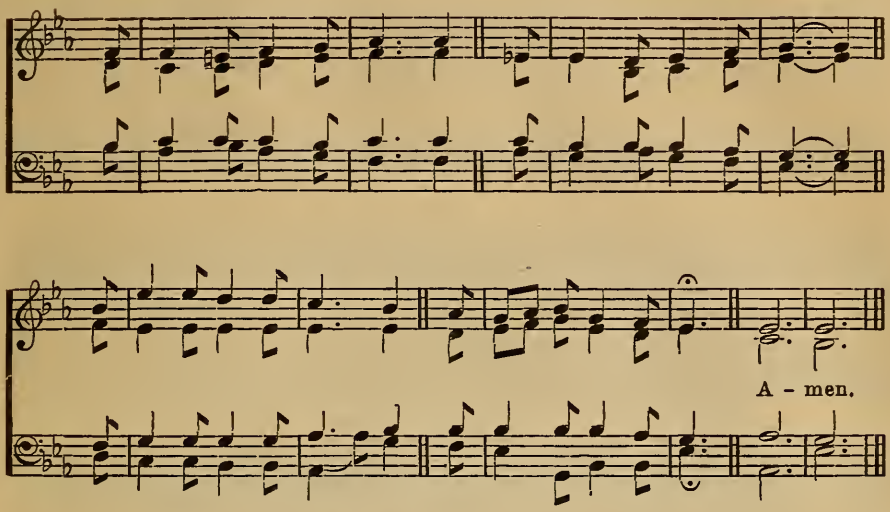


1 THERE'S a friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;

168



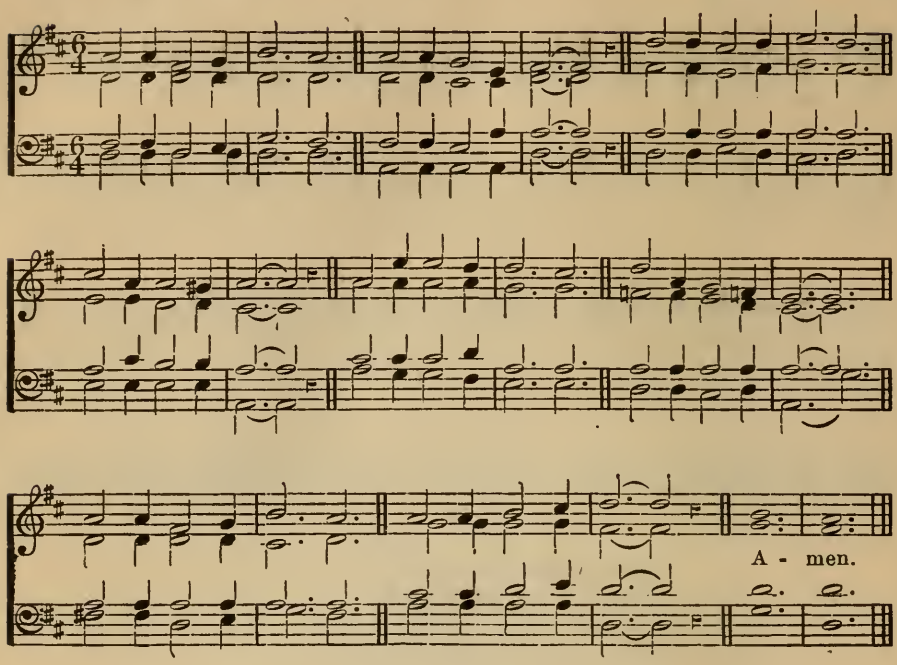
No home on earth is like it,
  Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
  Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children
  Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
  Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
  Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
  But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children
  Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
  Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
  And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
  To know Thee as their own.

169

Tr. J. M. NEALE. E. BARKER.



1 THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' Cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

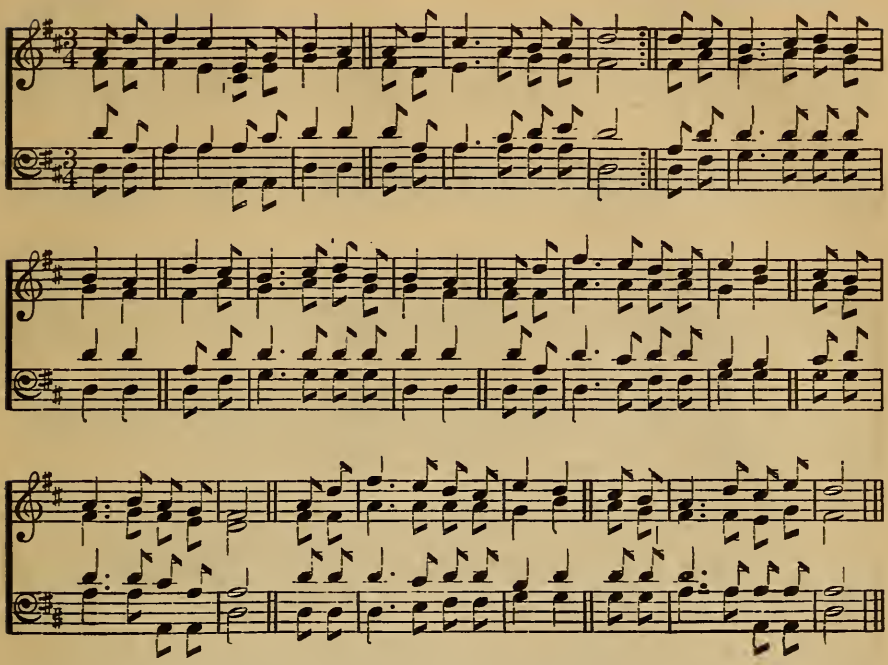
3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

170

ANON. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;

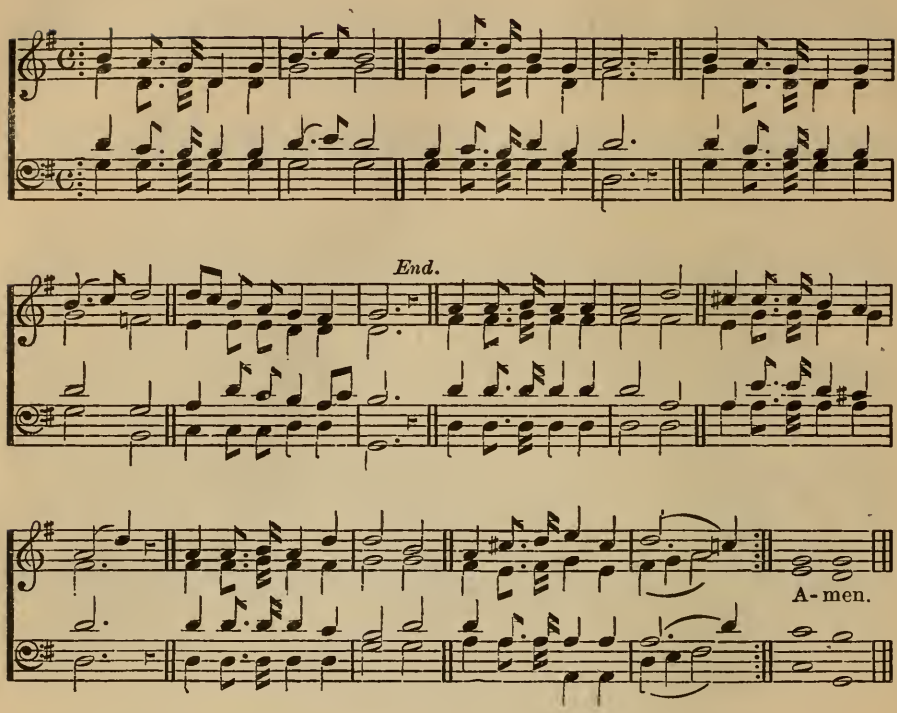
CHORUS:—Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land;
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

2 Tell me pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far off better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;

CHORUS:—We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In that bright, that better land;
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

171

W. H. DOANE.



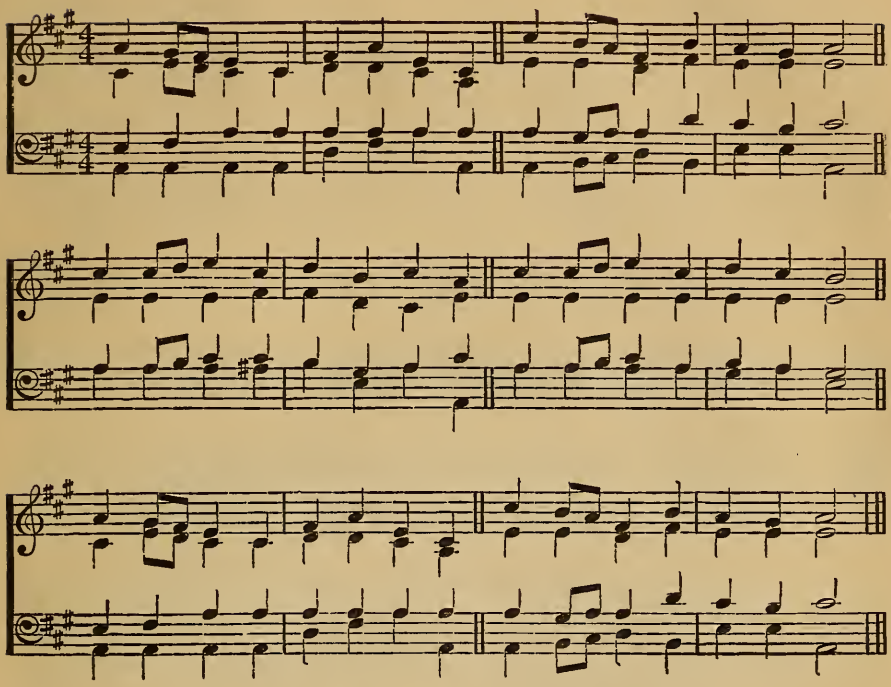
1 SAFE in the Arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle Breast,
There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the Arms of Jesus, etc.

2 Safe in the Arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the Arms of Jesus, etc.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the Arms of Jesus, etc.

172

WM. L. VINER.



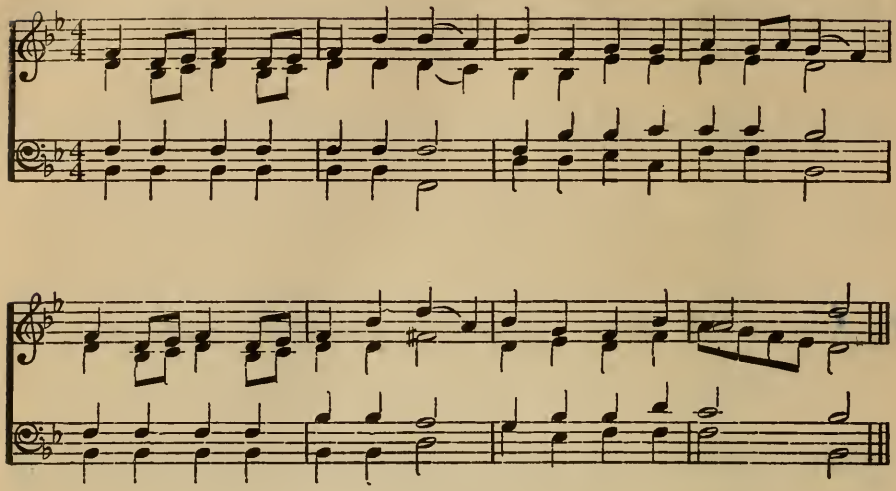
1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

173

M. A. THOMSON. J. D. HERRON.



1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Throned in light, approached by none;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

2 As to Thee we lift our cry
While our years are fleeting by,
And the Judgment draweth nigh;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

3 God the Son, Emmanuel,
Who, to rescue man that fell,
Cam'st as Man with man to dwell;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

4 Jesu, Hope of all the earth!
By Thy Godhead's boundless worth;
By Thy Manhood's spotless Birth;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

5 By Thine Infant pains and tears,
By the three and thirty years
Of Thy toils and griefs and fears;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

6 By Thy Death of bitter pain,
On the Cross, for sinners slain;
By the Life Thou took'st again;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

7 By Thy going up with might,
Far above the starry height,
In our nature, robed in light;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

8 By Thy promise yet again,
In the Body that was slain,
To appear with angel train;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

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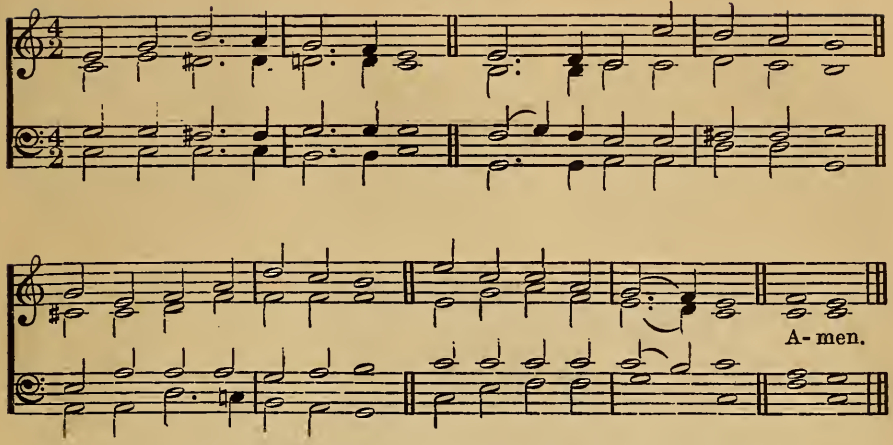

1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, at Whose Infant Feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, to Thy Temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty
In Thy earliest Infancy,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Whom Thy Mother found
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

10 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

11 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

12 By Thy Birth and early years,
By Thine Infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy Wounds and thorn-crowned Head,
By Thy Blood for sinners shed,
By Thy Rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the Name we bow before,
Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

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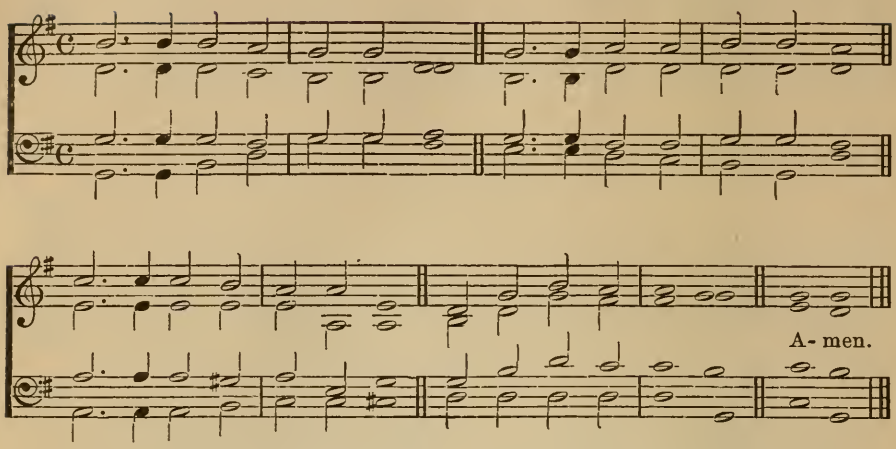
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1 JESU, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Jesu, once an Infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Tho' the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Once a Child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy Will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy Angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 May we ever try to be,
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Jesu, Son of God Most High,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 Jesu, Whom we hope to see,
Calling us in Heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

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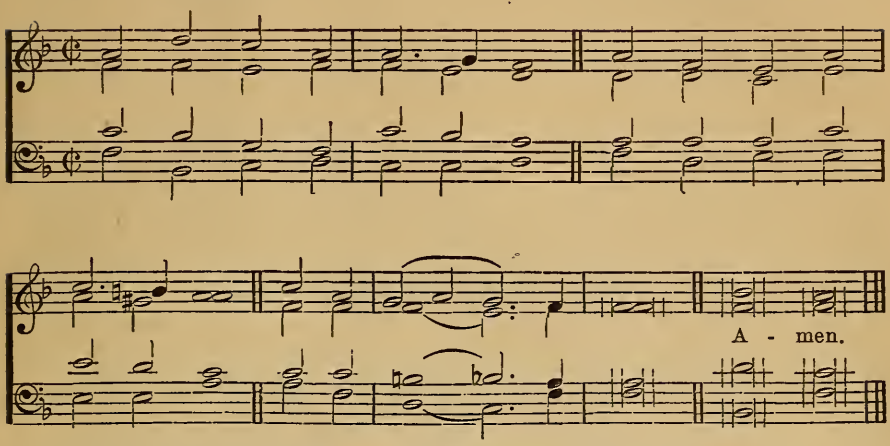
J. S. B. MONSELL. R. REDHEAD.



1 GOD'S dear child, returning home,
Suffer, in Thy love, to come,
Holy Child. to Thee:

2 And Thy gentle hands to bless,
Lay in brotherly caress,
Holy Child, on me.

3 Let my joy be in the thought
That I was in childhood brought,
Holy Child, to Thee.

4 In my pleasant hours of play
Be not ever far away,
Holy Child, from me:

5 Let me, all the happy while,
Have the comfort of a smile,
Holy Child, from Thee.

6 All my sins, repented sore,
Let them be a grief no more,
Holy Child, to Thee:

7 Put the pure and seamless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness,
Holy Child, on me.

8 Turn my heart, when sins surprise,
And temptations in me rise,
Holy Child, to Thee:

9 And with Thy dear Word of might
Satan put again to flight,
Holy Child, from me.

10 Fix my thoughts, and rest my heart
(Choosing thus the better part),
Holy Child, on Thee:

11 Let my hope be in the grace
That will never turn Thy face,
Holy Child, from me.

12 All my work, with all my might,
Let me do as in Thy sight,
Holy Child, for Thee:

13 And before the Father's throne,
O, present it as Thine own,
Holy Child, for me.

14 Never let my footsteps stray,
Nor Thy Spirit take away,
Holy Child, from me.

15 Thy dear will my will control,
Be the sunshine of my soul,
Holy Child, in Thee:

16 And my only shade or night
Where Thou dost not shed Thy light,
Holy Child, on me.

17 By Thy Father's love divine,
Fill with Love this soul of mine,
Holy Child, for Thee:

18 By Thy mother's tears and grief,
In my sorrows bring relief,
Holy Child, to me.

19 For the blessing of the Dove
That hath settled from above,
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20 To the Father laud and praise,
Offered be, thro' all my days,
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